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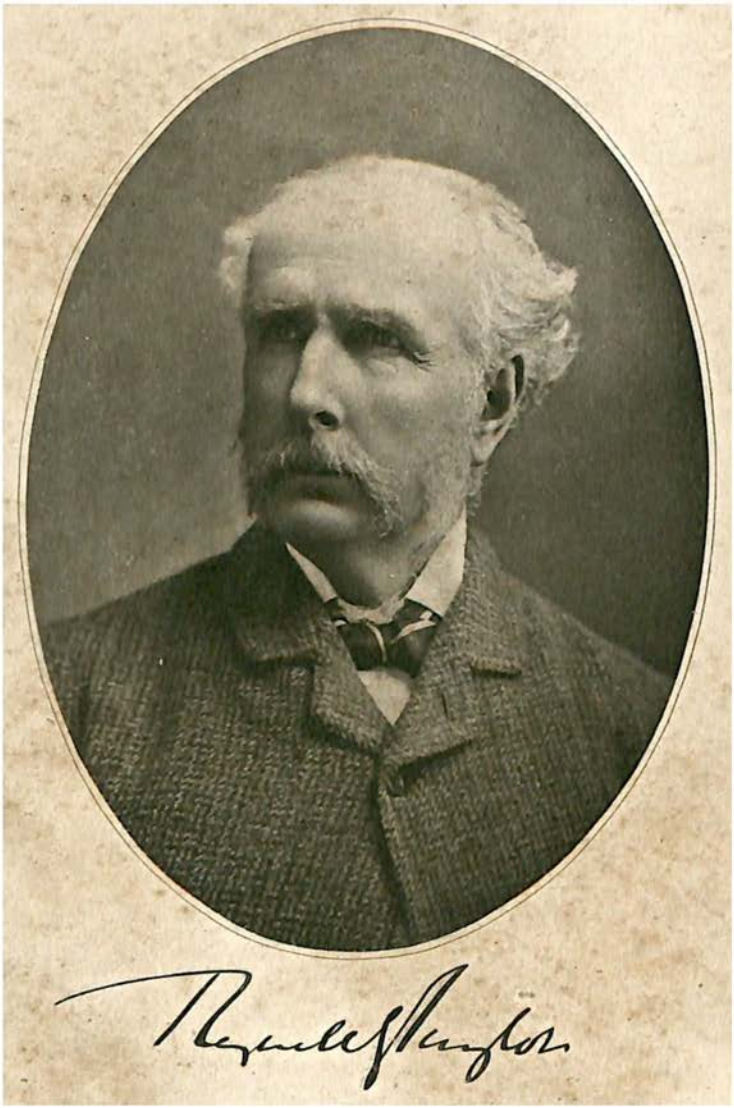

REYNELL TAYLOR

C.B. C.S.I.

A BIOGRAPHY

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By E. GAMBIER PARRY

AUTHOR OF 'SUAKIN, 1885' ETC.

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REYNELL TAYLOR

TO

REYNELL TAYLOR'S CHILDREN.

MORE than a year ago I was asked to write your Father's life. The work is now finished, and, before long, will be placed in your hands. Nobody could be better aware of its many shortcomings than I am, and though I have striven to make the picture a true one, I feel it would be well-nigh impossible for a stranger to do justice to your father's memory.

'If you are able,' writes one of his most distinguished friends, 'to publish only a true picture of what Reynell Taylor's character really was, many, if not most, of your readers, except those who were personally acquainted with him, will probably wonder, and, I think, be justified in wondering, whether such perfection in mortal ever existed. But those who knew him well will tell you that it would be impossible to speak too highly of him. He feared God, but nothing on earth. Not only in battle, and in any bodily exposure, was he a hero, absolutely fearless, but in every daily occupation of life; and whether in public or private work, his character always appeared to me to stand out as a thing apart from the generality of men.'

'Nobody,' says Johnson, 'can write the life of a man but those who have ate and drank, and lived in social intercourse with him.'

How, then, was I, as a stranger who never knew your father, and who only saw him once, to write his life? Only by obtaining the assistance of his many friends. His literary remains were lamentably scanty, and there were only diaries for two years, viz. from May 1847 to April 1849, and consequently my only chance was to write to all those whom I thought most likely to give help. This I have endeavoured to do, and I would ask you, therefore, as you read the story of your father's life, most of which I am aware will be new to you, to remember, that it is to your father's friends that the following pages are indebted for the interest they possess, and not to me, who even now, when my work is finished, remain, through physical infirmity, a stranger to you.

I am unable to give the names of all with whom I have corresponded, for they are many; but while I thank them collectively for the help they have given me, there are some among them whom I feel bound to mention individually.

To Lady Willoughby de Broke and Mrs. Fortescue I am particularly indebted, and to Colonel A. H. Bamfield, who has been ever ready to assist me in any way he could, I have to return my warmest thanks; but there is one who needs special mention—one of whom your father was wont to speak as his 'dear and valued friend.' A constant companion and fellow-worker in the same field, General

Holled Coxe put together, soon after your father died, some 'Notes' or 'Memoranda,' as he calls them, of his life.

On hearing that I had undertaken the work, General Coxe at once placed what he had written unreservedly at my disposal. Out of love for the memory of your father he had worked up the reminiscences of the years they spent together; and out of love, and wishing only that his friend's work in the world should be recorded, he handed over to me the result of his labours. I thank him sincerely, and I ask him to forgive this public recognition of the assistance he has rendered me. I can only hope that the following pages, full of blots as they are, may yet recall to him, as well as to others, the events of years long gone by, and that, in reading the story of his friend's life, it may be some satisfaction to him to feel that he aided materially in placing that story before the world.

But as regards yourselves. It was your father's wish that you should know something of the many stirring incidents of his life. He felt that you knew little about them, but his natural modesty and extreme reticence, where his own actions were concerned, caused him to maintain a strict silence regarding them; and thus he never talked, much less wrote, about his own experiences, though he was often pressed to do so. I trust that the following pages may, at least, put you in possession of the leading facts; that they might do so has been the aim I have had before me throughout the past happy months of hard work

In tracing the course of your father's life from childhood to youth and manhood, through battles, toilings, joys, and sorrows, and through all those uncertainties and vicissitudes which go to make up the lives of all of us, I have hoped that the story might be a pleasure to you, and that it might show you something of the man your father really was. That it can be altogether without a tinge of sorrow, even to the youngest among you, I can hardly expect; but that the book, as years go on, may prove a comfort to you, is my most earnest wish.

In writing to you as Reynell Taylor's children, I must not omit to mention one who was your father's constant companion, both abroad and at home, during thirty-two years of his life. I mean your mother. I thank her for the assistance she has rendered me. I have endeavoured to write her husband's life truly, without exaggeration, and, though a stranger, with the loving care of a personal friend; and while I can well believe that in looking back the following pages may seem to have more sorrow than joy in them, perhaps the sorrow may not be without the gleam of a bright hope, and there may be a ray of peaceful satisfaction in the thought that 'the ways of a good man are ordered by the Lord,' and that the works of such live after them.

E. G. P.

HIGHNAM, GLOUCESTER: 1888.

As regards the spelling of Indian names, the orthography adopted has been that used by Reynell Taylor.

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REYNELL TAYLOR, C.B., C.S.I.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

1822-40.

AMONG the many tablets and monuments adorning the walls of the old parish church of Denbury, South Devon, there is one in the south transept which may be distinguished from the rest by reason of its size and importance. The Latin inscription, after the fashion of the time at which it was written, is of a laudatory character, but it has this advantage over many of the kind—it speaks the truth and tells of praise well earned.

Translated into English the lines of this inscription run thus :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JOSEPH TAYLOR, ESQUIRE,

Who for many years, being in command of a ship of war, discharged his duty most honourably. He was renowned both at home and abroad for his exploits.

With heroic courage he engaged four French vessels which together attacked him. He dyed the sea with the blood of the enemy and dispersed their ships in a miserably shattered condition.

Through the whole French fleet he forced a way for himself singlehanded, and he seldom put into port unadorned with some trophies of war. Dauntless in the face of the enemy, he always inspired them with terror.

With friends he was always companionable and polite, and they found him ever courteous and amiable. Sincerely religious too—no less remarkable as a good man than as a good warrior, he had been schooled in the science of both warfares, the warfare of the world as well as that of Christ.

Having lived long enough and gloriously enough, with the same brave spirit and constancy with which he had served his country, he died

1733.

Joseph Taylor was no common man, and his life was one of stirring adventure. While still young he was taken prisoner at sea and narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of the Duke of Monmouth, for refusing to side against the king. Fifteen years later he played an active part in the wars of the Spanish Succession; was at the taking of Vigo, and brought home the despatches of the capture of Gibraltar. His successes against the enemy's privateers were so continual that he earned for himself the title of 'the King of the Channel,' and he not only defeated four French galleys and a number of shore boats, when becalmed alone off the Antilles, but he, on one occasion, cut his way through the French fleet, and so brought the news to Sir George Rooke that they were out. For this service he was decorated by the Queen with a gold medal and chain. In 1713 he was employed by the Government to settle some of the numerous fishery disputes in Newfoundland, and on the accession of George I., in the following year, he was offered a baronetcy. This honour, however, he declined,

and soon afterwards, worn out in the service of his country, he retired from the navy and established himself at Denbury, in Devonshire. His family consisted of two sons: Thomas, who lost his life in the foundering of a frigate in the Gulf of Lyons; and Joseph, the younger of the two, who married the daughter and heiress of a Mr. Whitrow, of Dartmouth, became a member of Parliament, and on his father's death succeeded him at Denbury.

Not more than a mile from Denbury stands West Ogwell House. It is a large, square, comfortable-looking place, surrounded by trees, and snugly situated in a narrow valley along which runs the river Og. History relates that the labourers who built it in the first instance were prisoners from the Spanish Armada, and that two centuries or more later, when part of the old house was pulled down to make room for modern improvements, the work was done by French prisoners of war from Dartmoor gaol.

West Ogwell was one of the many estates owned by the Reynell family, all of which have passed with heiresses into other hands. When Joseph Taylor established himself at Denbury, Richard Reynell, the last of the elder branch of the family, and M.P. for many years for Ashburton, was living at Ogwell. He had several daughters, with whom, it appears, he did not agree; but he had no son, and when he died, in 1735, he left his estates to his niece, the wife of the younger Joseph Taylor; and thus it happened that the Reynell and the Taylor properties became united.

I must leave Denbury and Ogwell for the present, and, passing over three generations, come at once to the great-grandson of Joseph and Rebecca Taylor—the father of the

man whose life forms the subject of this volume. His name will be often mentioned in these pages, and it is well, therefore, we should see what manner of man he was.

Thomas William Taylor, after completing his education at Eton and St. John's, Cambridge, entered the army, in 1804, as cornet in the 6th Dragoon Guards. He was then twenty-two years of age, and, after serving with Sir James Craig in the Mediterranean, was, in 1807, promoted to a captaincy in the 24th Light Dragoons. With this regiment he remained but a short time, for in the following year he was appointed military secretary to Lord Minto, Governor-General of India.

In India, Taylor became acquainted with Ann Harvey Petrie, a member of an old Perthshire family, who was then staying with her uncle, William Petrie, acting Governor of Madras. Her father had seen something of the vicissitudes of fortune, and from having been a rich man had become a very poor one. He began life in the army in India, and made money there. On his return home he purchased Gatton, in Surrey, and that being a close borough, returned himself to Parliament. One curious fact about his life was this, that, being possessed of land in the island of Tobago, he sat as deputy for it in the French Assembly, and thus was a member of the English and French parliaments at one and the same time. But these days of prosperity did not last long. John Petrie, through heavy losses, became a poor man, and, in 1803, retired with his family to France. Here he had the ill-fortune to fall into Buonaparte's hands, and though he was allowed to leave Paris on *parole*, he was not permitted to quit the country. His affairs in England meanwhile went from bad to worse, and being now unable

to look after them himself, he determined to send his wife and daughters over to see what could be done. After many adventures they reached England, to find matters as bad as they could be: the mother accordingly returned to France, and the daughters, accepting an invitation from their uncle in Madras, sailed forthwith for India. They had not been long in India when Lord Minto happened to pass through Madras in company with his staff. The Governor-General had been interested in the Miss Petries by a friend, so they very soon received an invitation to Calcutta. The rest is easily told: Taylor fell in love with the second of the three sisters, and on January 14, 1810, Ann Harvey Petrie became his wife.

In 1811 Taylor accompanied Lord Minto to Java, where he evidently gained golden opinions, for in a letter now lying before me Lord Minto writes:—'Taylor has distinguished himself by courage, activity and intelligence. He was Gillespie's right arm, and Gillespie himself the hero of the war. Taylor has miraculously escaped a thousand deaths that he *deserved*, and has suffered only in flesh.'

At the close of the Java expedition Taylor returned to India, and in 1812, when Lord Minto was superseded in the government, his Staff appointment came to an end. He now turned his face homewards in company with his wife and two sons[1] who had been born to him at Calcutta, and soon after his arrival in England he was appointed Major in the 10th Hussars.

[1] Pierce Gilbert Edward, afterwards for thirty-six years in the East India Company's service; and Arthur Joseph, who entered Woolwich at fourteen, fought in the Crimea, became Inspector of Artillery in Canada, Commandant of Shoeburyness, and afterwards Inspector-General of Artillery in England. Died December 23, 1873.

In 1815 came the closing scene of Europe's great struggle with France, and with the 10th Hussars Taylor saw service under Wellington at Waterloo. He was detained in France for some time with the Army of Occupation, and the same year he became a Lieutenant-Colonel, after only eleven years' service. On his return home he led the unsettled life which is the lot of every soldier, going from one garrison to another in England, Scotland, and Ireland. His family continued to increase, and as I shall have to refer to Reynell Taylor's brothers and sisters in the course of my narrative I give their names below.[1]

And what kind of a father was Thomas William Taylor? His children were all devoted to him, and one[2] of these writes:—'He was no ordinary father. His appearance I can only describe as that of a handsome man with a particularly benevolent expression. He was a humble, sincere, and manly Christian, with an endless fund of genial humour and a poetic mind. He went to Eton and Cambridge before entering the army, and retained his classical knowledge in a wonderful manner, as you may suppose when I tell you that he educated my two elder brothers till one went to Eton and the other to Woolwich, and my brother Reynell and myself till I went to Oxford

[1] After the two sons I have already mentioned came:—Ann Frances, who married Sir Walter Carew, Bart., of Haccombe, and died in 1861; Fitzwilliam John, now Rector of East and West Ogwell and Haccombe; Harriet Maria, who married William Blundell Fortescue, of Fallapit, Devon; Reynell George Georgina Jane, who married Robert, Lord Willoughby de Broke; Amelia Mary, who married Colonel William Morris, of Fishleigh, North Devon, and late of the 17th Lancers; and Eliza Charlotte, who married Colonel Robert Portal, of Ashe Park, in the county of Hants.

[2] The Rev. Fitzwilliam Taylor.

and he to India; and when you consider that this was done chiefly while he was a Major and Lieutenant-Colonel in the 10th Hussars and Commandant of the Riding Establishment at St. John's Wood, you will agree that he was no ordinary man or father. With all this he was, when in India, an energetic pigsticker and tiger-shooter, a good horseman, and a sportsman in every way. When he was appointed to Sandhurst I believe no Lieutenant-Governor was ever more respected or more beloved by the youths under him.'

Such, then, was Thomas William Taylor. It is time I turned to his youngest son.

REYNELL GEORGE TAYLOR was born at Brighton on January 25, 1822. When he was four years old his father was appointed Commandant of the Riding Establishment at St. John's Wood, and for the next six years the family made their home in Grove End Road. He was never sent to school, and consequently his early days lack any reminiscences of school life. In after years he was inclined to think that he laboured under a disadvantage in never having had any training at a public school, but that he fell short of other men in manliness, or in any of those qualities which school life gives, those who knew Reynell Taylor best entirely deny. School life, apart altogether from knowledge acquired, no doubt brings out the best qualities in a boy, and often makes the man visible in the child; and it is frequently the case that the leader of boys comes to be the leader of men. But the world affords many an instance that the converse is equally true, and we can look back and recall figures who were leaders in school

and out of school, in doors as well as out of doors—boys who were gods among us at Eton, but who, in these our later years, have been outstripped in the race by those who passed through their school life unnoticed, almost unknown. And if this be the case with school-boys, it is sometimes equally so with those who have never been to school. A boy who has never undergone the discipline of a public school life starts at this disadvantage, that he has had little opportunity of trying his strength, either mentally, morally, or physically, with those of his own age. There is something more than a competition of wits in a school—there is a competition of character; and a boy brought up at home instead of starting early in life in this competition starts late. The difficulties he has to overcome are proportionate to the strength or weakness of home influences, and it says something for Reynell Taylor's bringing up, that, though he was launched into the world direct from home, he rapidly asserted himself, and in time acquired an influence among those about him which was not surpassed by that of any of his distinguished contemporaries in the same field.

Reynell Taylor possessed many marked characteristics even as a boy, and these grew to fairer and broader proportions as he increased in years. Earnestness and utter fearlessness were always a part of him, but he was endowed also with two ready passports to popularity—good looks and genial manners. He evinced a spirit of fearlessness at an early age, and it is related of him that one day, when he was only nine years old, he was sent into London on his pony to execute some commissions for his father. On his way he fell in with a noisy crowd of roughs who were

hissing and hooting the Duke of Wellington as he rode through Hyde Park. The boy pushed his pony through the crowd as best as he could, and on his return home related his adventure to his father. 'And what did you do?' he was asked. 'What did I do?—why took my hat off to the Duke, of course,' was the little fellow's reply.

Of the life of the family in St. John's Wood I have the following account :—

'Well can I recollect Reynell at this time, writes Mrs. Fortescue. 'He and my brother Fitz were always companions—my eldest brother having gone to India, and my second, Arthur, being in the artillery, so only at home from time to time. Our childhood was very happy ; the brothers Fitz and Reynell amused themselves fishing in the Regent's Canal, and we all thought the fish they caught delicious. They always had some scheme on hand. An old gentleman, who lived near, encouraged them in butterfly catching, and they pursued that amusement for some time. Much money was expended in buying birds in Lisson Grove, for which we all subscribed, though after a day or two we always let them fly away.

'During this time my father, in spite of his many duties, always superintended the education of these two boys, and he must have done it well, as one passed through Oxford with credit, and Reynell through his career without having had any experience of school life.

'Of course I can remember many squabbles and fights amongst us all, but they were soon made up, and my elder sister Annie (Lady Carew) was generally the peacemaker, though she took a certain tone of authority, at which we necessarily sometimes rebelled.'

When Reynell Taylor was a boy of ten years of age his father's appointment at the Riding Establishment came to an end, and in September 1832 the whole family moved to Ogwell, where Pierce Joseph Taylor, their grandfather, had just died.

A change now came over the lives of the children, and one which their high spirits and happy dispositions enabled them to enjoy to the full. From the waste of houses, and the dull uniformity of a town, they were transported to a county where man has had to do but little, where Nature has done all. From town children they became country children, surrounded by hills and dales, by woods and flowers. The rolling moorlands of Devonshire had suddenly taken the place of the bricks and flags of St. John's Wood, and instead of the Regent's Canal there were rich meadows watered by clear streams. What wonder, then, that Ogwell days had a distinct influence on their after lives, and that Reynell Taylor grew up with an earnest love of home, which came in time to be a passion rooted deep down in his heart. Many, many years afterwards, when Ogwell had passed altogether from his family, Reynell Taylor still carried this love about with him, and sought to see in landscapes in far-off countries Haytors, and Haldons, and the outlines of the woods and hills he loved so well. Endless indeed were the amusements which the younger members of the family found ready to their hands at Ogwell. Cricket and archery, bird-nesting, butterfly-catching, sport of all kinds; a day with the hounds in winter, or long gallops over moorlands in the hot summer sun—all were enjoyed to the full and with the zest which is a part of childhood.

Reynell was the ringleader; his sisters looked up to him as a hero. Lessons over in the schoolroom, Reynell was found, and away the party started on some fresh freak. All sorts of plans were devised for trapping vermin, and a regular campaign was instituted against young birds. Owls, jays, and magpies were taken from their nests, and woodpeckers, watched to their holes in the trees, were then caught, as they flew out, in a gauze bag at the end of a long pole, which one held carefully over the hole while another tapped the tree with a stick. Thus in time Reynell's room was turned into a sort of menagerie, and families of birds of all kinds found a home there.

The children regarded it as a special dispensation in their favour that the governess was a bad walker, and hence, free from all control, they ranged the park and country round at will. At one time the pound was visited, where cider was bottled, and the bottles then buried in some secret corner of the garden; then the party would adjourn for a game of cricket; but, tired of this, some fresh amusement was thought of, and away they would go to the stream, or, better still, the pond, which Reynell would navigate in a barrel amidst the peals of laughter of those on the bank.

It may be conceived that, under these circumstances, education was carried on in a somewhat desultory manner, but at one time a tutor from Newton assisted the father with the boys.

'Except,' writes Lady Willoughby de Broke, 'when we were at our lessons, Reynell was our inseparable companion. When he learnt his lessons I know not, for I am afraid there was no regular time for them, but I believe he

always had some work ready for my father when he could attend to him.

'I often wonder what the strict disciplinarian of the present day would think of the desultory way in which our readings with my father were carried on. One day, perhaps in the middle of our French or English history, Reynell would call out, "Oh, stop a minute; I must just shoot that stoat on the lawn; don't you see it?' The gun was fetched forthwith, and the stoat shot dead. I don't think he could have been more than twelve or thirteen at this time.

'Before he had a gun of his own he got hold of an old barrel of one, for which he made hard bullets of baked mud, which he used to blow through it. With this he used to kill small birds, which were afterwards made into excellent puddings for the rest of us.

'My brothers were trusted with guns at a very early age on the condition that they should never go out together unless some grown person was with them, and their word and obedience were always depended on for any simple order or direction.

'My brother Reynell was from the first a very good shot, and also a very good rider and swimmer.

'Nothing could have exceeded the happiness of our lives at Ogwell. I feel it was not only the foundation of my brother's intense love of country life and home, but the life itself was also the foundation of his self-reliance and power of doing what he was called upon to do in after life without any thought of self.'

If one thing more than another added to the children's happiness it was the keen interest taken by their father in

their pursuits. He was never happier than when he was with them, and endless were the stories he could tell of the storming of Cornelio, of the rout of Napoleon's army, and of the subsequent duties of the Army of Occupation. But these stories were reserved for winter evenings; in the summer, when the shadows began to creep slowly over the grass, the children, in company with their father, would often walk to the summer-house, or 'Folly' as it was called, in the park, and watch the sun sink slowly to rest behind the great line of hills, while High Tor, Saddle Tor, and Rippen Tor stood up in blue shadow against the clear sky, and rich Devonshire valleys were bathed in thick mists.

I have been told that these evening walks remain as happy memories now to those of the home circle who are still living, and that they shed a radiance over their lives then which lingers on even yet.

Thus Reynell Taylor's boyish days were passed in all the happiness of contented childhood. The sky was always bright, the sun was never clouded, and the golden summer months, it may be believed, seemed an absolute infinity. The serious side of life was a closed book, and the struggle of after years in the wider world was unthought of.

But the life in the old house came suddenly to an end; the expenses of a large family, and a country place, already much encumbered, determined the parents to move elsewhere, and in 1836 they left Ogwell never to return.[1]

That winter was spent at Richmond, and in January 1837 Ann Frances was married to Sir Walter Carew. 'In

[1] On the death of Reynell Taylor's father, in 1854, Ogwell was sold, Denbury having been sold by his grandfather, and thus the property with which the family had been for so long a time connected passed into strange hands.

May the same year,' writes Mrs. Fortescue, 'my father was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Sandhurst, and my marriage took place there in November. That winter the home party came to Devon, and visited us at Fallapit. The chief incident of their visit was, I recollect, Reynell having a fall out hunting and breaking his collar-bone. The next day the doctor came to see him, and on arriving at the house asked who the curious-looking person was he had seen down the valley. It was Reynell in a dressing-gown of my husband's, with a gun in his one available hand, getting shots at every bird and animal possible!'

At Sandhurst Reynell Taylor's education was carried on with greater regularity. His father still continued to teach him Greek and Latin, and his mother, who was an exceptionally good French scholar, taught him to speak French. By the help of some of the professors at the college Reynell Taylor also acquired a certain knowledge of German and mathematics, so that up to the time of his leaving for India, in 1840, his studies were by no means neglected.

Having two sisters with homes in Devonshire, he spent part of his time at Haccombe and part at Fallapit, enjoying all the sport he possibly could.

'At Sandhurst,' writes his brother, Fitzwilliam Taylor, 'he became a great favourite with the cadets and officers of the senior department, and played constantly in the college cricket matches. He early evinced a love for shooting and all other field sports, and many a good day's snipe shooting have we had together over Edmoor and the present site of Aldershot Camp, then a desolate wilderness. I well remember one feat of his, which was the

picking up of about fourteen golden and common plover, after firing both barrels into a lot of them as we were returning one night in the dark over Harford Bridge flats.'

His life at Sandhurst among soldiers fostered the love he had previously shown for the army, and when India was suggested as affording the best opening for a young soldier, Reynell Taylor readily accepted the idea. His father had still many influential friends there, and his eldest brother had been for some time in the Company's service, so it was settled that Reynell Taylor was to sail for India, and a commission as cornet was accordingly obtained for him on February 26, 1840, when he was just eighteen years of age.

'My brother's personal appearance when he went to India,' writes Fitzwilliam Taylor again, 'was that of a remarkably good-looking boy, with bright complexion and wavy light-brown hair. He was not quite six feet in height then, but he subsequently attained that height. He was strong and muscular, but with a light, active figure; good at all outdoor exercises—cricket, shooting, swimming, a good rider, and a good shot, and in every way calculated to make a good soldier, which profession was decidedly the one of his choice.

'He was always very thoughtful, and to a certain degree inclined to be taciturn, but no one had a keener sense of the ridiculous, or a truer appreciation of fun, than he had. He always had a reverent religious feeling, but it was not until after he had gone to India that it took the deeper form. His courage was of the cool and steady order. My eldest brother told me that someone who had

seen him in action said that he had never seen greater coolness under fire.'

Of his courage and soldierlike qualities I shall have much to say presently; he had not to wait long before they were put to the test. His life lay before him now—a life destined to be filled with storm and sunshine, like others' lives, with much honest work, with hard blows given and received in a country's cause; a long tale of years spent battling against the world, always looking forward, never looking back, for Reynell Taylor, like Joseph Taylor, of whom I spoke just now, was 'no less remarkable as a good man than as a good warrior,' and ere he lay down to rest he was 'well schooled in both warfares.' And can a man desire more? 'Man is created to fight; he is perhaps best of all definable as a born soldier; his life a battle and a march under the right General;' and if he succeed—I mean not by earning fame—if he come out of the ordeal with the true ring to him, clear and deep-toned; if when the last chapter is closed and the seal set to the book, he be found to have turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, is there nothing to be learnt from the study of his life? Let us see, then, how Reynell Taylor fared. As soon as the day was fixed for sailing he paid a last visit to Devonshire, and found all his relatives assembled at Haccombe to wish him good-bye. Boy as he was at this time, there was still something so attractive in his character that he was universally beloved wherever he went, and his frank open manner and manly ways made him a general favourite. Thus his going to India left a blank in the family, and the ring of his merry voice was missed for

many a long day. 'We were staying at Haccombe,' writes Mrs. Fortescue, 'when he left there to join the coach at Newton Abbott. Sir Walter Carew had started for hunting after his parting, but as the carriage did not overtake him he feared Reynell would be late, and so he galloped back, and finding the phaeton at the door and Reynell bidding good-bye, he made him jump in and gave the horse to the servant. I fancy I can see him now, standing up in his red coat, and using his hunting-whip to urge on the horses a good deal faster than the servant would have dared to.'

So Reynell Taylor started on his journey, and after pausing at Sandhurst for a final parting with his parents, he made his way to Gravesend, and a few days later set sail for India.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL IN INDIA—GWALIOR.

1840–1844.

THE voyage out proved uneventful, and early in the month of August 1840 Taylor reached India.

'I commenced my Indian life,' he writes when his working days were over, 'by spending two months in Calcutta in a cousin's house with the free run of my teeth and throat, and a stable full of pigsticking Arabs and horses of other breeds. I went out and spent a week at Barrackpore with Lord Auckland and the Miss E.'s, and altogether I enjoyed myself, the whole reviving recollections of my father's and mother's stories of India and Calcutta.

'After two months in Calcutta I went to Beshampore, and spent two more there with my brother and his wife in the merry position of a young brother welcomed from home. Such snipe shootings and other games we had! and then, at the beginning of the beautiful Bengal cold weather, I went off with a first-rate Indian sportsman; my brother lent me a good Arab, and I bought a pony. We had elephants for a time, and stuck pigs on the banks of the Mahanudda, and rode buffaloes under the snowy hills opposite Darjeeling. Then we marched through Tirhoot, a beautiful and rich district, all the time depending on our

guns for our food, and having accompanied my friend to Gorakhpore, where his work in the Thuggee Department lay, I went on my way through Oudh straight up to Ferozepore.'

The 'first-rate Indian sportsman' here alluded to was Captain James Sleeman, and among Reynell Taylor's books there is a carefully bound copy of 'The Bengal Sporting Magazine' for the month of April 1841, in the fly-leaf of which is written :—

'This book is preserved because it contains an account written by James Sleeman, of a buffalo hunt in which I took a part. It occurred in the course of my first march in India, back along in the times when I had just embarked in life and all was fresh and new, and so the day has a rose-coloured cell of its own in my memory.—R. G. T.'

The account is worth quoting, because it records two incidents, either of which, but for extraordinary good fortune, might have terminated fatally to Reynell Taylor. I quote it therefore almost *in extenso* :—

'*Camp, Mooteeharee, December* 30.—We had heard so much in favour of Darjeeling that we determined on visiting it, and for that purpose made a detour to Titalyah. . . . Having no elephants we were obliged to ride and shoot the buffaloes, and in two days floored five splendid specimens, the largest and fiercest I have ever met with.

'Riding buffaloes is no child's play—it requires a bold horse and a steady hand to escape death. The first buffalo we rode, a bull of fair proportions, fought well, but the ground was like a racecourse, and enabled us to avoid his charges. He fell to the sixth shot.

'The following morning we got among a herd. After

some hard riding we managed to cut off the leader, a mighty bull, and induced him to take a line of his own, and then commenced a race, compared to which Dick Turpin's ride from London to York was a trifle. Both our horses were steady and in good wind, and in spite of his rapid charges most of our balls were well put in. After running five miles we came suddenly upon a small river with very precipitous banks, and a deep and rapid stream about sixty yards in width; into this he plunged headlong, and, appearing again near the centre, swam over and struggled up the opposite bank. Just as we mounted the bank after our swim we saw him dash into some thick jungle and disappear. The patch was not more than one hundred yards in extent, but the jungle was very high and thick and the ground swampy. To attempt to ride through it was madness, so we quietly dismounted to watch till two pad elephants we had with us should arrive.

'While thus occupied, the herd from which we had separated the bull again appeared. They had crossed the river and were making play over a fine grass plain for some heavy tree jungle. Our horses having by this time regained their wind, we mounted, gave chase, and, after a very pretty run and fight, managed to floor a large cow.

'On returning to our male friends the elephants had come up, so we sent them into the jungle. The buffalo was soon sighted, and the moment the elephants approached he drove them out of the jungle by a rapid charge, and followed them out upon the plain, taking the line which the flying herd had just before traversed. The same scene of load, fire, and charge was acted over again; another

and broader river was stemmed, but in spite of our efforts he reached his point, a heavy tree and bush jungle.

'The latter part of the run I had to myself, for Taylor and his horse came down in a blind ditch an awful smash; and the horse, in trying to get up, struck the trigger-guard of the gun with his foot, bent the iron, and exploded both barrels under their prostrate bodies without injuring either!

'I must tell you that I had a servant mounted in this last run who carried a second gun, and when Taylor joined me after his fall I was busily employed, with the assistance of my servant and some fifty volunteers, in tracing the buffalo through the jungle, sometimes by his blood and sometimes by his footmarks. After carrying on the trail for about a mile we lost it in a barren glade of the forest, not more than sixty yards long by forty in width. At its upper end we found another narrow path which led to another but smaller glade, while on all sides the tree and bush jungle rose like a wall, impervious to anything but a pig or a buffalo. Here I thought our search must end, and we were on the point of turning back when a native in a tree called out that he saw the jungle in the smaller glade shaking, and that it must be the buffalo. To ascertain the point I pushed my horse through the narrow path, and had just entered the open space when I was charged furiously from the opposite side. My horse up to this time had behaved pretty well, but his nerves could not stand a charge in such a cramped position, and turning sharp round before I could fire, he dashed back through the path at the top of his speed.

'I had just time to call out to Taylor and the boy to clear the way and take care of themselves, when my horse,

striking his knee against a concealed stump, rolled head over heels, smashing my gun-stock just behind the locks, and leaving me directly in the path of the buffalo, who was then perhaps fifteen paces in my rear.

'I am generally good at getting up, having had considerable experience in that line, and with such a stimulus to my activity a second sufficed to put me on my legs, and I made a dash towards the side jungle. At the same moment Taylor very gallantly pushed his horse between me and the foe, firing into the latter as he came on. This bold act would, under any circumstances, have probably saved me, while it ensured death to him and his horse; but providentially we were both on his blind side (I had stopped one of his previous charges by a ball in the right eye), and though he passed within a yard of Taylor he did not see him, but with head down he held on his course at the boy, who was about twenty yards lower down, and whose horse, paralysed with terror, refused to move away. To say they were upset would convey but a poor idea of the thing. Horse and man were lifted from the ground and thrown forward in a heap, the buffalo goring at them as they lay. Fortunately the boy was completely stunned by the fall, and he lay flat on his back, so that all the efforts of the buffalo to get his horn in or under him failed. Finding this, the furious brute butted him with his forehead, and drove the body about the ground as if it had been a bundle of rags. When I saw him smashing the boy I ran back into the open for my broken gun, intending to use it pistol fashion, but before I could find it the buffalo, thinking he had settled his victim, dashed over the body and disappeared in the jungle. We found the

boy senseless and covered with blood, but a month's good nursing has made him all right again.

'Having no sound gun, and only one steady horse i the field, we gave up the pursuit and went home, leaving a promise of a reward of five rupees for the head and horns of our enemy.'

It may seem curious to us in these days that a young officer arriving in India for the purpose of joining his regiment should have been able to devote so much time to sport and other amusements by the way; but in the days of which I am writing there were no railways in India, and few carriages, and consequently the time allowed an officer to find his way up country was often very considerable. Three months were allowed between Calcutta and Allahabad, and as Reynell Taylor had been appointed to the 2nd Light Cavalry, which, after employment in Afghanistan, was now returning to Ferozepore, it is not improbable that he was granted as much as five or six months.

After leaving his friend Sleeman, Reynell Taylor made his way to Loodiana on the Sutlej. Here he determined to travel the remainder of the distance by water, and having hired a boat, he embarked with all his worldly goods and possessions. One evening, soon after starting, the boat ran on to a rock, filled, and went down; and almost before Reynell Taylor and the crew realised what had happened they found themselves striking out as best they could for the shore. On reaching *terra firma* the crew sat down in a circle and wept, but Reynell Taylor, who from a boy had been an excellent swimmer, went to work with a will, and continued until dark swimming out

to the sunken boat and diving for his things at the bottom of the river. When he had saved as much as he could, he started off across the country in search of shelter for the night, and after a while arrived at a bungalow. Having told his tale to the owner, he was surprised to find he had met with an old friend of his father's. Dry clothes were obtained for him, and the next morning the remainder of his things, with the exception of his books, were recovered from the bottom of the river, and he was able to resume his journey on board another boat. Reynell Taylor was fond of telling the story of his march up the country to join his regiment, 'and the fun of the whole thing was,' he would add, 'that, after all said and done, I only arrived just in time to see my regiment ignominiously disbanded.'

The 2nd Light Cavalry had refused to follow their officers at the action of Purwan Durrah, and for their cowardice on this occasion the name of the regiment was removed from the Army List. Thus Reynell Taylor found himself one of a number of officers without any men to command.

In June 1841 Reynell Taylor was temporarily attached to the 7th Irregular Cavalry at Bareilly, and he remained with this regiment until the early part of the following year, when the 2nd Light Cavalry was re-formed at Cawnpore under the title of the 11th Light Cavalry. Of his doings at Cawnpore during the year 1842 he has left no record, and I have been unable to discover a single letter dealing with this period.

Throughout his life in India Reynell Taylor corresponded regularly with his family in England. His letters, written sometimes week by week, were almost always

addressed to his father and intended for circulation among his relations and friends. I have heard it said that his father arranged these letters in order in a book, and that in his declining years the old soldier's greatest pleasure was to read over and over again the doings of his soldier son. That volume, down to the time of General Taylor's death, must have contained a complete record of Reynell Taylor's life, but, in spite of diligent search, no trace of it can now be found, and thus these pages lack much that might have added to their interest. Fortunately, however, among Reynell Taylor's papers is a roll of sheets of tissue paper, labelled, 'My old manifold Copy Books,' and here are copies of some of the numerous letters he wrote to his father during the years 1843 and 1845. Many of them sparkle with the joyousness of youth, all are brimful of affection, and his love for those at home, instead of diminishing, seems to grow brighter and brighter as year follows year and the time of separation grows longer. There is a great secret bound up in this constant letter-writing. For nigh upon twelve years scarcely a single month passed without some tidings arriving at Sandhurst. He was in the habit of referring all questions for his father's opinion, and thus these two hearts were fast bound together with a love which grew in strength till their hands were clasped once more, though none too soon, in England.

The first of Reynell Taylor's letters from Cawnpore is dated March 18, 1843. In it he laments the loss of all his books, and begs his father to send him 'an Ainsworth, a Lexicon, a Greek Testament, and a Lemprière,' as he is anxious to keep up his reading. There is always an undercurrent of fun in his letters, and many of them are

illustrated with ludicrous caricatures. 'I have not got my room to myself,' he writes, 'for a fellow-sportsman, in a lizard, has the run of my skylight; a mouse without a tail lives behind the wainscot, and a vocal company of crickets inhabit the back of the coloured print of the Cathedral of Rheims.'

In June Reynell Taylor began to study native languages, or 'the black classics,' as he calls them, and he illustrates 'the effect of black classics, when the heat was enough to cook a beefsteak on the gate-post,' by a pen-and-ink sketch in which an individual in a turban is sitting very erect at one end of a table, and he himself lying fast asleep at the other with his head on his book.

But study did not occupy all his time by any means. There are constant references to sporting expeditions in these letters of his, as well as parts played in garrison theatricals. His thoughts evidently often reverted to Ogwell and Devonshire, and he continued to carry vivid recollections of former happy days. Everyone who has engaged to any extent in cricket in Devonshire, knows the drive from Newton along a dusty road, at first, and afterwards over an old stone bridge, where the brown waters of the Teign babble over the stones, and the trees cast grateful shade. Everyone knows the awkward turn in at the gate, the thatched pavilion, and the broad expanse of mossy turf where the first club in Devon has for many and many a decade carried on its contests and dispensed its hospitality. It must have been refreshing in the vicious, parching sun-heat of Cawnpore to go back in mind to the cool waters of the Teign and the green turf; and thus Reynell Taylor

writes: 'So the Teignbridge Club has lasted to its second jubilee. I do hope it will not be allowed to subside before I find my way to the pretty valley again; that is, if I am ever destined to do so. I know no country meeting that would recall so many pleasant associations to my mind as that would; besides, I retain my love for the beautiful game of cricket, and I never played on a better ground than that.'

Forty years later Reynell Taylor's figure was well known on the old ground; and grown too stiff for cricket, he might often still be seen playing bowls or keeping score there.

So the letters run on from month to month, till in one, dated August 9, he writes:—

'I do not know how long we may be here now, as we hear rumours of wars. A large force is to be assembled at Agra very quickly, the object being Gwalior, where they have kicked out our Resident and misbehaved themselves in sundry manners, and still remain refractory.'

The dissensions in Gwalior had been the cause of anxiety ever since the early part of this year. In February 1843 the reigning Scindia—the Maharajah Jankaji—died without heirs, and without making any arrangement for a successor to the guddee. His widow, by the advice of some of the most powerful persons in the state, adopted as her son a boy named Bhageerut Rao, who was said to be the nearest relation of the late Maharajah. When nominated to the throne Bhageerut Rao was but eight years of age, while the Maharanee had not yet completed her thirteenth year, and as it was absolutely necessary that a Regent should be appointed to carry on the government, Mama

Sahib, maternal uncle of the deceased Maharajah, was, chiefly through the influence of the British Resident, selected for the post.

The history of most Eastern Courts is one of intrigue. No sooner has one man attained a certain degree of authority than a hostile faction sets to work, and by subtle devices seeks to undermine his position. To love power is to court danger and to be surrounded by few friends. Mama Sahib soon discovered that he had many enemies, who, making the Maharanee their tool, endeavoured to thwart him to the best of their ability. Into the maze of intrigue, and the endless plotting and planning that followed, it is here unnecessary to go, but scarcely more than three months had passed before the Regent was one day suddenly deposed by order of the Maharanee. The British Resident remonstrated, but to no purpose; and aid in support of the Regent being refused him by the Governor-General, nothing could be done, and Mama Sahib accordingly left Gwalior and retired to Seronge. The Resident was not long in following him, and at the instigation of his Government he too quitted Gwalior.

The Maharanee, and the clique by whom she was surrounded, now became aware of the gravity of the situation. The army, numbering upwards of 30,000 men, was the ready tool first of one faction, then of another, and affairs thus went rapidly from bad to worse. The duties of state were transacted by those who had deposed the Regent in defiance of the real and sovereign authority, the leader being one Dada Khasjee Walla. All officers of European origin, and holding military or civil appointments, were removed for no reason but that they were known to be

friendly to the British Government, and others with opposite views were appointed in their place. The capital and the roads to the frontier, were thronged with soldiers over whom their officers had no control, and it was evident that if order was to be maintained in the country the British Government would have to exercise its paramount authority and re-establish it by the exhibition of force. A state in the condition and position of Gwalior would have been a sure source of weakness in the event of complications on the Sutlej, and in order therefore to establish a stable government and to ensure tranquillity along the border, orders were issued for a concentration of troops on the Jumna. Hopes were at first entertained that bloodshed would be avoided, as the threatening attitude of the British forces was not without its effect. Dada Khasjee Walla was given up, and the Mahratta chiefs expressed themselves anxious to accept the terms offered them. Meanwhile the utmost excitement reigned at Gwalior, and the soldiery busied themselves daily by throwing up entrenchments for the protection of the capital. Still the treaty remained unsigned, and at length, towards the end of December, the British army crossed the Chumbul and entered Gwalior territory. On the 25th of the same month the Governor-General issued a proclamation stating that the British army came 'as a friend bound to protect the Maharajah and to maintain his authority.' This was followed the next day by an announcement that the treaty was to be ratified by the 28th, or a fine of 15,000 rupees paid for every day's delay. The 28th passed and the treaty remained unsigned, and on the following day the British forces, advancing upon the capital from two points,

came into collision with the enemy at Punniar and Maharajpore, and signally defeated them.

The last letter written by Reynell Taylor from Cawnpore is dated September 10. The 11th Light Cavalry formed part of the force assembling there under Sir John Grey, destined to advance upon Gwalior from that quarter, while the remainder of the army, under the Commander-in-Chief, operated from Agra. The capital was thus threatened from two sides at once. Sir John Grey's force left Cawnpore in the second week in December, and the events that followed shall be told in Reynell Taylor's own words. His first letter, addressed to 'Sister Harriet,' is undated, but is headed, 'On the borders of the Gwalior territory.'

'I must inform you of an important event, and that is, that I am fairly started on my first campaign, not with a "pretence enemy," as Eliza used to call it, but a real enemy, to-day reported to be on the other side of a small river called the Sinde, in front of us, with a lot of guns, and they say determined to fight us all the way to Gwalior.'

'The reports of what is going to happen are numerous, but I believe one thing is certain, and that is, that to Gwalior we go, either by fair means or foul. If the refractory portion of the Gwalior army have their eyes opened in time, I suppose it will be by fair means, but Lord Ellenborough is not likely to waste much time in begging them to come in to his terms. He has offered them the pill, which is certainly a big and rather an ill-flavoured one, but not worse than they deserve. I cannot say myself that I think the terms a bit too severe after all the trouble, expense, and insult they have given us. I say

he has offered them the pill, and if they go screwing their faces about and making excuses, he will try the effect of a dig in the ribs.'

Reynell Taylor had been present at his first action ere he wrote again, and his next letter, dated December 30, contains an account of the fight of Punniar.

'Our force was engaged yesterday, and our loss, I am sorry to say, considering the comparative smallness of the affair, has been very great. We are here encamped in a cup of land, that is, a plain surrounded on all sides by low hills, and I am alone on picket, with my troop some half mile to the left of the main picket, which is on the Gwalior road.

'My last letter brought you to the Sinde River. We crossed it and marched to Dubbra, where we remained two or three days. The last day of our halt at Dubbra I was ordered out with my troop to reinforce the main picket. After the vedettes were posted I went round to see that the men understood their orders, and on my return found the whole picket in a hubbub. In answer to my question as to what it was all about, I was informed that the enemy were coming; and sure enough in the distance there was an approaching cloud of dust. My fellows were mounted in no time, and directly they had fallen in the commanding officer called out to me, "Are you ready?" "Aye, aye," said I; "Then come along," said he, and away we went at a hand gallop. We met lots of grass-cutters running in before the object we were approaching and which was approaching us, and just as I was worked up to a great pitch of excitement, expecting to have a charge all to myself, and open the ball for the whole army, what

should emerge from the dust but a body of our own irregular horse!

'We marched the next morning from Dubbra to an open plain beneath the Antree pass, which was occupied by the enemy in considerable force. Here for the first time we heard that our General had strict orders not to commence hostilities with the rebel army, as we were actually at peace with the Gwalior Government. We were all much disappointed at this, and instead of forcing the Antree pass, as we expected, we left it a little on our right, and marched on the morning of yesterday, the 29th, to our present encampment.

'I was with the main body that day, and as we came along not a soul was to be seen. We passed a high fort with two peaceable-looking individuals looking over the parapet. We arrived in camp about eleven o'clock, but did not get anything in the shape of breakfast till nearly four, and had only half eaten it when the alarm sounded. In a few minutes I was in the saddle again, and the troops were all turning out. Then came a message to say it was a false alarm, so saddles were off again, and I once more clutched my cup of tea. Presently "Boom, boom!" went two heavy guns down the valley up which we had advanced in the morning, followed by half-a-dozen more. Of course we were all mounted again in no time. My troop, being the only one off picket or rear-guard duty, formed the strength of our regiment, the 9th Lancers mustered a squadron, and the 5th Cavalry a troop, and unless there was a troop of lancers detached somewhere, that was the whole force mustered by the 1st Brigade of Cavalry. The 2nd Brigade was ordered off to

reinforce the rear guard, which was getting most awfully mauled.

'But I must tell you my story as it occurred. We were off in no time, and when we reached the right of camp there was a proper scene of apparent confusion, though I fancy all the regiments were moving by order. Infantry were hurrying out at the double; other regiments were getting under arms; the horse artillery rumbling out half enveloped in dust; the noise of officers shouting, and all the time the cannonade in the valley becoming louder and nearer.

'We moved steadily on, and very soon began to see the position of some of the enemy's guns by the wreaths of smoke, but we could not make out what they were blazing at. In a short time we—*i.e.* the cavalry, for we were all moving independently at the time—emerged on to an open plain about half a mile long and the same broad, surrounded by low heights on all sides. On our left, and about in the centre of the amphitheatre, was a small fort which was firing into the valley, but at what we were prevented by a spur of the hills from seeing. This fort was a few minutes afterwards carried by our infantry. There were some heavy guns in position on the heights immediately in front of us, which, until we appeared, were firing into the valley on the other side of the heights, but when the enemy caught sight of us these guns were immediately turned upon us, and then for the first time in my life I heard the peculiar rushing sound of a heavy shot coming directly our way. They fired short at first, and the balls hopped high, but they elevated at every shot, and at last pitched a shot close to my troop. Brigadier Campbell

then took us under cover, where we waited for orders from General Grey. By this time our infantry had taken two or three of the enemy's batteries, but had suffered severely in so doing, and soon the dhoolies came hurrying over the brow bearing the wounded into camp.

'Soon after we had halted in the hollow General Grey came up at the head of a brigade of infantry, composed of the 50th Queen's, the 39th and, I think, the 58th N.I. The brigade were halted, and as soon as they had loaded they went over the brow with a loud cheer and were soon in the thick of it. I certainly felt very FitzEustace-like, and chafed much at the delay which kept us stuck under the hill with evening coming on, and the hope of gilded spurs becoming fainter every minute.

'At last I thought our moment was come, and a loud order was shouted from the hill to bring on the cavalry. Then it was "Draw swords," and away we went. It was ugly ground for cavalry, steep slopes covered with loose slaty stones. On descending the other side of the hill we had to spread out like a flock of sheep, each man taking his own line. We then crossed a deep nullah and ascended the opposite hill, where our artillery were firing shrapnel on the now retreating enemy—the prettiest thing I ever saw. It was so dark we could see the flash of each shell as it burst, and it seemed to me they always did so at exactly the right time. We were halted in rear of the artillery for about a quarter of an hour, and then a cloud of dust being observed in the valley to our right we descended, forming front as we went. We could see it was horse, but could make nothing of them, and they afterwards proved to be a body of Christie's horse.

'It was now quite dark and the artillery had ceased firing. We soon after received orders to return to camp, and so ended the first fight, in which you will say I saw nothing. Had there been an hour's more light we should have had our full share of the work.

'And now to the men who bore the brunt of the work —the infantry. The Buffs, I think, lost ten killed and sixty-one wounded; the Queen's 50th, eight killed and a considerable number wounded; and the 39th, sixteen killed and many wounded. I do not know the loss of the other troops engaged.[1] The enemy were supposed to have lost 300 killed and wounded; twenty-four of their guns were taken, some of them very fine ones. The artillery officers say they worked them deuced well; they sent a shot slap into Campbell's troop while he was blazing away at them himself, and killed a horse and man and injured a gun. Their numbers must have been very great, both horse and foot, and they were commanded by one Sikunder, who they say is wounded. About 7,000 rupees were found in different tumbrils. There is one thing I am very glad of in the whole thing, and that is that our General acted up to his orders and did not commence hostilities. We had marched considerably out of our way to avoid them, and they had come considerably out of theirs to attack us; *ergo*, the consequences were entirely their own look-out, and they certainly got an uncommon thrashing, considering the little time they left us to do it in. I shall ever regret we were not pushed on while there was light. We should have suffered severely, I dare say, but we should have read them a severer lesson even than they received. The enemy

[1] The total loss in this action amounted to 35 killed and 182 wounded.

fought most bravely, sticking by their guns till the very last, and being bayoneted at them. It would have been a great day for me had we had an opportunity, as I commanded the troop of my regiment that was present.

'I could not resist the temptation to visit the scene of action. I could not go the next day but went the day after, partly really because I wanted to understand the fight. I need not tell you the horrors I saw there, but there were some almost pleasant sights; one man who had sunk down with a gentlemanly bullet right in the centre of his forehead seemed quite to be envied among his riddled neighbours.'

On January 9 he writes again, this time from 'Before Gwalior.'

'I have not written for many days now, partly because I have such a deal to tell you that I have been afraid to begin. We have been here six days, during which I have been so employed gadding about with old friends in t'other army, and talking over our own and their smashing fight, that I have never had time to write; but here I am on picket again, and the result is that I must sit down and tell you something about Hugh Gough's battle of Maharajpore, which was fought the same day as our own, the two armies being then, I suppose, about sixteen miles apart. We heard the distant cannonade in the morning on the march, and half-guessed what was doing, though the cold water gentry would have it that the Gwaliorites were fighting amongst themselves. We little thought that we should be hard at it ourselves before nightfall.

'The enemy, I must say, have excited my respect by the way they have fought. Nothing could have been more

gallant than the conduct of their artillery and cavalry in both these fights, but the far-famed Mahratta horsemen declined to have anything to say to our cavalry except in one instance, when the chiefs, I suppose, not being able to get their men to follow them, formed a body of themselves and charged down upon Scott's brigade, composed of the 4th and 10th Cavalry, who disposed of nearly all of them, though not without getting a little mauled themselves.

'The cavalry do not seem to have been well handled by our great chiefs. The 16th Lancers had nothing to do, but were kept under a tearing fire the chief part of the day. With them were also the 1st Cavalry and Body Guard. The 10th Cavalry charged some guns in the teeth, and cut down the men at the guns, but while a little scattered and confused the chiefs of horse, to the number of 70, came down upon them. The 10th, however, re-formed, and killed nearly all their opponents.

'I shall not attempt to describe the plan of the battle to you, but leave you to gather an idea of it from the despatches. We had about 800 killed and wounded, of which 36 were officers.[1]

'I fancy there will be no more fighting, but there is no saying. There is to be a large contingent force raised, and I believe the men who composed the Ranee's army will be allowed to enlist. I have not ascertained satisfactorily whether the Ranee encouraged the soldiery to fight us, but I strongly suspect she did. When they were licked and had lost their guns, to the number of 49, and God knows how many men, she went to Lord

[1] The loss at the action of Maharajpore amounted to 106 killed, 684 wounded, and 7 missing.

Ellenborough and put the little rajah in his arms and begged to be forgiven.

'This will be a disconnected sort of letter, but I shall write down anything which I know to be true and think worth mentioning.

'In the battle of Maharajpore a horse artilleryman in Lane's troop had his foot shot off at the ankle, but as it was necessary to move the gun at the time, and there was nobody to supply his place in the saddle, he refused every entreaty to dismount, though he said he would do so directly they could get anyone to drive in his stead. He rode on, doing his duty for some time, and until he was relieved, but he died the same evening.

'Cavanagh, of the 4th Irregular Cavalry, lately married, wrote a short letter to his wife before going into action, saying there had been a fight and that he was all safe and sound, meaning to send it off at the first opportunity, which he did, poor fellow, but he was obliged to add that he had lost a leg.

'General Churchill, it is said, went up to a fellow with a cane in his hand, and called out to him to give up his sword. The fellow preferred laying over Churchill's head—*i.e.* cut him down, and when on the ground a round shot struck him and knocked his leg to smithereens. It was amputated, but he sunk under the operation. A great number of our men were blown up, the enemy having mined a great part of the ground, and, besides that, they put matches to their tumbrils.

'Gwalior itself is a very fine-looking fort, on the top of a large rock, apparently scarped on all sides; but we are about a mile from it, and are not allowed to

go and see it yet. You shall see some sketches of it some day.'

By January 5 the whole of the British forces had arrived before Gwalior, but there was no further fighting. On January 9 the disbanding of the Gwalior army began, and by the 17th it was completed. Meanwhile, on January 13, the treaty had been ratified and British supremacy established.[1]

On the 15th Reynell Taylor writes again to his father. Hostilities were over, and he had time to turn his attention to other matters.

'Here I am on picket again. We should have had a lot of broken heads if we had forced the Antree pass, for we hear now that the enemy had mined the whole of it. This is a style of fighting they seem rather partial to, but it is one for which every soldier has a most particular aversion.

'The Commander-in-Chief held a *levée* the other day, which we all attended. He is a remarkably fine, active-looking man. General Smith came out of the crowd of Panjendrums to shake me kindly by the hand, and on my lamenting that we had not had more to do in the late affair, he told me that I could not eat my cake and have it, and bid me wait for the Punjab. I see, in looking back, that I have said that I shall ever regret not having been pushed on, but I do not consider it my place to say anything of the kind. That I did much regret it is perhaps a justification for what I wrote, but to say that I shall ever regret it is not true, for on cool reflection I have ceased to regret it already. Enough was done to show these

[1] Taylor received the bronze star for his services in the campaign.

fellows that we were rough customers at a game of sharps, and, after all, there is sound philosophy in living to fight another day as long as it is not accompanied by the first part of the old adage.

'I fancy we shall march from this soon now, as affairs are nearly settled. I believe there is to be a grand *tamashah* to put the young rajah on his throne, and then we shall wend our respective ways home.

'Yesterday I went out with Charley Beecher and Tucker, of the 8th Cavalry, in search of some bears that infest the neighbouring hills. We started in the dark, I mean about four in the morning, and reached the most likely ground about daylight. It was a most lovely scene, more like Bradley Vale than anything I can give for a comparison, but you must add, running along the crests on each side, a lofty range of crags, sometimes jutting out and overhanging the valley, and sometimes receding in cold gloomy clefts. The whole of these crags were covered, wherever there was the least soil, with trees, in some places so thick that it was a hard matter to force one's way through them. We had hardly gone a hundred yards before we found fresh traces of bears. This gave a thrilling interest to our work, and we laboured on over loose stones, slippery slabs, and tangled brushwood, in a manner that, without the excitement, would have soon knocked us up. I could not help thinking of the American's prayer before engaging with a bear when we were poking about their habitations. (Don't think that I am trifling with serious subjects if I repeat it. It amounts to this: "O Lord, if you won't help me, don't help the bear.")

'Don't let mother think it is an overdangerous amuse-

ment, it is one where I should always like to be sure of the nerve and character of my friends, but if you are sure of that, and of yourself, the danger is comparatively small. When he is within five paces of you he generally rears himself on his hind legs and dances up for a hug, and one ball coolly placed is enough for a bear.

'Well, we toiled on for an hour or so without success, and so took to our cold meat and beer. When we had finished our meal and were sauntering about, we were roused from our lethargy by a sound not to be mistaken—the terrific roar of a charging bear, followed by the yell of the fellow he had attacked, and then by the hulloo of every man within hearing. We three, guns in hand, were very soon half way to the scene of action, our men following us as best they could with our second guns. We came to a couple of men, who just pointed the way the bear had gone, and on we pressed in his rear. I suppose we had not struggled eighty yards through the jungle when we heard a hullabaloo in front of us. We knew very well what this meant. Johnny Bruin had come upon another party of camp followers, and would probably be turned back. We advanced silently and rapidly, I on the right, Beecher in the middle, and Tucker on the left. Beecher thought I was too much to the right, and sung out to me to come down lower, which I did. Had it not been for this, ten seconds afterwards I should have met the bear in his very path. A few seconds afterwards I heard a heavy rush through the grass to my right. I knew it was the bear immediately, and ran as hard as I could, hoping to get a good shot at him. At this moment he caught sight of somebody, and gave—*Crikey, Bill*!—such a roar; then I caught sight of him, a fine

fellow, as black as my hat. I should have thrown away my fire had I shot at him, as I was running and he was cantering. He passed behind some bushes, and then "bang!" went Beecher. I made towards him as quick as I could, and reached his elbow just as he fired his second barrel, but I could not see the bear at the moment. I ran as hard as I could in the direction Beecher had fired, and while I was running I heard Tucker fire both barrels on my right, and in the bottom of the valley we nearly ran against each other, but I was not in time to get a shot. We followed him as sharp as we could, and very soon found traces of blood in his foot tracks. We traced him for some mile and a quarter, and at last tracked him to a cave. That he had attempted to go into it there can be no doubt, for the stones were smeared with blood. We accordingly determined to smoke him out if possible. There were two mouths to the cave, one above and one below; the fire was applied to the lower one, and soon the smoke began to issue, and there we stood, like terriers at the mouth of a rat-hole, till the smoke, issuing from the upper mouth of the cave, we were obliged to allow that the beast was not there. So ended all real excitement. We struck off on a fresh beast, but with no success. I am going after them again to-morrow, and will let you know the result. Good-night; such a bore sleeping in boots.'

Four days later, January 19, he writes, still from before Gwalior:—

'The second bear expedition was a failure, and I am not destined to kill one this season.

'Affairs are going on well here, and the fellows are

enlisting willingly in our contingent, and those that are not fit for service, or do not choose to enlist, get their arrears of pay and three months' in addition, as a present.

'The army will break up soon now, and we shall all return to our respective stations. I shall be twenty-two in five days more. I would that I had a spare year before me for reading of general kinds. I want it sadly.

'This has been a sad time for some poor fellows, sadder than we with sound limbs and light hearts have time to think about. The spirits of others have retired with the year that's awa', and are nearly forgotten by some already. There is nothing in death in the field which gives one a horror of death, and so that a man has tried to serve his God as well as his earthly master, the old rascal's sting must fall lighter there than anywhere, I should say.'

At the end of January the army broke up before Gwalior, and the troops retired to their different stations. Reynell Taylor was not destined to remain long with the 11th Light Cavalry, for, on the return of the regiment to Cawnpore, he was appointed to the Governor-General's Body Guard, an advancement of which he was justly proud.

He announces the fact to his father on February 15, in a letter headed, 'Three marches from Allahabad':—

'I have undergone another change since I last wrote to you, and have mounted the red again, so, instead of a youth in French grey and a busby, you must look upon me for the present as Captain Taylor, of the Governor-General's Body Guard. Be very particular about the "Captain," because it may not last long.

'The Body Guard when I first came to this country was only one squadron strong, with a commandant, adjutant, and vet. After the last campaign in Afghanistan Lord E. increased it to two squadrons, and gave it two extra subalterns. It is now increased to three squadrons, with the addition, I believe, eventually of four officers. Three have been appointed, and I am one of these. Chamberlain had been made adjutant, but he has gone to the hills on sick certificate, having been wounded in the leg in the Khyber pass. Meantime I get the acting adjutancy, so I drop in to what may be my first step on the ladder of advancement. My present situation holds out many advantageous prospects. In the first place, if there is anything to do in the Punjab we shall be in the thick of it; another thing is, that when Chamberlain returns I shall have to take my turn of duty in Calcutta, and I shall then, I hope, pass my examination at the college under the very noses of the dispensers of loaves and fishes.

'The station of the Body Guard is to be Sultanpore, Benares, for which place we are in full march now. There will, however, be a detachment of 60 men under a subaltern at Calcutta.

'Gwalior affairs were all comfortably settled before we left. The enemy's battalions had all laid down their arms; most of those that were fit enlisted into our contingent, the rest took the gratuity and retired to their homes.

'I studied the fort a good deal while I was there. If you go round the ramparts at Gwalior, taking the in and out of every elbow of the rock, I suppose you would have to walk four or five miles before you had completed the

circuit. The rock is about 340 feet high, and is black and inky, like iron ore. It seems a most impregnable place, but has fallen once by *coup de main*, and would have again very likely. Popham took it by escalade about sixty years ago. There are some curious figures carved on the rock; one, I think, nearly 40 feet high. I have a drawing of it.'

The Body Guard arrived at Sultanpore at the end of February, when Reynell Taylor was appointed 'Officiating Adjutant.' His new duties naturally occupied the chief part of his time, but he employed himself as well studying native languages and reading military works. His letters to his father at this time are filled with long dissertations on the uses and capabilities of cavalry in the field, and he asks that any books dealing with cavalry tactics may be sent him. 'What is your opinion of carbines for troopers?' he asks. 'We are just going to have them, and the N.C.O.'s are to have percussion pistols in place of the flint locks they have carried hitherto. With the new carbine you make sure of your man at sixty yards on a steady horse.'

In August he hears of his brother Fitzwilliam being appointed to the living of West Ogwell, and he writes:—'I shall look with more pleasure still upon the old tower among the trees in your picture, and I like to think my old companion in snipe and plover shooting holds forth there to his simple congregation upon those ways that are all pleasantness and those paths that are all peace.'

In November Reynell Taylor qualified as an interpreter, and in the following January he resigned the adjutancy of the Body Guard and took up the appointment of Interpreter and Quartermaster.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST SIKH WAR.

1845-1846.

ALL eyes were now turned towards the Punjab. The condition of that country, and the mutinous conduct of the Sikh soldiery, gave cause for the gravest anxiety, and it became necessary to reinforce the garrisons in the neighbourhood of the frontier. Among the troops moving northwards was the Body Guard, and early in 1845 the regiment took up its quarters at Umballa.

Ever since the death of Runjeet Sing, in 1839, discord had reigned where before there had been order. The firm hand which for years had held within its iron grip the various factions of the state was withdrawn; the mighty fabric which Runjeet had raised with his single arm fell asunder, and an impotent and vacillating government, acting for a boy sovereign, now reigned in Runjeet's place. The army which the great ruler had spent forty years in organising, and which had never known defeat, grew by degrees to be the dominant power in the state, and the urgency of its demands, coupled with the attitude and temper of the troops within its ranks, 'threatened the very existence of the Ranee and the Sirdars around her.'[1]

[1] The Governor-General to the Secret Committee, December 2, 1845.

To occupy the minds of the soldiers became at last a necessity. They had already once before, in the early part of this year, demanded that they should be led across the frontier, but wiser counsels prevailed, and for a moment war was averted. It was not, however, for long. The reinforcements now gathering on the left bank of the Sutlej appeared to furnish a pretext for a further hostile demonstration as well as a way out of immediate difficulties, and on December 17 the durbar decided on no less an undertaking than the invasion of British India.

The forces which had been gradually collected in the vicinity of Ferozepore, Loodiana, and Umballa were made the excuse for what followed; but, in the words of the Governor-General, 'the real cause originated in the internal dissensions of the Lahore Government, and, above all, in their desire to be released on any terms from the terror which the ferocity of their own troops had inspired.'

To the very last it was hoped that the Sikhs would be deterred from any act of aggression, and even up to December 10 the Governor-General, and those about him, still held the opinion that the Sikhs would not cross the river. Yet on the very next day a part of their army had entered British territory, and by the 15th 60,000 men and over 100 guns stood ready to give us battle on our own soil.

The news of the violation of the frontier reached the Governor-General on the 12th, but by that time our army, in preparation for any contingency, was already on the move, and while the Sikhs were advancing on the one side, our forces were pushing up from Meerut, Umballa, and Loodiana. But I must retrace my steps. 'We do not know

yet,' writes Reynell Taylor from Umballa on August 14, 'whether an army will be formed. Certainly little orders have indicated something like an intention of fisticuffs, but it is very doubtful.' A month later he writes again :—'There is no apparent likelihood of war ;' and once more on September 19 :—'Everything looks peaceable, but still it strikes me that there is something brewing, as Cooper makes the Indian say, "It is too quiet." The Punjab is in an awful state, and I think there is every chance of the Sikhs being on our side of the river ere long.'

After this there is no further mention of war rumours till October 17, when he returns again to the subject, and writes :—'The plot has thickened since I last wrote, and it is generally believed that something is going to be done. Sir Henry Hardinge is coming up at the rate of a hunt, and Sir Hugh Gough is to meet him at Meerut on November 10.' But this proved to be only a rumour, and again there is a lull, while the black clouds gather round Lahore and the body-politic of the Sikhs prepares for war.

'Our expectations of war have faded,' run the letters in the middle of November, 'and, in fact, some considerable change must have taken place in the views and intentions in high quarters, as the Governor-General, instead of hurrying up, is marching up by Bhurtpore. I never mean to expect war again, and the fact is, with a Native State it is ever uncertain till the first shot is fired.'

And this is the last complete letter for many days. Two scraps there are, written hurriedly, and ending abruptly. They lie before me now as they were written at the time—mere fragments—sent off, no doubt, in the

endeavour to keep up the regular supply of letters home. The first, dated 'Umballa, December 2,' runs :—'Sir H. H. marched in this morning, the whole of the troops being drawn up in a long line to receive him. We, the Body Guard, were in line in the street of his camp. A new king of the country is naturally an object of some interest. He was in plain clothes, and answered the salute with the stump of his arm.' The next, dated 'Governor-General's Camp, December 15,' only three days before the first blow :—'Strange times have come upon us since I last wrote or attempted to write. We marched from Umballa on the 6th of the month, and took it easily and quietly till we got to Rajpoorah. Here some intelligence reached Sir H. H. which caused the ordering back of all the ladies in camp, amounting to about five or six. We marched on in fighting order, and soon heard reports that the Sikhs had crossed the river. We also heard that the Umballa force had been ordered on. I must now tell you the——'

And thus it ends abruptly, and there is no further letter this year; not until Reynell Taylor had fought in his first action, and lay wounded in a village not far from the field of Moodkee.

The Umballa force had started for the frontier on December 11, and a few days later came up with the Body Guard. Then all pushed on, still by forced marches, and Moodkee was at length reached on the afternoon of December 18.

The rapidity of this movement was necessarily most trying to the troops, but Ferozepore was threatened, and no time was to be lost. In speaking of it, the Commander-

in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, says that the force 'moved over a distance of 150 miles in six days, along roads of heavy sand, perpetual labour allowing the men scarcely time to cook their food, even when they received it, and hardly an hour for repose before they were called on for renewed exertions.' Water had been scarce throughout the march, and when the army reached Moodkee the troops were well-nigh exhausted. Hardly, however, had they taken up their camping ground, when the news arrived that the Sikhs were advancing in considerable force. The army was at once got under arms, and, while the infantry brigades were forming up, the cavalry and horse artillery were thrown forward to cover the front. The country was 'a dead flat, covered at short intervals with low, but, in some places, thick jhow jungle, and dotted with sandy hillocks.' Availing themselves of the cover thus afforded them, the enemy took up a position and opened a severe fire upon our advancing ranks. A small portion of the cavalry were at once directed to threaten the enemy's right, while the remainder, consisting of the 3rd Light Dragoons, the Body Guard, the 5th Light Cavalry, and a part of the 4th Lancers, were launched against the left.

Taking ground to the right in column of troops, the cavalry on the right wheeled into line as best they could in the thick bush, and dashing forward were quickly among the enemy, 'sweeping along the whole rear of their infantry and guns, and putting to flight the vastly superior force of horse by which they were opposed.' The cavalry charges over, the infantry went in with the bayonet. The enemy, though in far greater numbers, were driven back and utterly routed, and long after darkness closed in the fight was

continued in the thick bush and the blinding dust of the sandy plain.

The first fight with the Sikhs was over and victory remained with us, but our success had been purchased with the loss of many valuable lives, and among the killed was one we could ill spare—Sir Robert Sale. Our losses amounted all told to 215 killed and 657 wounded, and among the latter was Reynell Taylor, who had borne himself gallantly in the thickest of the fray, and come out of it with wounds in three different parts of his body.

It was not until a fortnight after the fight that Reynell Taylor was able to give an account of his doings, and his first letter, dated 'Governor-General's Camp, Ferozepore, January 1, 1846,' ran as follows :—

'My dear Pater,—I hope you have had a merry Christmas, merrier than ours, which has been rather too bloody to be pleasant. I made many attempts to write to you before the *skrimmages*, but we had such a race to the frontier that we ate our meals at one stage and took our water (beer when we could get hold of it) at another. My shoulder is very painful and I shall not be able to write much, so must tell you the heads of the things in as few words as possible. The Sikhs attacked us at a place called Moodkee on the evening of the 18th, and when we had just ended a march of twenty miles. They got preciously licked for their pains and lost nearly all the guns they had brought into the field. They took up a good position in some low brush jungle for their artillery, and the cannonade they opened upon us was tremendous. Soon after the commencement of the action the dragoons and ourselves were ordered to attack the enemy's left, which rested on some

much higher and thicker thorn jungle, and consisted of a large body of horse and matchlock footmen.

'We accordingly took ground to the right, open column of troops, right shoulders forward. Conceive a brigade or column of troops galloping through a thick thorn jungle enveloped in clouds of dust so dense that the standard of my squadron was the only landmark I could recognise, approaching nearer and nearer to the thundering batteries of the enemy and the yelling crowd protecting them.

'Above all the din I heard the word passed to wheel into line; it was merely a left turn for each individual; and on we rushed at the same pace. Loud shouts of friend and foe arose on our right as our gallant dragoons dashed in, clearing all before them, and in another second we were in a mass of bloody-minded Sikh horse and foot, but chiefly the former. I need not give you the details of such work. I believe the men we were opposed to were, or thought themselves to be, cut off from escape by the dragoons, and they fought most furiously. I was personally engaged with five men at different times, and after a tussle of some seven or eight minutes, in which our adversaries were all cut down, shot, or driven off, I found myself wounded in three different places, my reins cut, and my horse "Pickle" very severely wounded by a sabre. On trying to pick up the pieces of the regiment the result was: Dawkins down, shot through the thigh; Bouverie's two thousand rupee horse shot under him; Fisher and Stanners missing—the former, poor fellow, killed, and the latter carried away in the confusion with the dragoons; Harrington, the Brigade Major, wounded. This left Colonel Gough, our Brigadier,

and Cornet Pakenham and self to form up the regiment. Bouverie got another horse and was all right.

'I was bleeding very much, but felt strong and well, and should not have left the field had not Colonel Gough particularly requested that I would do so, saying that he should not take the regiment into action in its crippled state if he could help it.

'I found, when I got in, that it was lucky I did give up when I did. My wounds are a severe "facer," commencing about half-way up the forehead and running down to the end of the nose, which it split like a pea. I only wish "Vetus" had hold of the Sikh; how she would *sarve* him out for spoiling the side bits! This blow was given me from the left over my bridle-hand, when I was engaged with a man on my right, whose spear I had just parried.

'Another, and the severest wound, is on my right shoulder. The greedy sabre has taken a large lump out of the deltoid muscle, just at the round of the shoulder. This will take some time to heal; it is doing well. I have another slight snip on the bridle-arm, which is nothing. My face is healing beautifully. I nightly thank God for having preserved my life, even if it be only for a time, and for having enabled me to do my duty quietly and calmly.

'I never wished for war, but now it is come I hope to see it carried through with honour to my country and confusion to her enemies, where she is so clearly in the right, and her foes are such blood-stained murderers and turbulent spirits, whose extermination affords the only hope of peace for India for years to come.

'I cannot but hope that Providence will strike with us. Our loss has been tremendous—nearly four thousand killed

and wounded in the three actions.[1] The Sikhs are licked across the river and have lost between ninety and a hundred of their guns. There will be some severe fighting yet, as of course we cannot let the matter rest as it is. We fight for our name and the peace of the country generally; the game is great and worth the venture of a life. If I should lose mine, believe me, pater, that I have thought deeply on death, and, thank God, have been enabled to act on the thought, but to what purpose remains with my merciful Judge. I must say good-bye, pater. With a father's blessing and a conscience void of wilful offence, I do not fear what man can do unto me. The rest is in God's hands; may He bless you all!

In a letter written many years afterwards (May 30, 1871) to his friend Colonel Bouverie Campbell, an old brother-officer in the Body Guard, he reverts to the events of December 18, 1845:—

'I have boys growing up, and now or later the story (of Moodkee) will interest them. My father used occasionally at long intervals to give us the account of his experiences on the celebrated 18th of June, one of which was, I remember, that a fowl which his soldier-servant had put on to boil in the early morning, at the village of Smohain, where he was on picket, was eaten after nightfall on the Paris road, the First Empire having finally collapsed in the interim. The chicken had gone through the day in a half-boiled state in the batman's haversack, and ought to have been tender. I remember being always interested in the story and other more stirring portions of the narrative, including the death of Byron's "young gallant Howard

[1] This refers as well to Ferozeshah, fought on December 21 and 22.

in the same regiment, and so I hope my boys may take some interest in their Dad's part in the battle that opened the ball with the Sikhs.

'I am very ill able to speak of such things in connection with myself, and am always oppressed with the idea that my hearers will think that I am engaged in the use of an ancient weapon instead of treating of modern ball and steel, and I shall be very glad to have one word from an old comrade by way of confirmation of my facts.'

After a detailed account of the movements of the Body Guard immediately before the charge, the letter goes on: 'With regard to myself—and here the bow sounds as if stretched—I have persistently stated that I had dealings with about six men at different times: that I remembered stopping the cut of the first man I met and giving him a return blow across the face. Another fellow rode at me with a lance, and I turned it off with my sword when close to my breast; and I believe it was while making a return cut at him that another man, who had come up on my bridle-hand, administered a severe "smeller" in the face, as poor Fisher would have called it, which, cutting through my shako peak, hit me half-way down the forehead, and, passing down, split my nose like a pea, and deluged my left eye with blood. Another man whom I met rode close up to my sword-hand, and with his teeth set, and standing in his stirrups, gave a downright cut at my head, which I stopped; and the sword, a Wilkinson, bears the notch to this day in the thick part near the hilt; the metal, being as hard as a diamond, is yet cut into like lead!

'In the *mêlée* I received a severe cut on the shoulder, but by whom given I never clearly made out. It cut

through my jacket and two shirts which I had put on for the bitter cold, having been on picket the night before, and cut a great piece out of the deltoid muscle as well. I had also another wound on my left wrist, the sword having been stopped by the bone, but this was not deep. My curb rein was cut, and my horse "Pickle" [1] received a severe cut on his flank.

'The last thing I remember was sparring with a footman, trying to get a cut at him. He had his sword lifted high and was just going to make a sweeping cut at my horse's neck, when a bullet struck his sword close to the hilt and snapped it off; on which the fellow sank down, shamming dead.

'After our front was cleared I assisted in forming up the regiment, and I remember your remonstrating with me (you being in command of the regiment at the time) as I was bleeding pretty freely; and shortly after, Brigadier John Gough urged my leaving the field so strongly that I went.

'I must say for myself that it was in no particular wish to play the gladiator that I worked, but chiefly from an ardent desire that the regiment should show well and be successful.

'I must pray you to excuse the vainglory of all this. It is, as I hope you will see, a not very unnatural attempt to pick the story of a stirring day's work out of the oblivion

[1] 'Pickle' was a bay Arab he bought in 1844. He describes him as 'a very powerful and handsome horse with capital action and noble temper, who looks up to know whether you were "pleased to remark" anything when a pistol is fired close to him and who does not care for the sweep of a sword a bit.' 'Pickle' was Reynell Taylor's constant companion for eight years, and his name will be often mentioned in these pages.

into which such matters must necessarily fall as time passes on.'

'You need never be shy,' writes his friend in answering this letter, 'of mentioning the part you took in the battle of Moodkee, and no one who knows you will ever accuse you of being "vainglorious," but, on the contrary, will say that you did your duty as a man and an officer with conspicuous bravery.'

Reynell Taylor made light enough of his wounds, but he was returned in the Casualty Roll as 'very severely wounded.' His services were noticed in despatches by Brigadier Gough, commanding the cavalry, thus :—'Lieutenant Taylor, who, though severely wounded in three places, would not quit the field until he had assisted in forming up his regiment.'

After the action he was removed to a small tent in the village of Moodkee, and the doctor, when it came to Reynell Taylor's turn to be attended to, was heard to say: 'Dear me, this is too handsome a face to be scarred in this way; I must use fine needles instead of plaster.' So the gaping wound in the face was mended up with fine needles; but many years afterwards, when Reynell Taylor was travelling in England, a gentleman got into the carriage with him and began muttering: 'Well, I did make a capital job of that, certainly. Yes, I'm sure it is the same nose.' And it was the same doctor, who thirty years afterwards had still the trick of speaking his thoughts out aloud.

Reynell Taylor was incapacitated from further fighting during the war, but his ultimate recovery was a rapid one. 'Pickle' also came round again, and lived for many years after as a faithful friend, carrying his master in all kinds of

strange places, in days of peace as well as in days of war. He afterwards, on Reynell Taylor's return to England in 1852, became the property of Colonel Coke, commanding the 1st Punjab Infantry.

For two days the army remained at Moodkee, and on December 21 marched to attack the enemy in their entrenched camp at Ferozeshah. On that night and the following morning was fought one of the bloodiest battles in all the annals of our military history. No soldier, no Englishman, can read the account of the actions of December 21 and 22, 1845, without feeling a thrill run through his frame, for, in the words of Lord Ripon, 'never was there an occasion upon which the indomitable courage of the British soldier was more gloriously proved than in those repeated and well-fought fields.' [1]

The account of the fight can form no part of my story, for Reynell Taylor was not present at it. Lying wounded at Moodkee, he was, however, as will be seen presently, able to appreciate to the full the anxious nature of the conflict. It was only by dogged pertinacity that the enemy's position was eventually carried. Late in the evening of the 21st we had seized a part of the enemy's entrenchments, after many hours' hard fighting; a fearful night followed, spent under artillery fire; morning broke, and the fight was renewed against the vastly superior force, backed by upwards of 100 guns. The hero of Albuera, Sir Henry Hardinge, Governor-General, yet second in command, who had during the night lost ten out of his staff of eleven, and was now left with his son, a boy of sixteen, as his sole aide-de-camp, led on the left; the Commander-in-Chief, the right; the position was

[1] Thanks to the Army in India. House of Lords, March 2, 1846.

carried, the camp swept, the enemy utterly routed, and 'our line then halted as if on a day of manœuvre,' but behind lay of our dead and wounded alone no less than 2,415 men.

The wounded in and around Moodkee were fully able to appreciate the critical nature of the fight which was going on only a few miles from them, and as they lay there suffering, the roar of the conflict was anything but pleasant to listen to, for defeat meant death to them.

The following letter from Reynell Taylor to his father tells something of this, and as there are in it details regarding himself, as well as many references to other matters, I give it almost as it stands. It is dated 'January 17, Governor-General's Camp, Ferozepore,' to which place he had been moved from Moodkee on the retreat of the Sikhs across the river.

'. . . My shoulder is still in rather a disrepaired state, so you must not expect a long letter.

'The engagement at Moodkee took place, as you know, on the 18th. We lay there for a couple of days picking up the pieces, and on the 21st the army marched to attack the enemy's position at Ferozeshah, leaving the wounded in Moodkee, with two guns and two infantry regiments to take care of us. You never saw such a mass of mutilated humanity. Yes, I fancy you have seen several such, and so I need not trouble myself to describe it to you ; but among all these poor mortals struck down in the middle of fresh gay life, and mutilated in every variety of manner, there was no unworthy complaining to be heard ; they had done their duty once, and were ready to do it again when they could. . . .

'I, with the other cripples, Dawkins and Edwardes, occupied a small tent pitched in a mud court in a village.

'I have visited poor Muro (10th Cavalry); he had been shot in the spine and death was pretty clearly stamped upon his face. He made me tell him all I could of Fisher's death; he belonged to the same regiment.

'Poor Fisher, as you know, was a great friend of mine, and in more peaceable times I should mourn his loss much. At present, though, all life seems so uncertain that it appears to me misplaced to lament much those that have gone first. This is, I dare say, the feeling of a young hand, unused to the near neighbourhood of danger. . . . There is something in death in the field of battle that, as Francis Osbaldiston says, strikes one as a lot natural and proper for humanity, therefore not producing great regret and sorrow in the mind of a friend who ran the same risk with better fortune. I hope this does not seem selfish and cold-blooded, but all I know is that I do not wish anyone to feel more for me in a similar case.

'Well, I must get to my story, and give you an idea of the order things happened in as well as I can.

'Towards evening of the 21st December we heard the cannonade of the first attack on the enemy's position, and as the enemy had some hundred guns, chiefly of very heavy calibre, and we about fifty, you may imagine it was pretty heavy, and anything but agreeable to lie in our beds and listen to. It continued with little intermission all night, and was renewed with fresh vigour next day.

'Altogether, from the description I have gathered, the awful cannonade kept up by the enemy, the night of doubt and uncertainty in the immediate neighbourhood of a most

formidable enemy, the proved uselessness of our light guns against their heavy metal in position, the immense loss we had already sustained, and the prospect of as tough a contest in the morning, formed a whole sufficiently trying to the oldest soldiers, and almost appalling to the young.

'I have seen enough myself to make me believe that nothing is so appalling to the human mind, when located in that funny machine the soldier, as confusion—confusion either apparent or real; and I can understand how bold men, who would be prompt to die steadily and in order, may be hurried into common defeat by the unsteadiness of their neighbours. I have picked up a few ideas from late events, and this is one of them. Another is, the hopelessness of a cavalry affair ever coming up to one's poetical ideas of it, as formed from the parade-ground or from written descriptions.

'The Dragoons (3rd) lost a great number of men by their excessive gallantry in rushing after the Sikh horse when they turned. Nothing could hold them, and eventually they got separated in small parties of ten and twelve, and great numbers of them were shot. The enemy's matchlock men, taking advantage of the nature of the ground, *ducked* in among the bushes, and let the cavalry pass over them, then jumped up and shot and sabred stragglers. Hence to lose your horse was to lose your life, and in the most disgusting way.

'I received your letter announcing having paid for the "Pig" (an Arab horse), for which my best thanks. He will be my only stand-by now that poor "Pickle" is mauled. Did I tell you of his being wounded? He received a gash

from a footman, who also cut my reins. It nearly cut through the crupper, and extended from thence a good foot down the flank, and so deep had the sabre gone that had it fallen on my thigh it must have cut it to the bone. God be thanked it did not!

'My face has healed with the first intention, and is really no discomfort or disfigurement to signify. The shoulder is healing very fast, but there being such a large surface, a lump having been cut out, it is naturally a slow operation. The Sikh army is encamped on the other side of the river in considerable force, their camp extending about ten miles. They as yet hold their bridge of boats, and have a *tête-de-pont* and outworks on this side occupied by about 5,000 men, and out of these we have no immediate prospect of kicking them.

'They pitch into our pickets daily, and are altogether exceedingly bumptious. They will fight hard yet. All I do hope is we shall go steadily and scientifically to work.

'I confess I have not learnt much tactics in these operations, and the Tipperary rush, though effective, is rather expensive in good material.

'These fellows deserve considerable credit; their outworks on this side are strongly placed, and so well commanded by their heavy artillery on the other, that we are shy of breaking our teeth on them

'There will come a day of reckoning yet, God willing. I hope I may live to see it, on national grounds. Their confidence in their own invincibility must be considerably shaken after losing a hundred of their really beautiful guns.

'Kind love to Arthur. I wish he was here with his

troop to pitch into these rascals; he would find foemen worthy his steel. A troop of our horse artillery was taken out to reconnoitre the other day, and came within range of their artillery, also on the move. Both parties unlimbered and began blazing at one another. The Sikhs' range was exact, and in a few minutes our troop had to retire with a loss of several horses, more men, a couple of tumbrils blown up, and a gun injured. This was told me by the artillery officers of the troop.

'I hope to join the Body Guard by muster; there is no chance of our crossing before that. By the new brigading we are with the 16th Lancers, 2nd Cavalry, and 4th Irregulars.'

There is no need for me to pursue the history of the first Sikh war further. A few days after the date of the letter I have just quoted the Sikhs were defeated at Aliwal (January 28), and on February 10 the battle of Sobraon terminated the war. The Khalsa army had been crushed, no less than 220 guns had passed into our hands, and within two months of the commencement of the campaign our forces entered Lahore.

The Sikhs were, however, to be given another chance, and for a time their independence was to be assured to them. Their Cis-Sutlej states had already been confiscated, but now the Jullundur Doab was annexed to the Company's dominions, and, as a set-off against our expenses, we claimed the valley of Cashmere and the highlands of Jummoo, which we afterwards sold to Golab Sing to cover the cost of the war. Henry Lawrence took up the duties of Governor-General's Agent at Lahore, and, at the earnest request of the Sikh Government, a force of

British bayonets was stationed in the capital for the remainder of the year.

Four days after the battle of Sobraon Reynell Taylor rejoined the Body Guard, then on its way from Ferozepore to Lahore, and immediately after the conclusion of the treaty to which I have just alluded he, in company with the rest of the Governor-General's escort, set out on a tour of the Jullundur Doab and the newly annexed districts. While on the march he wrote the following letter to his father. It is dated 'Sultanpore, three marches from Umritsur and four from Loodiana, March 19':—

'My dear Pater,—Here we are in John Company's new estate, which seems a nice country enough. The Governor-General gave a monster feed on the 5th to the Heads of Departments of the army of the Sutlej, to which Bouverie and I went, but under what "Head" I don't exactly know.

'It was certainly a very interesting scene. That fine fellow, Sir C. Napier, had arrived in camp, and at the head of the table sat Sir H. H., Prince Waldemar, Sirs H. Gough and Charles of Scinde, Sir H. Smith, and others, while round the tables were collected all the commanders of forces engaged in the late severe actions who had escaped death and wounds.

'Sir H. H., after dinner, in a long but clear and good speech, gave a sort of sketch of the campaign, and of our previous and present policy. . . .

'Sir C. Napier's health was afterwards drunk with great applause, and his speech in returning thanks was soldier-like, simple, and good.

'On March 9 a grand durbar was held for the purpose

of signing the treaty. This was also impressive. Besides all the personages mustered at the dinner, we had all the remarkable men of the state we had lately been fighting against.

'The little Maharajah was also present; he was carried in and deposited in a large gold chair, next to Sir Henry, on the right; on Sir Henry's left sat Prince Waldemar, so that he had Sikh royalty on one side and Prussian on the other.

'On the 11th we marched from Lahore, and on the 14th reached Umritsur. I must tell you, however, that "we" means the Governor-General, the Body Guard, the 8th and 5th Cavalry, one irregular corps, seven native infantry corps, and the 50th Queen's.

'The siege train, two troops of horse artillery and 10,000 men are to be left at Lahore at the earnest request of the Ranee and Sikh Sirdars, to enable them to organise a manageable army on the old footing, such as it was in Runjeet Sing's time, and we limit the pay they are to receive.

'What comical chaps we are in this country, to be sure! We have no sooner done fighting with a state that more nearly overpowered us than was quite pleasant, than we lend them some troops to assist them in reorganising their army; we lend them officers also to help in getting it into warlike trim; and the Governor-General goes off with a small force to take a look at their most sacred city and fort, and then on to see his new territory acquired by the war.

'The Sikhs will never take us by surprise again as they did this last time; in fact, I do not think they will fight us

again if they can help it, though they may get their affairs into such confusion as to make it necessary for us to go in once more.'

Yet within two years we were again at war with the Sikhs, and Reynell Taylor was called upon to discharge duties of considerable danger and difficulty; not charging with the cavalry he loved in company with friends, but alone, far away on the frontier, struggling manfully against most trying circumstances, and coming out of the ordeal with honour to himself and a simple heart full of thankfulness for his preservation.

Early in the month of April the Body Guard returned to Umballa. For his services during the war Reynell Taylor received the medal and clasp, but his gallantry in the field was still further recognised by the Governor-General, who appointed him Assistant to Colonel Dixon, the Agent at Ajmir.

Political employment had been Reynell Taylor's aim for some time, and in a letter to his father, written from Ferozepore on February 3, he says:—'Sir Henry Hardinge has been very kind to me, and has asked if he could do anything for me, as it was his wish. I said that, after all the fighting was over, my hopes and plans were the Political line, for which I doubt not he thinks me a cool youth. I really have studied the language in hopes of something of the sort, and Irregular Horse would be no advance to me.' On March 1, when at Lahore, he refers again to the subject:—'I think Sir Henry thought I should apply for the Irregular Cavalry, under the impression that knifing was necessary to my bodily health, but in time of peace it is an idle, ill-paid, and unprofitable

line, with no regular daily duties to perform, and no hope of advancement. I have been offered the adjutancy of one of the new corps and I have declined it. Sir Henry told me to tell Wood what my hopes and plans were, which I did. I said that in passing my interpreter's examination and studying subsequently, my wish had always been to obtain some appointment where languages would be of use to me, and where there was a prospect of advancement—in fact, something in the Political line. I dare say nothing will come of it.'

But something did come of it, and a month later Reynell Taylor's hopes were realised, the fact being announced to his father in the following letter:—

'My dear Sir,—The Governor-General has directed me to inform you that he has appointed your son, Lieutenant Taylor, to be Assistant to the Superintendent of Ajmir, and to add at the same time the satisfaction he has experienced in forwarding his interests.

'Lieutenant Taylor distinguished himself at Moodkee, where he was severely wounded, being then attached to the Governor-General's Body Guard. He has also been discharging the duties of Quartermaster in that corps, and has shewn both gallantry in the field and zeal and ability in the performance of those duties.—I remain, yours very faithfully,

'C. S. HARDINGE.'

So Reynell Taylor was transferred from the army to the desk. Fresh opportunities lay before him, and though he was parted from his comrades in the ranks of the army, his sword, for that reason, did not remain sheathed. His life wherever he was, and to whatever employment he was

called, was destined to be filled with many a stirring incident, and often and often in after years the blade that had done such good service at Moodkee was drawn again and used with effect in the wild and rugged mountain passes of the frontier.

On May 7 he writes from the 'Dak Bungalow, Kurnaul':—'I have been appointed Assistant to the Political Agent at Ajmir since I last wrote, and am now on my way to join dak, and precious hot work it is too. I had obtained my leave to the hills, and in the same letter that Wood wrote to tell me so he mentioned that this appointment in the line I had applied for was likely to fall vacant, and that, if I liked, he would submit my name to the Governor-General. I answered approvingly, and a few days later heard that I had been appointed. You will be anxious to hear what I think of the matter. It is by far the best line for a military man to get into; it contains all the best plums, and even in the lower grades a man is in a more responsible and independent position than he is with his regiment. It affords regular daily employment of an improving kind, forcing a man to acquire habits of business and application which may be useful to him in any line of life. I had my eye on this agency on the North-West Frontier when I applied, but did not presume to dictate, as Jingle says. The North-West Frontier being still raw makes it a more likely place for a man to come strongly into notice. I am under a good man and an excellent officer named Dixon, the head man of all in these parts.'

On June 5, having arrived at Ajmir, he continues:—'I got over my journey to this place pretty well. From Kur-

naul two nights took me to Delhi, where I stayed for a couple of days with a good-natured but apathetic friend who had been three years at Delhi and never seen the inside of the Royal Palace or any other point of interest. . . .

'From Delhi four nights took me to Agra, where William Grant, whom I met in England at the Lindsays, took me in. He is A.D.C. to Mr. Thomason, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces. . . I took Bhurtpore on my way from Agra to Jeypore, where I was entertained by the Rajah. After breakfast I paid his altitude a visit, which passed off well, and afterwards nearly got a *coup de soleil* by standing on the top of the house trying to make out the fortifications and the site of the main breach. Then I got behind a tattie and moralised on the flight of Time and the harlequin tricks of that staid old gentleman. Here was I fresh from new fields surveying the scene of a well-remembered contest in which my godfather had borne a conspicuous and honourable part, and in fact the guest of the man to whom that very fight secured his rights. From Bhurtpore four nights took me to Jeypore, where I was received by Major Ludlow, and where I found Colonel Sutherland, the Governor-General's Agent for all Rajpootana.'

A few days later Reynell Taylor arrived at Ajmir and made acquaintance with his immediate superior, Colonel Dixon, whom he describes as 'a man of all-conquering energy, with the credit of having brought one of the most troublesome districts into the most complete order, and also of having induced men who for years had done nothing but fight, quarrel, and plunder to become peaceable subjects and industrious cultivators.'

But Reynell Taylor was not allowed to remain in

beautiful Ajmir or to enjoy the picturesque scenery of its mountains, its valley, and its lake, for on June 9 he was again on the march to take up his duties at Beawur, a place about thirty miles or more from Ajmir, and the head-quarters of Mhairwarrah, which was to be his district. He was soon established here and hard at work acquiring his new duties. 'My days of leisure and lounging,' he writes, 'are over. I have as much work as I can very well do in the day, and the Sabbath comes really as a day of rest. The work is chiefly common magisterial duty, but as it is new it occupies my time pretty well.'

There are many genial letters before me from Dixon to his Assistant, but they call for no comment here. In one of them mention is made of the 'History of the Mhairs,' a work Dixon was compiling for the Government, and it is evident from the correspondence that Reynell Taylor lent his assistance in its preparation.

By degrees his work became easier to him, and he found time as usual, at this period of his life, to turn his attention to sport. On July 26 he writes to his sister Harriet :—

'My life is uneventful and placid. Tell Fortescue that I am within fifty miles of one of the great Indian fishing rivers, the Bonas, and have purchased an establishment of fishing tackle, and hope in the cold weather to kill some fine trout. They say the sport is excellent, and the wild scenery of the river very beautiful, and that if the fish won't bite, five minutes' walk will take you, rifle in hand, into the middle of an Indian hill forest where you may meet with any of the numerous objects of game to be found in the country, elephant and buffalo excepted.

'Regarding tigers, I am rather in a fix. At present I

am the only gun here, but were there six I would not advocate pedestrian cat-shooting. Fancy, I have tiger within a few miles of me killing cattle and playing Old Harry!'

However, he appears to have thought better of this, for a few days afterwards he had engaged a number of men, whom he called his tiger police, and whom he employed to keep a look-out for tigers in the neighbourhood. At last one day one of his 'Lincoln Greens,' as he nicknamed these watchers, came in to report that a cow had been killed not far off, and he writes the following description of his 'first interview with a Rajpootana tiger':—

'The whole affair was so hurried that I did not get to my ground till eight o'clock in the evening. The "Lincoln Green" had gone on to prepare a place for me to bivouack in, so as to get a shot at Johnny when he came to dinner, so I was obliged to trust to the guidance of an understrapper, and away we walked into the jungle.

'I was rather disgusted at finding the defences were not of the strength that I could have wished. I had nothing but a thickish thorn fence between me and the cow, which lay at about eight yards distant. This was my first attempt at the waiting-out system, and I felt considerably interested in the result.

'I cannot describe to you the excitement of sitting in the middle of a jungle full of all sorts of animals, listening to the unearthly sounds of midnight birds and beasts. I sat for, I suppose, two hours, quite sufficiently amused by listening to the purring of the goat-sucker, the wailing of the peewit plover, the cry of an awakened peacock, or the distant "hurrah" of a whole pack of jolly jackals. In the midst of these familiar sounds would come some strange

deep sound, the solitary cry of a larger beast of prey on the prowl. Occasionally I was made aware, by an animal galloping away from within a few yards of me, that my whole position had been minutely reconnoitred ; at other times I could hear the galloping of heavy feet, and then a scuffle and a suppressed whining. At last, when I had nearly forgotten what I had come out about, a foraging party of jackals came over the hill, and some of the vedettes, seeing the carcass of the cow, set to without further ado pulling, tearing, and scrunching the flesh and bones in high glee at their good luck. In the middle of this some larger animal approached, and the jackals scampered off to a little distance. This frightened the big animal, and he moved off again. Then back came the jackals, but it was so dark that, though they were eating beef within eight yards of me, I could not see them. This was very exciting, though I had not seen the big animal yet. While straining my eyes to see the jackals, the Lincoln Green who was by my side suddenly caught hold of my arm and pointed through the thorn fence on my right. I looked, but could not make out anything. Again the jackals retreated, and I now clearly saw the outline of a large animal standing over the cow, magnified by the mystery and excitement of the performance. In another second he had begun to eat. I could not distinctly make out his form or size, but fancied several times that I saw stripes. My assistant was, I think, equally puzzled, but at last he said, " You had better try him with a bullet." I accordingly raised my rifle, and then felt as if I was going to take an awful responsibility upon myself by breaking the mysterious wild dream around me with the report of so commonplace a thing as a gun ; and I could have almost

fancied that every available wild beast within hearing of it would hasten to the spot to make short work of so unwonted an intruder.

'At length, having, as well as I could, covered my object, I pulled the trigger. I am sure that a rifle never made such a clamour in the world as that one did. The first hill that received the report was so taken by surprise that it did not hand it on to its neighbour for several seconds. The second hill wouldn't believe it, and shied it back at once at the head of the first, and so they went on tossing it about for nearly half a minute. In the meantime I inspected the result of my shot. The animal, after some heavy struggles, fell dead, and proved to be a large hyena. I feared I had spoilt my chance of a tiger, but reloaded and returned to my fort, and watched on through the solemn hours of the night.

'I began about twelve o'clock to feel rather dozy, so took the watch in turn with my assistants. It must have been about one o'clock, when, tired of straining my eyesight to make imaginary tigers out of the bushes around me, my eyes resting languidly on the ghostlike body of the dead cow, that suddenly some large animal sprang upon the prostrate carcass, and with a savage growl carried it, rather than dragged it, for a couple of yards. A large dark tiger stood within two spears' length of me!

'For several seconds I was completely incapacitated by nervous excitement. My eyesight swam, and for the life of me I could not for a time distinguish tiger, tree, or cow. This was not fear, but it was as like it as was pleasant. It was produced, I believe, by the suddenness and mystery attending the appearance of my formidable guest. When

I got the peepers clear, the tiger had raised himself from the cow, and was standing broadside to me, and staring me in the face. He must have seen a movement of my head against the light. I slowly raised the rifle and brought it to bear on the large but indistinct form in front of me. At that moment I perceived that the 300 yards sight was up, so that the ball would, in all probability, be thrown too high. Without lowering the rifle from my shoulder, I passed my left hand down the barrel and smoothed the sights down, but in that interval the tiger smelt a rat and moved off. I fired at his retreating form, and missed him altogether!

'"Oh, you precious *muph*!" I hear you exclaim, Fortescue assent, and Teddy nod his head. But 'twasn't my fault, really; I never was taught to shoot in the dark.'

After so graphic an account as this I need not dwell upon any of Taylor's further exploits with his 'Lincoln Greens,' but it appears that between intervals of work he was always out with his gun. Of his other occupations he has left no mention, and his life in the Ajmir Agency proved uneventful.

He was not, however, destined to remain long at Beawur, for in the first week in January 1847 the following letter arrived from George Lawrence:—

'Lahore: January 2, 1847.

'My dear Taylor,—My brother has a vacancy for a junior assistant in this Agency. Would it suit you to take it, as affording a better prospect of promotion than your present one? If so, write him by return of post. . . . I am off to Peshawur forthwith.—Sincerely yours,

'G. W. LAWRENCE.'

So good an offer as this was not to be declined, and Reynell Taylor wrote at once to accept it. 'The sooner you proceed the better,' wrote Dixon. 'You have my full permission to go whenever you please. I should have liked to have shaken you by the hand and wished you success *vivâ voce* before you turned your back upon us, but this plan involves an extra trip of eighty miles or so, besides keeping you back, so pray quite suit your convenience.'

Reynell Taylor's acceptance of the offer was acknowledged from Lahore in the following letters, all written one after the other on the same rough sheet of foolscap :—

'Lahore: January 19.

'My dear Sir,—I am glad that you like the idea of coming here. Charles Hardinge wrote to you at my suggestion two or three days after my brother addressed you, and I hope you will have started ere this reaches; but in case authority has not been given you I will write by this dak to Mr. Currie to do the needful.—Yours,

'HENRY LAWRENCE.'

'My dear Taylor,—I was quite sure you would like the appointment, and am glad we shall have you among us soon. It's not improbable that after a time you will join me at Peshawur, should the work be heavy there, which I expect it will. My brother thinks you had better join us by dak, as he can furnish you with bed, etc. till your things follow. He has written to Mr. Currie just now, but he hopes that Hardinge's letter, following mine, will have enabled you to start at once, and that you are now on the road.—Sincerely yours,

'G. W. LAWRENCE.

'My dear Taylor,—It is with pleasure that I add a line or two to this letter to congratulate you on removing from your present quiet and unpromising post to this frontier.

'You are right. The wind of future events blows from the north.

'Business at present is frightful, but as things settle and *zealous assistants* come to the rescue (!), I hope we shall soon have a little respite.

'Come along and bring your *crickets* with you.—Believe me, my dear Taylor, yours very sincerely,

'HERBERT EDWARDES.

CHAPTER IV.

CASHMERE—PESHAWUR—THE KOHAT PASS.

1847.

AT no period of our Indian history were a more remarkable set of men collected together than were to be found under Henry Lawrence in the year 1847. Few of them remain with us now, but their deeds live after them, and their gallantry and devotion are enshrined in some of the brightest pages of our national records. In writing to Sir John Kaye, Henry Lawrence says of them:—'I was very fortunate in my assistants, all of whom were my friends, and almost everyone was introduced into the Punjab through me. George Lawrence, Macgregor, James Abbott, Edwardes, Lumsden, Nicholson, Taylor, Cocks, Hodson, Pollock, Bowring, Henry Coxe, and Melvill are men such as you will seldom see anywhere, but when collected under one administration were worth double and treble the number taken at haphazard. Each was a good man; the most were excellent officers. My chief help, however, was in my brother John.'[1]

At the close of the first Sikh war Henry Lawrence had, as we have seen, been left at Lahore as the Governor-General's Agent, and a British force remained in the

[1] *Lives of Indian Officers* (Kaye).

capital till the end of the year to support the government and to maintain order. The early months of 1846 had been eventful ones, but the closing months of this same year were scarcely less eventful than their predecessors. Much had been effected by the power of the sword ; much was afterwards achieved without bloodshed ; and thus the year 1846 closed with the suppression of the Sheikh Imamudeen in Cashmere, the great State trial and the expulsion of Lal Sing, and with the treaty of Byrowal, which gave Henry Lawrence, as the British Resident, 'unlimited authority in all matters of internal administration and external relation during the Maharajah's minority,' and constituted him master of the Punjab for a period of eight years.

It was now that he looked around for the men who were to assist him in bringing into order 'a country more backward in civilisation than any other part of India—a country only recently reclaimed from a state of most ignorant barbarism, and one that had been but little subjected to the wholesome restraints of a regular government.' Among the first to be called to Lahore under the altered condition of affairs was the Assistant to the Superintendent at Ajmir, and thus Reynell Taylor was transferred from his 'quiet and unpromising post' at Beawur to the wider field offered by the Punjab. A new life dawned on him from this moment, and at Lahore he took his place among those who have come to be known as the soldier-politicians of the Lawrence school. All of them earned distinction, most of them became historical, for opportunity offered to some a more brilliant opening than to others, but in that group of distinguished men, who seemed to have been

formed by Providence for a great purpose, and to stand out, as it were, almost alone, few were more distinguished than Reynell Taylor, none surpassed him in absolute devotion to duty.

The deeds of the more prominent actors in the Punjab have been recorded page by page; the light has been thrown in upon their lives, and their histories now stand side by side upon the same shelves; but here and there are gaps, for some still live, and others have not long since passed away. It is with the hope of filling one of these empty spaces that I have taken up my pen to write, and if I should appear to claim for Reynell Taylor one iota of praise to which he is not justly entitled, I will quote two sentences from two letters, written, while Reynell Taylor was still living, the one by one of India's greatest generals, and the other by one of India's most prominent 'civilians.'

The first says of him, 'He was the Bayard of the Punjab, *sans peur et sans reproche*'; and the second, 'His character can never stand otherwise than amongst the foremost of the great men the Punjab produced.' And what, it may be asked, was the opinion of those whose welfare he always had nearest at heart—the natives? They called him their *ferishta*, their good angel.

His opportunity had come now. The wind of future events did indeed blow from the north, and though only a light air at this time, it grew gradually in strength till it came to be a hurricane, sweeping over the Five Rivers and bringing down in one confused heap the mighty commonwealth which Runjeet had built up with so much care. The storm died away at length, and when peace followed the chaos of convulsion, and the kingdom of Porus had

passed irrevocably into other hands, Lawrence's assistants, separated from each other by many hundreds of miles, were still found at their posts, weather-beaten no doubt, torn by the gale, tried, but not found wanting. The names of such men as Henry, John, and George Lawrence, Nicholson, Edwardes, James Abbott, and Herbert can never be forgotten, but to these I would add one more—Reynell Taylor.

As soon as Reynell Taylor was relieved at Beawur he set out immediately for Lahore, which he reached early in the month of March. He did not, however, remain there long, for in May he was sent into Cashmere to report upon the condition of that province, and to inquire into the complaints made by the inhabitants against their new ruler. Few natives have been painted in blacker colours than Golab Sing. Herbert Edwardes set him down as the worst native he had ever met, 'a bad king, a miser, and a liar, and the dirtiest fellow in all India'; and even so liberal-minded a man as Henry Lawrence considered that he was beyond being either reclaimed or civilised. Yet such was the man into whose hands we placed one of the most lovely countries of the habitable globe, without any regard whatsoever to the wishes or the feelings of its inhabitants. History has long since passed her verdict on that act, and the mistake made then we may well sorrow over to the present day.

If the new ruler of all Cashmere was bad, his predecessor, the Sheikh Imamudeen, appears to have been even worse. 'Beneath the smooth surface of accomplishment and courtesy, which was so noticeable a feature in the character of this individual, lay an ill-assorted and incon-

gruous disposition: ambition, pride, cruelty and intrigue strangely mixed up with indolence, effeminacy, voluptuousness and timidity,' and if the unfortunate Cashmerees had hitherto groaned beneath the tyranny of a ruler deputed by the Lahore Durbar, it was scarcely probable that they would fare better under a man of Golab Sing's character coming to them with the title of Maharajah. What was the consequence? The oppression of the one was followed by the misrule of the other, and after Golab Sing had been six months in power it was found necessary to send an officer from Lahore to inquire into the condition of the country. Youth as he still was, Reynell Taylor was chosen for this duty; his orders being, as he writes himself, 'not to invite complaints, but to learn all he could of the character of the several kurdars (tax collectors) and to pick up all the general and statistical knowledge possible.'

Travels, to be interesting, must at least possess the charm of novelty, and though there is a complete account of daily incidents and impressions in the diary before me, I do not think much advantage would be gained by my transcribing them here. Reynell Taylor was accompanied in his expedition by Melvill, afterwards Secretary to the Board of Administration. They set out from Lahore on May 15, and, travelling leisurely, stayed a day here and a day there, hearing complaints and collecting statistics of the general condition of the country. The scenery naturally charmed one of Reynell Taylor's artistic temperament, and there is constant reference in the diary to points which reminded him of his own country. Thus one day they halted 'in a beautiful dell surrounded by most picturesque hills covered with pines and Scotch firs.' 'Many parts

of the road,' he writes, 'put me in mind of the Sandhurst and Ascot country.' Another day he continues: 'The scenery is very beautiful, too grand to be English, and yet with the fresh smell of the fir, the fine fresh air, and an occasional sight of the blue hills beyond, I had a very strong English feeling upon me.

'I was much delighted at recognising my old friend the jackdaws of England; their cheerful, consequential cry and their absurd manners put me strongly in mind of my old friend "Chock," and the days when I possessed him.'

In the middle of June they reached the capital, Sirinuggur, and here they were met on the river Jhelum by the Maharajah in a magnificent barge. Like John Lawrence at Paniput, Reynell Taylor determined to be always within reach of those who wished to address him, and in this first interview with Golab Sing he at once declined the proffered invitation to the Shere Gurree. 'The emperor was very polite and asked affectionately after our health. He was very anxious that we should go to the Shere Gurree, which move I stoutly but civilly resisted, having no intention of putting myself within walls carefully guarded by his soldiers, and where no petitions or petitioners could reach me. He accordingly had the boat turned round and we proceeded to the Shaikhbagh, which we had actually passed.'

Here they found a commodious house ready for them, with gardens sloping to the river, and within easy access of the town. The principal points concerning which Reynell Taylor had to make inquiries were the free grants of land and money known as 'jageers' and 'dhurmurths'; the condition of the shawl-weavers, or shalbafs; the coinage;

the criminal code; and the number of troops and guns; and he appears to have lost no time in setting about his task.

The morning after his arrival he visited the Maharajah, whom he describes as 'a good-looking fellow, handsomely dressed, but with the appearance of the man he has been, and is, about him.' On returning Reynell Taylor's visit the Maharajah talked very pleasantly, and after a while desired that the room might be cleared. He then stated that it was his earnest desire to do everything in accordance with the wish of the Resident, and to act generously towards the people, but that he was surrounded by great difficulties, owing to the ill-managed condition of his offices. It was evident he wished to appear to advantage, and was also rather uneasy about the nature of my mission. I thought it proper to tell him fairly that, though I certainly intended to inquire carefully into all matters, he need not be the least alarmed that I should decide hastily that oppression had been practised, or that injustice had been done; that I intended to try and understand all matters, and where I thought there was anything wrong, that I would speak to him and consult him, and then refer the matter to the Resident. He made great professions of his readiness to do anything I might seriously recommend, and I applauded his resolution. I think the old gentleman understood, and that our conversation, on the whole, was a relief to his mind.'

Melvill was almost immediately despatched on a tour of the surrounding country, and Reynell Taylor meanwhile drew up a proclamation which he circulated by sending 'six men to each of the large divisions of the province.'

At this Golab Sing was somewhat alarmed, but Reynell Taylor writes: 'I begged him not to suppose that, because I had issued proclamations calling in all claimants up to the end of Imamudeen's time, that I should advise their being all released; I merely did not wish that anything should be left uninquired into.'

It is a matter for regret that it is impossible to follow the ins and outs of Reynell Taylor's work in Cashmere, owing to the fact that his suggestions for the better government of the country were all contained in official letters and reports now no longer within reach. His diary, however, refers to the chief points, and from this it appears that one of the most serious causes of discontent in Cashmere was the condition of the shawl industry. In the oppression which had been practised against the people generally, the shalbafs had not been suffered to escape, and as the industry, it seems, was at this time under State control, the weavers had been deprived of certain dues to which they were justly entitled, and had, moreover, been compelled to work for merely nominal wages.

Reynell Taylor, by way of finding out the rights of the matter, collected some thousands of the shawl-workers together and made them appoint six of their number to answer for the interests of the remainder, and he did the same also with the dealers, 'hoping,' as he writes, 'to arrange some plan by which all parties might feel their rights secured.' But the discontent appears to have been too deep seated to be easily cured, and the end of the matter was that the shalbafs 'went out on strike.'

'Received the news this morning (July 6) that the whole of the shalbafs had bolted, and intended going to

Lahore. They numbered upwards of four thousand, and the intelligence was startling enough; not that I thought they would go beyond a few miles, but I felt convinced they were not acting on their own account, and that some vicious power was at work to prevent a settlement of the case.'

The next day, when out riding, Reynell Taylor came across a large party of the weavers encamped some distance beyond the town. Making the most of his opportunity he addressed a few of them, and very soon had a large crowd round him: 'I told them that I, as an English officer, was perfectly disinterested one way or the other, but that I knew very well that some people who called themselves their friends had induced them to do all this, their real and only object being to prevent a settlement now, in order that, as soon as I was gone, they might oppress them to their heart's content. I also said that I could do nothing for them until I saw them quietly at work again.'

This speech was not without its effect, for a few days later a number of the weavers came to Reynell Taylor and told him they had decided to take his advice; and it says something for the tact he had displayed, as well as for the influence he had obtained over the Maharajah, that before he left Cashmere the difficulties with the shalbafs were amicably settled and the weavers all peaceably at work again at their looms. The question of the jageers was, of course, a very complicated one, but, owing to the absence of all documents, I am unable to give any of Reynell Taylor's suggestions for the rectification of the abuses which had crept in in connection with the free tenures in land.

The administration of justice was certainly singular,

and the Maharajah seems to have had very elementary ideas concerning the best modes of procedure. Thus I find him suggesting to Reynell Taylor that, by way of settling a charge of theft, it might be advisable to hand the defendant over to the tender mercies of the plaintiff! In murder cases the punishment was 'the Azhab,' which consisted in cutting off the nose, arms or legs of the culprits, and then in hanging them. Conjugal infidelity was punishable in even a more barbarous manner, and Golab Sing owned to having flayed three men alive on one occasion for a minor offence.

The coinage was in a very unsatisfactory condition, no less than five different rupees, all varying in value, having been issued in the previous eleven years. Reynell Taylor's aim seems to have been to induce the Maharajah to assimilate his coinage to the currency of other parts of India, but what success attended his efforts I have been unable to discover.

There were many other matters which attracted Reynell Taylor's attention, and his work in Cashmere was no sinecure. Besides going thoroughly into the questions to which I have just referred, he collected a mass of statistics regarding the population, the taxation, and the agricultural condition of the country, and wrote out as well a sketch of the characters of almost all the chief officials of the province. How fully he appreciated the difficulties of his position is best conveyed in his own words.

'I can only say,' he writes, 'that my time has been thoroughly employed during my stay in the country, and that, though the result may be small, it has taken a good deal of labour to accomplish that much. The matters

arranged are of a nature that during their progress completely engrossed my attention. Had I been merely an inquirer, I should not have felt this so much, but, being to a certain extent in the responsible position of a reformer, it affected me more than I can well describe. The manifest danger of an inexperienced man dabbling in the affairs of a kingdom, and with one word consenting to arrangements affecting the prosperity and happiness of thousands, or unfairly tying the hands of a ruler in his own country for years to come, has encountered me at every step, and to suit my own feelings and capacities it would not be on two months', but two years' acquaintance that I would willingly undertake the task.'

At the end of August he received a letter from the Resident telling him to wind up affairs as soon as he could and make his way through Huzara to Peshawur, where he was to join George Lawrence.

The press of work now became very great: 'I am nearly torn to pieces by people desirous of having their matters settled,' he writes at the end of this month; and on September 8, when the time had arrived for him to leave Sirinuggur, he continues: 'I have a heartbreaking feeling that there is much left to be done.'

On the 9th the Maharajah entertained him at dinner, the gardens and banks of the river being illuminated in his honour. 'The old gentleman sat near the table and did the honours very well indeed, and after a quantity of fireworks and nautching we took our leave. The king made a lot of pretty speeches about his heart not desiring my departure, &c., to which I replied in a similar strain. At length we got off, going to our boats and letting go at once.'

Reynell Taylor was again accompanied by Melvill on his march through the northern part of Cashmere, but at Uri they parted, Melvill going to Lahore and Reynell Taylor continuing on his way towards Peshawur.

On September 20 he reached Mozufferabad, where he had an opportunity of seeing some of the local military forces, and he gives the following amusing description of a parade he attended here :—

'I saw four regiments under arms at Mozufferabad; three were under Muthra Dass, and one under Bahadoor Shah. Half the men belonging to all the regiments were in hospital, and a good many, I was told, were dying. Muthra Dass turned out in a blue plain frock coat, gold lieutenant's epaulets, coat open in front, with an old-fashioned frilled shirt protruding, red breeches, and a coloured turban and slippers. He looked something like a man who had been acting a distinguished French officer in a play, and had subsequently got into a row in the green room and come in for a broken head. Bahadoor Shah was dressed in a light brown suit made in European fashion, and fitting so tightly that he could hardly move. He lounged at the head of his regiment with great *nonchalance*, evidently confident of its powers of taking care of itself. After looking at the regiments I went to inspect the fort, and just as I was crossing the bridge to enter the gate a big gun was fired in my face, or rather just above me, which brought down some large boulders and stones. I was not quite sure whether this was meant for the commencement of a salute, or whether the magazine had accidentally blown up, but not to be taken aback, I was walking on, when the military commander put his head

over the wall and requested me to wait outside till the salute was fired. With this request I complied, and as each explosion was accompanied by an avalanche of rafters and large stones, I was not sorry I had done so.'

In Huzara he fell in with James Abbott, then employed as Boundary Commissioner, and of whom it is related that for years after he had left this inhospitable region 'the natives loved to recall how he fed their children with sweetmeats, or to point with filial veneration to the stone on which he had rested for awhile, saying, "It was on that stone father Abbott sat."'[1] And this same James Abbott, almost the last of the many distinguished men with whom he served, writes to me of Reynell Taylor:—'I was much struck with his appearance, with his handsome face, and most prepossessing address. He was one of those men,' continues the letter, 'whom to know even slightly is to trust for ever.'

With Abbott he remained a fortnight, 'writing day and night at his Cashmere report,' and on October 7, having received letters from George Lawrence, he set out to join him at Yar Hussein. On his road he was met by a messenger with the news 'that George Lawrence intended to attack a "rumgumtious" village that very morning' (October 11). 'This,' continues Reynell Taylor, 'was the first mention I had heard that there was the slightest probability of anything like active hostilities. I immediately made my preparations, and sent on the Khan's horses to be laid on the road dak. This was done in the most businesslike manner, the horses going out at a canter. I seized the few minutes necessary to give the first horse a good

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence* (Bosworth Smith).

start to get myself something to eat, and then mounting "Pickle," I rode him about five miles, when I got upon a mare and rode her another eight, then another horse was provided, and I rode him into Katelung. I could see all the time that the troops had moved, by the columns of dust hanging about the mountains, but I heard no firing, and as I knew that it was to be done by circumvention, I thought I might still be in time. On approaching Katelung, however, I questioned some stragglers, and learnt that the affair had taken place and been successful, and on arriving at Lawrence's tent I found two wounded men at the tent door, from whom I learnt that there had been a sharp tussle with the Pathans of Baboozye that morning, and that we had lost one man killed and eleven wounded.'

Later on, George Lawrence and Lumsden returned to camp, and Reynell Taylor heard with delight that, though he had missed the attack on Baboozye, there were other villages refusing to pay their revenue, and that there was still a chance of further fighting.

During the next few days warnings were issued to the refractory villages in the neighbourhood, the mullicks of some of which came in and made their submission; but two, Pullee and Zormundee, declined to come to terms, and on October 18 George Lawrence determined to proceed against them.

In the fight that followed Reynell Taylor played a not unimportant part, and I give the account of the affair, therefore, in his own words :—

'*October* 18.—Marched at two o'clock in the morning for Pullee, taking two regiments of infantry, six guns, a

regiment of cavalry, and the Guides, and leaving three companies of infantry and some horsemen to look after the camp, which had been struck and collected into one place.

'The road had been partially prepared for the passage of guns, but was still very bad. We, however, got along very well, and arrived near Pullee a little before daylight, when we halted for a while.

'As soon as it became light enough for reconnoitring we ascertained that Pullee itself was to all appearance deserted, but that the neighbouring village of Zormundee was strongly garrisoned. All the heights around were covered with matchlock men, many of them Swatees, or Suhatees, from the country of that name. We had no wish to be embroiled with these last, so sent them a message telling them to stand off; after which we burnt Pullee, the enemy all the while watching us from a distance.

'I thought it would be very strange if matters ended as they had begun, and accordingly, when the job was about half done, the enemy opened fire on us. At first their fire was scanty, but it very soon grew in strength. I was holding a small mud square, or gurree, with a company of Najeebs, and, as I knew it was Lawrence's intention to retire after burning Pullee, I went to ask for orders, and was told to burn the gurree and retire. Lawrence was then nearly clear of the village, so I galloped back as quickly as I could to carry out my orders, but found that the plot had thickened considerably during my absence. The enemy had come down in considerable numbers, and, emboldened by the retreat of our main body, were pushing

close up to the walls, and to a great extent hemming in my company.

'On my way back to the gurree I met some other troops, and these I ordered to retire, keeping up a fire as they went. I then joined my own lot and did my best to set the gurree on fire, but could only get it lighted in two places. I began to think about this time that, as the enemy's fire was becoming very heavy, I might have some difficulty in drawing off my own men, so sent an order to Colonel Holmes to halt the troops I had just before ordered to retire, in order that they might form a support. This order, however, could never have reached him, as they certainly were not there when we came down.

'I could not retire through the village, as it was blazing cheerily, so had to do so round the outside of the walls, and the way we got peppered was a caution to sinners. The Najeebs kept up a good fire, but being in the open, and in the act of retiring, they were far more exposed than their enemies, who came down very close in clusters, taking advantage of the cover afforded by the bushes and Indian corn, and keeping up at the same time a rattling and ever-increasing fire.

'Our position was really not a very comfortable one; I believed the main column to be at a considerable distance from the village, and it was quite uncertain whether anyone knew we had been left behind or not. The Najeebs behaved very well and retired steadily, but I saw that any attempt to halt them would be ineffectual.

'We had nearly got clear of the village, and I was trying to get the men to make a stand at a well, when a

sudden and, to me, quite unexpected turn was given to affairs by an event the nature of which it was some seconds before I thoroughly understood. The first thing I heard was a loud and heart-thrilling shout, which seemed to be taken up by hundreds of throats close in rear of the village, and in another second the men about me also took up the shout, explaining to me the cause of the uproar by saying, "The cavalry have charged." We immediately made a rush on our own account, and our enemies, a moment before so bold, now took to their scrapers at no allowance.

'Lawrence had heard at first that Colonel Holmes was surrounded in the village, upon which he immediately countermarched the infantry and came up himself at the rate of a hunt. On his way he met with a large party of the scoundrels near the village, charged them, cut up seven or eight of them, and completely relieved me. I should mention that on his way up he had met Holmes, and learnt from him that I was the gentleman in the scrape.

'The panic created by this bold charge was very extraordinary; not a fellow dared show his face again in the place. We formed up in proper retiring order and moved off, receiving no further molestation. The enemy lost nine men killed and thirteen wounded, so I fancy the Najeebs must have shot a few of the more forward gentlemen. We only had four men wounded and a few horses slivered.'

On October 20, an arrangement having been come to with the villages of the district, George Lawrence, Lumsden, and Reynell Taylor, with their escort of four

guns, a regiment of cavalry, and another of infantry, commenced their march to Peshawur, which was duly reached five days later.

They were met at the entrance to the town by the Sirdar Golab Sing, 'one of Runjeet's old generals,' the whole of the troops in garrison, numbering 10,000 men, being drawn up in line for their inspection.

Reynell Taylor was not impressed with the appearance of Peshawur at this date, for he says of it :—'Peshawur is a miserable-looking town, and I was certainly much disappointed with it; it is scarcely more imposing than Wuzeerabad or Gujerat, and the whole circuit of the city is not much more than three miles and a half.'

The time was now approaching when Reynell Taylor was to be thrown entirely on his own resources. A few days after his arrival at Peshawur, Lawrence started for Lahore, and Lumsden was ordered into Eusufzye, and on November 4 he writes in his diary :—'Lawrence went off before daylight, leaving me in the rather responsible position of Hakim-i-wukt (Ruler) of Peshawur, in charge of some 10,000 Sikh troops, and with the responsibility of the management of the district. He has brought everything into good train, and I do not expect much difficulty in keeping the mill at work. If there is a row, my trust is in God; in Him, and in the common sense and common spirit with which He has gifted me, I may safely trust, and hope that, whatever turns up, I shall not disgrace myself as an Englishman or as the son of my father.'

There was plenty of work to be done, and from morning till night Taylor was engaged transacting business with the Sirdar, hearing endless reports, settling numerous cases

regarding payment of revenue, visiting the villages of the district, and attending the parades of the troops.

He writes cheerily to George Lawrence the week after he left, thus :—'Everything has been jogging on well here. I have my hands full of work as I expected, and the only time I get to work at Cashmere is before daylight and after dinner.

'I have steadily refused leave since you left. An adjutant, Mehr Singh by name, is at present tearing his hair on the subject of leave. He wants to marry his grandmother. The rest of the officers interceded for him. I feel much for a man in such a case, as the necessity is very possibly a true one, but I know from experience that, if you once yield to a pitiable tale, there is no end to it.'

In his early morning rides he appears to have had his eyes about him, as will be seen from the following :—

'Rode to the fort of Jumrood, about ten or eleven miles from the Agency. I found no guards at two of the chokees (guardhouses) on the road, and only seven men at a third. This was in going out : on returning, a few men had been thrown out hurriedly from one post to another. I found out it was Zeereen Khan's tour of duty, so on my return I sent for him, and handed him over to the Sirdar, with directions to fine him 500 rupees.'

This, again, shows that he was determined that discipline should not grow lax while he was in charge of the troops :—'The jemadar's guard turned out to-day exactly three men. The orders are that till one watch of the day every man is to remain present. The jemadar did not even know where his men were. I have caused him to be reduced to the rank of havildar. This may appear harsh,

but if a man cannot perform so paltry a duty as that, according to his orders, what promotion is he worthy of?'

The most disagreeable part of Reynell Taylor's duty was deciding criminal cases. Robbing was, of course, common enough in a place like Peshawur, but the crime of murder was almost as common as that of theft, and it became necessary to act promptly and severely with culprits when caught. I will refer here to one murder which occurred, not only because it happened to be the only one with which Taylor had to deal, but because his decision was afterwards commented on by the Resident at Lahore.

The circumstances were these: A certain young girl was missed from her home, and her father, accompanied by her uncle, went in search of her, finding her at last late one night in company with a servant. As soon as they were discovered the servant jumped up and ran away, and the uncle then and there set to work to strangle the wretched girl in the presence of her father. After perpetrating this infamous act they both endeavoured to leave Peshawur. The father of the girl made good his escape and was never afterwards heard of, but the uncle was caught. On being accused of the crime, he at once allowed that he was the murderer, stating first of all that the father had nothing to do with it, but afterwards contradicting this, and saying that he not only stood by and witnessed the murder but also lent his assistance.

It fell to Reynell Taylor to pass sentence in this case, and two days after the murder this entry occurs in his diary:—'With reference to the murder of the woman, I asked the Sirdar whether the man would have been hung

had Major Lawrence been here, and he said he undoubtedly would, so I directed him to be hung. Dire necessity, but I think he deserves little pity. Had he killed the girl in anger with a sword it would have been less cruel, but coolly and savagely to strangle her with a cloth makes the crime a heavy one; and, moreover, Lawrence having proclaimed that blood must atone for blood, it would be weak in me to hesitate, and my doing so might cause the death of future victims. God knows I am not a happy man in being obliged to give sentence in such weighty matters.'

Murder, indeed, was so rife, and was so lightly regarded by the people, that in certain cases a native could not maintain his position among his fellows unless he took the law into his own hands and killed those who had wronged him. Taylor worked hard to put a stop to this practice, 'for,' he writes, 'the way in which they butcher each other is something awful.'

It seems curious, in the face of such a state of affairs, that Henry Lawrence should have found fault with Reynell Taylor for passing sentence of death in this case, but that he did so is obvious from the following entry in the diary. About three weeks after the murder had occurred, Reynell Taylor writes:—'Received a reprimand from Lawrence for executing the man for murder at Peshawur. This has made me very unhappy, but as the murder was confessed, and as George Lawrence has always done the same for the same crime, I think myself that prompt punishment was necessary: I therefore do not feel the reproof as deeply as I otherwise should. In any other place but Peshawur, I should seek any possible means of avoiding the necessity of ordering a man's execution, or having anything to do

with it, but at Peshawur, where they think so little of murdering a man, it is a more serious matter.'

It is easy to believe that a character like Taylor's would have been more likely to err on the side of mercy than on that of undue severity, but that he did not hesitate to act decidedly in this case speaks well for his strength of mind, for it must be remembered that he was still little more than a boy in years. In all probability Lawrence's letter, in its private nature, was meant to act as a check upon so young a man in dealing with cases involving life and death, and to impress upon him the necessity of adequate deliberation before passing sentence. Reynell Taylor's answer is so characteristic of him that I give it in full. Henry Lawrence was at this time on his way to England, his health having broken down from overwork in a hot climate, and so Taylor writes :—' One of your last acts before leaving Lahore was to administer to me one of the severest and most serious reproofs that a man often comes in for. It was also the last notice, public or private, that I received from you, and I feel as if you had left your malison with me, and that bad luck would attend me in consequence.

' I do not, however, wish you to retract one word of it ; in fact, your doing so could not make the load, if there be any, at all lighter on my conscience, which, as it acquits me of intentional precipitancy in the matter, is comparatively at rest. I say intentional precipitancy, because I do not wish to deny that your letter startled me, and made me think that so grave an act had been done too quickly to leave me clear of blame before God. Before man, under the peculiar circumstances of the province, the necessity of

prompt punishment decided on by others, and the vital necessity of acting firmly and even severely to save other lives, I think myself justified ; and, with regard to forms, I followed those of my principal and predecessor.

'I say I do not wish you to unsay a word that you have said, and only write these few lines to assure you that your censure was deeply felt and will never be forgotten, and you may depend upon its leading to more deliberation on future occasions. At present I feel rather knocked down by it, and out of heart about my ability to meddle with such matters, but that will, I hope, wear off. I did not force myself into these difficult positions, and having been called to them, I may hope for assistance if it be properly sought.'

Among the multifarious duties engaging Reynell Taylor's attention was one of more than usual importance, and in order to make this part of his work intelligible to the reader, I must pause for a moment to explain the cause.

Soon after Henry Lawrence was installed as supreme Governor of the Punjab his attention was drawn to a district on the far-off borders of the Sikh kingdom which was inhabited by wild and warlike Afghan tribes, and which, though it properly formed a portion of the Sikh empire, had never been in any other condition than that of a provoked and determined hostility to it. This was the district of Bunnoo, and as Reynell Taylor was so shortly to begin his connection with it, it is necessary we should see what kind of country it really was at this time. A glance at the map accompanying this volume will show its position, and at once convey to the reader the difficulty of dealing with a country so situated.

Almost surrounded by mountains, and cut off from the Punjab proper, if not by its mountain passes at least by the broad waters of the Indus, it had never been under the control of the Sikhs, and ever since the day when Shah Shoojah-ool-Moolk ceded it to Runjeet Sing no revenue had been regularly collected there except at the sword's point, and no Sikh governor had ever dared to establish himself in the country.

Blessed in every conceivable way by nature, its soil yielded a bountiful supply in return for the smallest amount of labour. Watered by the Koorrum and the Gombela, it defied the intense heat of the hot season, and thus its harvests were rich in the extreme, and corn, sugar, tobacco, cotton, and grain of all kinds were poured unstintingly into the lap of its indolent and vicious inhabitants. Fruits of endless variety grew wild, and roses and other flowers were to be seen in profusion. The banks of its rivers were shaded by great mulberry trees, and a peculiar variety of the sheeshum tree, resembling the willow in character, was dotted over its landscape. It was, and is indeed, a rich and beautiful land, and yet, though blessed by nature with all her priceless gifts, it was at this period cursed by man. Every man's hand was against his fellow, and every village was a fort where all were armed. The country smiled in the sunshine, the vines entwined themselves among the trees, rivers of purest water irrigated the country, and the earth yielded her increase of grain, of fruit, of flowers, yet man remained all the while as a foul blot. Read, for instance, what Reynell Taylor himself says of the inhabitants. Writing some five years after his first acquaintance with the country, and when he had virtually

made Bunnoo his own province, he says:—'The Bunnoochees, taken as a class, are far inferior to their neighbours the Wuzeerees; small in stature and wizened in appearance, they always remind me of the lives they had led in youth, of which their appearance is, in fact, but a natural result. When we first arrived in Bunnoo it was a common thing to find a man who had never in his life been more than two miles from his own village, the village possibly being at war with its neighbour, rendered wandering in the fields a service of danger, while within the walls it is sad to think of the heat, dirt, squalor and stagnation that must have existed. The villages in those days, walled up to the sky, so that no air could reach the houses below, must indeed have been hot-beds of all that was enervating and demoralising, and the characteristics of the full-grown Bunnoochee weed correspond but too well with the nature of its origin and training. Here and there a fine character may possibly be found, and some, no doubt, possess domestic virtues which in a measure redeem their public and social immorality; but, taken as a class, they certainly are the worst disposed men I have ever had to deal with; they are vicious, false, backbiting, treacherous, cruel, and revengeful, and I have never known or heard of men so utterly regardless of truth, even in cases of the most vital importance.' Edwardes,[1] too, gives a picture of them. He says:—'Every stature, from that of the weak Indian to that of the tall Dooranee; every complexion, from the ebony of Bengal to the rosy cheek of Cabul; every dress, from the linen garments of the south to the heavy goat-skin of the eternal snows, is to be seen promiscuously among them, reduced only to

[1] *A Year on the Punjab Frontier* (Herbert B. Edwardes).

a harmonious whole by the neutral tint of universal dirt.'

Thus vice and bloodshed ran on unchecked in Bunnoo; tribe fought with tribe and village with village, and the Bunnoochees were never happy unless engaged in war.

The forts, or fortified villages, of the country numbered upwards of 400, and out of an estimated population of 60,000, no less than 15,000 were regular fighting-men.

The revenue of Bunnoo was reckoned at 65,000 rupees per annum, but this had never been properly collected. The amount due had been allowed to run on from one year to another, and then at intervals great armies were sent to get what they could; the inhabitants were put to the sword, the crops cut or trodden down, the villages burnt, and the country regularly laid waste. Sometimes the people fled to the mountains on the approach of the Sikh armies; at others, forgetting their private feuds, they banded together and opposed the common foe, and thus it often happened that the Sikhs were forced to retire with but little to show in return for the losses they had themselves sustained.

The result of this freedom from all restraint and allegiance was that the country became split up into innumerable factions, and there was no law or order anywhere. In early times each village was a unit under its own mullick, or master, but by degrees the weaker villages were swallowed up by the stronger, and they thus became incorporated into groups of forts or villages. Later, the richest part of Bunnoo was divided into twenty tuppahs, or districts, and finally these districts were subdivided into two goorees, 'marching,' as it was called, under

separate chiefs; and this last was the condition of affairs in 1847, when the settlement of the country was first attempted.

I shall have more to say of Bunnoo presently, but the above outline is sufficient for the moment.

In 1846 no revenue had been paid for nearly three years, and the durbar accordingly informed Henry Lawrence that the time had arrived for an army to be sent on its usual round of devastation. The light in which Henry Lawrence was likely to look upon such a proposition may be easily imagined. He had, of course, to maintain the boundaries of the Sikh kingdom as he found them, and if any province within those boundaries refused to pay a fair revenue when called upon to do so, then coercion was the only remedy; but since force had so signally failed on all occasions, he strongly recommended that conciliation should now be tried.

It was accordingly arranged that in the spring of 1847 an expedition should start for Bunnoo under the direction of an English officer (Herbert Edwardes), and an endeavour made to come to an arrangement with the people of the country. It was hoped that, by showing a conciliatory manner to the Bunnoochees, by respecting their property, and by paying regularly for everything required for the army, they might be induced to enter into an agreement with regard to the payment of the revenue. But the Bunnoochees refused altogether to come to terms, and the expedition accordingly returned without having effected anything. For the first time, however, an army had entered the country without bloodshed, and Bunnoochee and Sikh had met as friends.

Edwardes, on his return to Lahore, drew up a report of the expedition, in which he made sundry suggestions for the subjugation of the country. The chief of these were, that Bunnoo should now be finally occupied, that all the forts should be levelled to the ground, and that a large fort should be built in a central position, and held permanently for the Government.

This plan was approved by the Governor-General, and it was determined to carry it out in the coming cold season under Herbert Edwardes's supervision. It was, moreover, decided that the troops for the purpose should move in two columns, the one from Lahore and the other from Peshawur, and form a junction on the border of Bunnoo at a place called Khurruk.

To Reynell Taylor fell the duty of organising the Peshawur column of this force, though he had no notion at this time that he was to have the honour of commanding it.

Thus, on November 15, he writes :—'I inspected the horse artillery destined for service in Bunnoo, of which Muzzur Allee is to have command. These six guns have been selected from the other troops; they are in good order, the harness, &c. all new.'

On the same day, too, he writes to George Lawrence, and it is easy to see from this letter how very little he knew of the route the column was to take, even within eight days of its actual start.

He says :—'An order has been received by the Sirdar from Mr. John Lawrence, telling him to send off the troops, warned for Bunnoo, by Kohat.

'They are all ready, and I should send them off at

once, but should like to be able to give them some sort of directions. I have not an idea of the road they are to go, where they are to penetrate into Bunnoo, whether they may expect opposition, where they are to march upon when in the country, and where form a junction with the Lahore force. In fact, as yet, as you know, no directions have been forwarded, and I confess, if I had command of the party, I should like to have some before marching.

'I suppose your brother John will say that, if I was worth my salt, I could imagine them ; but still, if you can, get a slight sketch of the route of the Peshawur wing of the Bunnoo army sent.'

The following day the first intimation reached him that he was to accompany the force, and he writes in his diary:—

'I received a letter from Edwardes to-day (November 16), in which he speaks of my accompanying the Bunnoo force as a matter of course, and says, "Of course you are all ready." This is rather a "smasher," as I had not previously had the slightest idea of anything of the sort.'

He also writes to the Resident at Lahore on the same day :—

'I have this day received a letter from Lieutenant Edwardes, dated the 11th, from which it is evident to me that it has all along been intended that I should accompany the force proceeding from this *viâ* Kohat to Bunnoo, there to effect a junction with that under Lieut. Edwardes.

'I need hardly say that this is the first intimation I have received of the fact, and it is evident that some letters on the subject must have miscarried, as both Sirdar Golab

Sing and myself were this morning ignorant of the route beyond Kohat that the column was intended to take.

'Lieut. Edwardes's letter gives me full details of what is required, and though I fear the force will arrive at its destination some days later than expected by Lieut. Edwardes, I have no doubt of being able to carry out his views on the subject.

'Lieut. Edwardes talks of my accompanying the force as a matter of course, and in another part of his letter mentions that Major George Lawrence is expected in a few days at Lahore, from which I infer that my being the only officer at Peshawur has not been overlooked, and that the above arrangement has been decided upon notwithstanding. I shall therefore communicate to Lieut. Lumsden, who is at present in the Eusufzye country, the probability of my leaving Peshawur. I shall be able to move whenever the confirmation of the order arrives.

'The only real difficulty on the whole road is the passage of the Kohat Kothul. Rajah Soocheyt Sing, on one occasion, took six guns over it on elephants, and that is the only way in which they can be taken across it. I have to-day sent out 40 Bildars, under an intelligent adjutant, to join and assist a large party of Sirdar Sultan Mahomed's men in clearing and improving the road as much as possible. Sirdar Sultan Mahomed has undertaken to get the guns and ammunition over, the former on elephants, the latter on men's heads if need be. I do not doubt his keeping his word, but the passage will necessarily take time, and require two days at least, and perhaps a halt at Kohat after it.

'I this day gave orders for the force to break ground on Friday, 19th, and make the first march on Saturday, 20th.

Lieut. Edwardes's letter has since arrived, and I shall therefore, if possible, now move the troops before the above date, but cannot say whether this is feasible till I have consulted the Sirdar.

'You may depend upon my using my best endeavours to march as quickly as possible, with the troops in an efficient state, and also on my leaving affairs here in good train.'

Busy days followed on Taylor's hearing he was to take charge of the column. The troops had all to receive their pay and new clothing, camels had to be got together for transport purposes, numberless letters had to be written, and, besides the usual routine of work, affairs had all to be in readiness to hand over to Lumsden, who was expected to arrive on the 23rd.

The entries in the diary are hurried now, some days are left blank, or with only a rough pencil note, and it is evident that Taylor was much pushed to get through all he had to do in the few remaining days left him.

He received no definite instructions for marching until the 19th, when he made a last inspection of his force. It consisted of a troop of horse artillery, a regiment of regular cavalry, three regiments of infantry, and 1,000 Afghan irregular horse, to which must be added transport and an army of camp followers.

One can well imagine the enthusiasm with which Reynell Taylor undertook the difficult task before him and the pride he felt in his position. At twenty-five years of age, to have command of some three or four thousand men, with a certainty of having to battle with almost insurmountable difficulties, and with a probability of a brush with the wild tribes of an almost unknown country, was enough to fire

the heart of any young soldier. Reynell Taylor felt this, and set to work at his hazardous task with all the ardour of youth. As it happened, he met with no opposition from the tribes, and he thus carried his army through a country which had never been entered before without battle and bloodshed, and after ten days of unceasing toil handed it over to Herbert Edwardes intact.

'I exult in being useful,' he writes to Edwardes when half-way through his march; 'the temper of my men is excellent, and should we meet with opposition my own inexperience as a leader would be the chief obstacle in the way of success. My trust is in God, who will, I doubt not, enable me to do my duty by those men whose safety is intrusted to me.'

The following is Reynell Taylor's account of the march as he wrote it in his diary from day to day, and as this gives a complete picture of the difficulties to be met with in the Kohat pass before the present road was made, and at the same time shows how determinedly Reynell Taylor set to work to overcome them, I quote it almost in full:—

'*November* 23.—I started at about 12 o'clock with a dak of Sultan Mahomed's horses to join the Bunnoo troops at the foot of the Kohat pass. After a ride of about twenty-five miles I found them at a place five miles short of the pass where there is a tank of water.

'*November* 24.—This morning I sent six companies on with the guns and brought on the main column with the ammunition hackeries myself; the work of getting these last along was awful. The Kohat pass is situated at the end of a durrah (valley) about six miles in length.

The road up the durrah is good enough, but in the actual pass it is rough and bad. On the Peshawur side the ascent is about half-a-mile in length, but from the summit of the pass down to the valley of Kohat the descent is much more considerable and the road very rough. In spite of all our efforts to-day, we found it impossible to get the hackeries beyond the summit of the pass. The guns, however, being placed on elephants, were, after much labour, safely landed in the plain beyond.

'I was obliged to leave two companies, and some of Sultan Mahomed's men, under John Holmes, on the top of the pass to look after the hackeries, and then, after collecting as many camels as possible, I marched on myself for the camp. Many camels fell, others threw their loads, and caused endless confusion and difficulty.

'Having at length reached the camp I found it agreeably distributed over a large plain, no one description of force protecting another in the least, and my own tent placed in a most isolated position well away from all the others. The whole affair was dismal enough. I had been obliged to leave a great portion of the sepoys' personal property on the road down the pass, the whole of my ammunition was still in the pass, and I had arrived after dark in a strange country, to find my camp pitched anyhow and all my men overworked and tired out.

'I sat down to my disconsolate dinner, and had hardly taken two mouthfuls before I was informed that some men had been wounded near the foot of the pass and robbed. These individuals accordingly appeared, and asserted that they had been attacked by the very men who were affecting to protect the baggage; and I confess I did not think this

improbable, for I had felt very suspicious of our strange, wild assistants, with their hungry-looking knives and tulwars, their long guns and general thievish appearance. There were great numbers of them, and unless ordered to work by Khoajah Mahomed Khan, they congregated in groups, and occupied the strong nooks and eyries commanding the road. I on some occasions sauntered among them; they all appeared to carry the same arms—a long gun with a hollow stock, a tulwar, and, in most cases, the long Khyberree knife. They looked vicious enough, certainly; and, as I was obliged to send unarmed fatigue-parties among them, I often felt very uncomfortable; but, thank God, all has passed off well as yet.

'*November* 25.—I was employed all the morning getting the camp into shape. I sent off two companies from each regiment to assist in getting down the ammunition, and with them I also sent sixty camels to bring down the shot and powder cases, following on myself with a regiment of infantry and a troop of cavalry as a covering-party. The condition of affairs in the pass was most disheartening; I passed hackery after hackery loaded with shot all alike well stuck on the road, and the bullocks belonging to them looking half-starved and jaded. Some of the powder was being brought down on camels and the shot on men's heads. My anxieties made me think that the Afreedees and Ooruckzyes looked more numerous and impudent than usual, and old Rehmut Khan Ooruckzye regaled me with accounts of the number of Sikhs that had died in that pass, and told me, too, that it was only my Ikbal that prevented the Pathans from falling on the line of baggage. These fellows were really only restrained by the presence

and influence of Sultan Mahomed Khan, who has long held Kohat, and who has taken upon himself the responsibility of the matter. But still I think the affair altogether very risky work, for the temptation of a long line of unprotected baggage must appear as an appetising morsel to these savages. I may, of course, be exaggerating the danger through ignorance of the peculiar relative positions of the parties, but I think I may be excused for feeling as I do, having so many lives to look after. The day ended better than I expected, and by incredible exertions we got the whole of the ammunition to the bottom of the hill and away into camp. Much of it was brought in on camels, but more on men's heads or in their hands, and finally nothing was left in the pass but the empty hackeries and one khoopah of powder.

'*November* 26.—I sent John Holmes with fatigue-parties to bring in the hackeries, and these arrived in camp in the evening, though in rather a damaged condition. I was sorry to find the trail of one of my guns had been broken and rendered unserviceable.

'*November* 27.—Heavy rain set in before daylight and continued steadily till 4 P.M., making everything dismally gloomy, and endangering the ammunition, which, being of Sikh manufacture, is very susceptible to damp.

'I drew up some regulations for the pickets for the protection of the camp, and towards evening, I am glad to say, we got some woodwork done. The blacksmiths have been at work all day, as there are a good many repairs wanted. The cold is extreme.

'*November* 28, *Sunday*.—Fine sunny morning, which is quite refreshing; the hills around are beginning to be

covered with snow. I read the service to John Holmes and the Doctor; the first time our church service has been read at Kohat I suspect.

'Repairs going on all day.

'I dined with the Sirdar in the evening at his country garden, a stupid performance enough, with the exception of a dance by the Pathan men and women. Such a wild scene I never saw. They first executed a sort of mummery and dance with naked swords, the whole party crowded together and the gesticulations most violent; and yet, strange to say, nothing approaching an accident occurred. A singular part of the performance was a mode they had of first walking round in a circle, and, either with the hilt of the sword or the hand, making a motion as if enticing some one to come to them, and this accompanied by the blandest and most amiable smiles and gestures. Then all of a sudden this was exchanged for a scene of the wildest confusion, swords, arms, legs, and heads were tossed about in the most frantic manner, and the expression of the face changed to one of fierce malevolence. Knowing the style of life, and the mode of fighting these people have, I could not help thinking that the first performance might represent the insidious way in which the too confiding were enticed into their Golgothic valleys, and the second their consequent fate.

'*November* 29.—I had hoped to be able to march to-day, but the work has been too heavy: we have had to make a new trail for the gun and repair numbers of the hackeries, and also to make sacks in which to carry the ammunition on camels' backs for the next three marches, to save the necessity of putting it on the hackeries.

'*November* 30.—Still mending traps. I was employed all day looking after the repairs.

'*December* 1.—Marched to Gudda Khail; distance about ten miles; the road excellent. Gudda Khail is situated in a small durrah, and is a miserable little place enough. My fool of a quartermaster stuck us down in the middle of the pass.

'The Sirdar went out hawking and sent me some partridges.

'*December* 2.—Marched to Lachee. The country has the wildest appearance imaginable, but is certainly very picturesque. It is rather depressing to think how wild, and, at present, hopelessly barbarous its inhabitants are. Our course lies through the very extreme spurs of vast mountain ranges. I wish Pater could see some of the wild picturesque scenes and groups I see sometimes. It comes upon me strangely now and then that I am the Hurly Burly, and as much a boy at heart as ever that distinguished individual was; and all this game of man I am playing daily, among men old enough to be each and all my grandfather, vanishes then before the peaceful and placid visions the recollection gives rise to.

'*December* 3.—Marched to Ismail Khail; at least that was our intended halting-place, but, finding no water, we were obliged to go two miles further to Munsoorgurh.

'About two miles after leaving Lachee we entered a pass, and, after crossing the bed of a stream, commenced the ascent. I have seen guns before in strange positions, but never have seen anything to equal the places that I have to-day beheld them crashing and bumping over. We are in the habit of thinking a violently excited horse, par-

ticularly when rearing and kicking in the midst of others with men on their backs, rather a nuisance ; but here we had six horses, harnessed to a heavy gun and limber, rearing, plunging, kicking, and pulling, by mad starts and dashes, up a steep and rocky acclivity covered with large detached stones. We succeeded in getting all over, with damage to one pole, a hackery or two, and the *bouleversement* of a waggon. The rearward of the line of march did not reach camp till evening.

'*December* 4.—Marched to Kujjooree, a short march of about five miles, and the road pretty good.

'*December* 5.—Marched to Chounterah. The first three or four miles stony and rough ; we had a ravine to cross, after which we got into the bed of a salt river and followed it for a long distance, say eight miles, and then entered a narrow pass where the road became extremely difficult for wheeled carriages. The road had been made in some places, otherwise we should never have got along at all. After about a mile and a half of road like this we came to the famous Koondh-i-gou, a singular fissure in a long bladelike ridge of rock through which the road passes. It has much the appearance of a deep cleft made with a sword. It had been filled up to a height of six or eight feet expressly for our passage, but even then it was only just wide enough to admit of the passage of a gun, and I saw several camel-loads nearly knocked off by the sides in going through. A hundred or even fifty men might defend it against three armies.

'It was a curious thing to see the army filing through this gorge, and the crush on the wrong side of it was a sight to behold—Sikh and Afghan horse and infantry in

every variety of costume, from the flowing and costly robes of the Sirdar's immediate retainers, to the "turn out" of the scullion or the dog-keeper pressed into boots and a shirt of mail to make up the war muster of his master. All these crowded together, with the jaunty zumboorchee on his finely-decorated camel jangling like a church steeple on a wedding-day, and the sullen and mischievous-looking hill footmen with their long blue tunics, ponderous guns, blue turbans, and long matted locks. These last, however, often kept aloof, and herding together in small groups passed their remarks in low muttering tones on the passers-by, and I doubt not the burden of them was often much that of the Borderer on seeing Marmion's gay *cortège* pass by in going through the Scottish camp.[1] We had very hard work with the hackeries, and the infantry, who were helping in getting them over the difficulties, did not reach camp till evening. A gun was upset without suffering any damage, and altogether we have been wonderfully lucky in getting six guns over such roads without suffering more than we have.

'*December* 6.—Halt. When I was writing after breakfast I was suddenly surprised by a man rushing into my tent and saying that a *saheb* had arrived. On going out, who should I find but Edwardes, the other general, who had ridden over from his camp about thirty miles off! He was looking well but sad. Poor fellow, he has just lost his brother.

[1] Each Borderer to his kinsman said :
'Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?
O! could we but on Border side,
By Euscdale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Beset a prize so fair!'

'*December* 7.—Marched to Khurruk, reaching that long-talked-of place two days after the appointed time, which, considering the roads and passes we have come over, I do not think so bad. Edwardes left me and rode on to his own army.

'*December* 8.—Marched to Joor, a long march of ten koss,[1] but the road good enough.

'The two armies joined here, and together made a very respectable show. There were five infantry regiments, two of Edwardes's and three of mine, three troops of horse artillery, one regiment of cavalry, 500 Ghorchurrahs, 1,000 of Sirdar Sultan Mahomed's horse, and about 80 zumboorahs.'[2]

The following day the whole force marched to Jhundoo Khail in Bunnoo, the camp being pitched on the banks of the Koorrum. Edwardes at once set to work to measure the land, but this proceeding seemed likely to provoke 'an immediate row with the Wuzeerees.' Swahn Khan, the Wuzeeree mullick, to whom I shall have cause to refer later, came in and said 'that the measurement was doubtless a very nice idea, but that, if it was done with any intention of taking revenue, it might as well be dispensed with, as such a thing was altogether visionary, and could certainly never come to pass.'

Affairs looked awkward, and Reynell Taylor, who had been ordered to return to Peshawur as soon as he had joined forces with Edwardes, at once countermanded his march. However, after a long palaver with Swahn Khan, the Esakhailee, and other mullicks, the prospect of an

[1] A 'koss' varies from a mile and a half to two miles.

[2] Camel-swivels.

amicable arrangement appeared more favourable, so Reynell Taylor adhered to his original plan.

On December 11, accompanied by Sirdar Zagah Khan, 250 horsemen and 20 zumboorahs, he accordingly set out on his return march. He reached Kohat on the 14th, and he writes in his diary this day :—'I shall never see Kohat without thinking of the four gloomy days I passed here as a general.'

Great preparations had been made by Sirdar Sultan Mahomed for his safe passage through the Kohat Durrah, as the Afreedees had come down from the mountains, and, it was feared, meditated an attack on the column. The country had been raised, and parties of horse and foot posted all along the road, and, thanks to these precautions, Reynell Taylor reached Peshawur on December 15 in safety.

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CHAPTER V.

BUNNOO.

1848.

BETWEEN the Suliman range and the right bank of the Indus lies a long narrow stretch of country, called, from the three Derahs—Derah Ishmael Khan, Derah Futteh Khan, and Derah Ghazee Khan—the Derajat, or 'The Encampments.'

The Sikhs had divided this country into two districts, and in 1847 the northern, or Derah Ishmael Khan district, was held by Dewan Dowlut Rai; and the southern, or Derah Ghazee Khan district, by Dewan Moolraj.

It is with the first of these, or 'Camp of Ishmael,' that I wish principally to deal, because the next four years of Reynell Taylor's life were spent here, and some of the deeds for which his name afterwards became so famous in the Punjab were performed in this particular part of the Derajat.

After Edwardes returned from the first of his two expeditions to Bunnoo, he recommended that Dowlut Rai should be removed, and that General van Cortlandt, of the Sikh service, should have command of the Derah Ishmael Khan district; and, as it appeared that Dowlut Rai was quite incompetent to discharge the duties of

a governor, Henry Lawrence at once concurred in Edwardes's recommendation, and Cortlandt was appointed to the post.

The district of Derah Ishmael Khan, with which was included Derah Futteh Khan, was divided into ten different provinces, the principal and most northern being the province of Bunnoo. Thus Bunnoo belonged to Cortlandt's command; but, as it had never been actually conquered, his jurisdiction was only to extend to the troops employed in its reduction, and Edwardes was to have the sole responsibility of its effective subjugation.

As political officer, Edwardes was also charged with the revenue settlement of the whole district, and as soon as he could arrive at a preliminary arrangement with the mullicks of Bunnoo he intended to visit the other provinces, and effect a settlement of the revenue question there also for the next three years.

Cortlandt was meanwhile to remain in Bunnoo, and another officer was to be deputed to discharge the civil duties in Edwardes's absence. At first it appeared uncertain to whom this latter duty would fall, for during the days Edwardes and Reynell Taylor were together at Jhundoo Khail Edwardes had pointed out the certainty of his having to be absent on the Revenue Survey, and had strongly advised Reynell Taylor to come to Bunnoo in his place. But Reynell Taylor, diffident in his own powers, and thinking there were others far more eligible, hesitated to fall in with Edwardes's suggestion, and thus for some time the matter was left open.

Reynell Taylor's writings show how much he afterwards regretted not having at once offered to take up

Edwardes's duties. He knew the difficulties and dangers of the position, but he did not hesitate on this account, and when it appeared that Lumsden would be sent in his stead he wrote to Edwardes: 'I shall never forgive myself for having said anything to bias the choice between us.'

But Reynell Taylor was to have the opportunity of retrieving his position, and to seize it.

A few days after his return to Peshawur the news arrived of the first attempt on Edwardes's life. Then, without a moment's hesitation, Reynell Taylor sprang forward to help his friend, and to grapple for months with difficulties growing daily in intensity as the whisper of treachery and murder passed from mouth to mouth, and the booming of heavy guns was wafted on the wind from the direction of Mooltan.

I must pause here for a moment, because, in relation to this apparent hesitation on Reynell Taylor's part to undertake the duty in Bunnoo, there are sundry rough drafts of letters written to Edwardes, as well as jottings in the diary before me, throwing distinct light on two material points in Reynell Taylor's character—his estimate of his own powers, and the strength of his religious convictions.

There is no doubt that, when Reynell Taylor and Edwardes were together in Bunnoo, in December 1847, many questions were seriously discussed by them; and that these discussions had a religious tendency seems clear from the letters which passed between them after they parted.

The characters of the two men at this time, though

curiously alike in some respects, differed very materially in others. Faith and humble reliance on the will of God, absolute fearlessness, perseverance, determination, high principle, and a certain buoyant cheerfulness under adverse circumstances, were common to both; but where they differed most was in the quality of self-reliance. Edwardes, in writing to Reynell Taylor, speaks of the enthusiasm which possesses him whenever he is placed in a position of great trust, but Reynell Taylor, at this period of his life, accepted such positions with diffidence, and only after full consideration.

He was ever ready to consider himself inferior in capacity to the men with whom he was thrown, but that he was so in reality it would be a mistake for one moment to suppose. The Lawrences were not likely to err in their choice of assistants; but, apart from this, Reynell Taylor's work in Cashmere, at Peshawur, and on the Kohat Kothul had already proved beyond doubt that he was possessed of administrative talents at least equal to, if not beyond, those of many of his distinguished contemporaries.

From a feeling of diffidence he at first declined to attempt the work in Bunnoo, yet there was neither weakness nor want of manliness in the view he thus took of his own powers; it resulted from his contrasting his own shortcomings, as he imagined them, with that high standard to which he considered all men ought to attain, and there is ample evidence to show that his friends, and those under whom he served, were fully alive to this, and both understood and respected him for it.

His proneness to self-depreciation made him think he

was ever falling short of his high ideal, but that there was either weakness or unmanliness in this self-depreciation I shall, I hope, be able to show. Reynell Taylor would have scorned such weakness as approaching morbidness, and he would have condemned it above all because it was unmanly.

Though many letters passed between him and Edwardes on the subject of the Bunnoo duties, only two are now forthcoming.

In his first letter, written on the return march to Peshawur, Reynell Taylor evidently dwelt at some length upon the possibility of our being able so to order our minds that God's directing influence might make itself felt in everything, for in answer to this letter Edwardes writes :—

'To me the principles you avow seem the highest on which a public or private person can act in all situations in life. . . . But excuse me if I ask you whether the fears you express of encountering responsibility are consistent with your reliance on the overruling Power which drives events before it like so many straws? 'Are you not, with so happy a *morale*, the last man who should feel a moment's uneasiness under any amount of responsibility imposed upon you?

'I do not say that it follows that, because you trust in God, you must succeed. The inscrutable laws which are made for a world's conduct cannot turn aside for an individual; and it is well known that the best men are often the most unfortunate in life. Means also are prescribed for the working out of ends; and the plans of a fool, however good his intentions, by accident only occasionally

meet with the same success as those of a wise and prudent man.

. . . Possessed of sound sense by nature, and more advantages of education than fall to the lot of most men, you are furnished with adequate means for the accomplishment of any ends short of the highest flights of that semi-inspiration, genius; and therefore, I think, you should have more self-confidence than I. . . .

'That lack of confidence and those misgivings I hold, in your case, to be self-imposed delusions, which you might blow away like tobacco smoke; which you ought to and will conquer, for, depend upon it, they will else be frightful stumbling-blocks in your public path. . . . .

In answer to this Reynell Taylor writes:—

'I have long been wishing to answer your wise letter, in which you hit most of the nails on the head and drive them home so firmly that they assume the character of clenchers, but since my return to Peshawur I have been steadily at work all day at *vivâ voce*, and till late at night with writing.

'I agree heartily in all you say in nearly every point, but hope that you did not mistake me so far as to suppose that I wished to represent myself as being in that perfect state of obedience described in your conditional case, and which I think you would say could furnish the only just grounds for a man relying on heavenly help and guidance in the trials and difficulties of life. I hope it is not so, for it would be long ere a man could feel that he deserved protection.

'In talking of means you hit upon my rock. I have through life neglected the means, and my natural gifts,

though of ordinary stamp, have not been improved as they ought to have been; the consequence is my whole character has become weakened. Through life I have taken things too easily and have never learned that energy which conceives a project, grasps the whole thing in all its bearings, and then carries it through in spite of discouragement merely because it has mastered the subject and will not be denied.

'If you can understand, I think the study of mathematics the great deficit in my mental discipline; the species of methodical application of mind, perseverance and accuracy required for bringing the demonstration of a difficult theorem to a satisfactory conclusion is just what I so much need in transacting the ordinary business of life, and thus, though I do observe and reflect, I bring nothing to perfection, and directly I am called upon to support my views I find, or fancy I find, that everyone or anyone has better grounded opinions on the subject than I have.

'My only hope now is, by the acquisition of knowledge, habits of business and method, to be enabled to conquer this weakness, and thus to take my place among men of practised acquirements. I will make a desperate and prolonged struggle for it.'

The following extract from the diary also reverts to the subject of the Bunnoo duties, and gives at the same time a peculiar insight into Reynell Taylor's character:—

'I received a long and admirable letter from Edwardes on the subject of the Bunnoo duty. He shows all the strong, clear sense I gave him credit for in treating the subject, and, like a wise man, does not mince matters to spare me.

'I must make a desperate effort to shake off this demon of weakness and self-distrust that would prompt me to think myself so far inferior to other men in moral courage and character. I surely have higher and better incentives than many who have prospered in the world, and my trust is, I humbly hope, placed in that God who never fails.'

There is almost a prayer in these words of Reynell Taylor. It was ever his wont to march along his path of duty with an earnestness of purpose and an unwavering faith, doing his best to carry out his labours unflinchingly as in the sight of God, and putting his trust unhesitatingly where he knew it must of necessity receive support. It was his religious spirit, apart altogether from that of his manly generous disposition, that carried him through many a hard-fought day and many a trying moment, and it was his faith which ever made him look forward and upward without a thought or attempt 'to lift the painted veil which those who live call life.'

'I am not,' he continues, 'a personal coward, and yet the idea of being placed in a position where a whole army would be entirely dependent on my skill, decision, and energy, and that through a long period, alarms me considerably. My feeling is that I could, I hope, be a good assistant to any man, but I shrink from being the sole responsible person. This is wrong; I feel it to be so; and still more do I feel it to have been wrong in me to communicate to Edwardes my diffidence in my own powers, for he has in consequence requested that Lumsden be sent, and I have thus, by what I thought at the time a pardonable act of diffidence, transferred for certain a difficult and dangerous duty from myself to Lumsden, merely because

he has on a former occasion done his duty well and unflinchingly. I say for certain, because it was uncertain before which of us would be sent, and I suppose now there can be little doubt.

'I think the duty a most difficult and arduous one to hold a country like Bunnoo, and keep in check numerous unruly mountain tribes in the neighbourhood, all with Sing troops, and not another countryman to back one for a hundred miles. Still the light it should be considered in is this, that the officer sent is not supposed to be a Soult by nature, but it is supposed, and with truth, that a Sing garrison would be safe with the assistance of a European officer. My great deficiency is in the matter of knowledge, and to obtain it I want more energy, perseverance, and accuracy than I at present possess. I have comparatively very little military knowledge, and hence my horror of the idea of having to fight a battle myself. The part of second fiddle I could, I trust, play well.'

But events were ordered differently, and within the next twelve months he was destined to take up those very duties which we have just seen him characterise as difficult and dangerous in the extreme. He was for months to be thrown entirely on his own resources, without a countryman to 'back him' within a good deal more than a hundred miles, and he was eventually, within the same short period, to carry out military as well as civil duties of no small importance, and if not actually to fight a battle, at least to bring a siege to a successful issue unaided, and alone.

Before continuing the thread of the narrative, I give one more extract from the diary, throwing additional light on the purity of Reynell Taylor's character, and showing

the way in which he was constantly striving to improve himself both mentally and morally. He never forgot his brother Fitz's birthday, and hence the entry begins:—'Christmas Day 1847. Fitz's birthday, making him something like thirty years old, I fear. How old we are getting! Oh, those merry days when we were young and roamed about the fields and orchards of the paternal property in search of our youthful game! I wonder if we shall ever see days like those again.

I have made me bosom friends,
And loved and linked my heart with others,
Yet who with me his spirit blends
As mine was blended with my brothers?

'One huge source of consolation and thankfulness is, that I humbly trust I have made some little progress in improving my mind and cleansing it since then, and I pray God will but guide the bark to its haven, and only be inclined to remember the rough waters passed, and not the smooth and joyous ones of the commencement of the voyage. Dear old Fitty has long since gone before me on the path, and I hope some happy day to receive a helping hand from him.'

But I must return to my story. As soon as the news of the attempt on Edwardes's life reached Peshawur, Reynell Taylor at once wrote to John Lawrence begging that he might be sent to Bunnoo, and on January 27 this significant entry occurs in the diary:—'I received a letter from J. Lawrence to the effect that I had better go to Bunnoo, that the idea was a good one, and that he was much obliged to me for offering to go.'

On the following day a letter arrived from Edwardes

telling of a second attempt on his life, and a week later Reynell Taylor left Peshawur accompanied by 'a lot of irregular infantry, heaps of horse, a company of Subhan Khan's regiment, and other details.'

The passage of the Kohat pass proved a lighter affair on this occasion, and at the Koondh-i-Gou Reynell Taylor was met by a party of 100 horse sent out by Edwardes to escort him to Bunnoo. There was much excitement in the country about the attempts on Edwardes's life, and Reynell Taylor writes :—'The people will not let me walk a few yards by myself, and even the phlegmatic Swahn Khan, who had been sent out by Edwardes to meet me, on my going apart to a little hillock to read while waiting for the camels, came with his sword and shield and sat himself down by me, begging me to take care. I certainly, if inclined to fear assassination from any class, should not be surprised at its coming from Bunnoochees, for a more skulking, cringing, ruffianly-looking set of rascals I never saw. This is a matter which I believe to be entirely in God's hands. Of course I would not neglect ordinary precautions, but, in positions like ours, where we have the grievances of the whole country to hear, it appears to me to be utterly impossible for a man to be always on his guard. I received two letters from Edwardes, one to the effect that he wished me to get in on Friday (11th), as the Doorees intended attacking his camp on that night, and he thought they might pitch into my detachment before I could join. Pleasant.'

Edwardes had now been two months in Bunnoo, and the following entry in Reynell Taylor's diary shows how much had been done in the time :—

'*February* 11.—Marched in the morning for Bunnoo, and at about five miles from it met Edwardes and Cortlandt with some Sikh horse. We then proceeded to the camp, and before breakfast we inspected the new fort. It really is wonderful what Edwardes has accomplished in my absence. The whole of the fortified villages, amounting to 400, have been knocked down by the people themselves, and in their place the walls of the new fort of Dhuleepgurh, surrounded by a cantonment wall, have arisen. The triumph of making the people knock down their own walls is worth anything. A military road has been marked out between this and Lukkee in Murwut, and about two koss of it have been made. On the other hand, the fear of assassination is still rife, and we are obliged to go and sit well armed, even among our attendants, Edwardes's adventure having shown that it is useless to depend for safety on either guards or attendants.'

Reynell Taylor lost no time in acquiring information regarding the country, and learning from Edwardes the arrangements that he had made concerning the revenue and the administration of justice, and his first few days in Bunnoo were employed in reading Edwardes's diaries of the year before, and 'all old papers on the country.' Meanwhile it may be as well to see what sort of place this royal fort of Dhuleepgurh was. The source of all influence and wealth in Bunnoo was the river Koorrum, for on its waters depended the irrigation of all the richest part of the country. Command, therefore, of these waters—that is, of the canals by which the waters were conducted to sixteen out of the twenty tuppahs of Bunnoo—gave command of the country, and a site for the new fort was accordingly chosen in a

central position at a place called Bureyree, within a few yards of the principal canal of Kooch Kote.

On December 18 the foundation was laid with native ceremonies: 'the soil turned up, oil poured in, sweetmeats distributed, a royal salute fired, and the fort named Dhuleepgurh, in honour of the little Maharajah, whose sovereignty it was intended to establish.' The fortress was of considerable size, and these are the measurements Edwardes gives of it:—'The inner fort was to be one hundred yards square, its walls twenty feet high and nine feet thick; it was to be surrounded by a deep dry ditch. The outer fort or cantonment, eighty yards from the inner one, was to have walls ten feet high and six feet thick, and the whole surrounded by another ditch about thirty feet deep. Both ditches could be filled with water from the canal close by. The citadel was to contain lines for one native regiment, a magazine, and a commandant's house. In the middle was to be a well. Four heavy guns were to mount the four inner bastions. The cantonment or outer fort was to contain lines for three more regiments of native infantry, one thousand cavalry, two troops of horse artillery, and eighty zumboorahs, or camel-swivels, and the two troops of horse artillery would be distributed in the four outer bastions, three guns in each.'

I have a sketch of Dhuleepgurh before me as I write—one of Reynell Taylor's drawings for the illustrations in Edwardes's 'A Year on the Punjab Frontier.' The fort looks a big place, with castellated walls, and circular bastions at each corner of the outer as well as the inner lines. Two regiments of infantry are parading in the foreground, and behind the fort, and close to it, are the rugged mountains

of the Kafir Kote range. The sketch, like all Reynell Taylor's drawings, is by no means deficient in artistic merit; he had great natural facility for drawing, and his diaries are scribbled over with clever caricatures of natives, horses' heads, animals, and rough pen-and-ink sketches of country, some of which are exceedingly well done.

One of Reynell Taylor's first acts on arriving at Dhuleepgurh was to inaugurate a Sunday service. It had always been his habit to read prayers on Sunday wherever he was, and when possible he persuaded others to come and read with him. Every Sunday is noted in his diary, and not unfrequently special reference is made to the day. Thus on Christmas Day at Peshawur I find written :—'We had a respectable congregation of seven to-day at prayers.' And later in the Kohat pass :—'Read the service to John Holmes and the doctor.' But besides many instances such as these, I find also references to marches having been put off; of 'peaceful quiet Sundays spent in reading' and of prayers being read by him in Hindostanee 'because some of the congregation did not understand English.' At Dhuleepgurh, besides Edwardes and Reynell Taylor, there were only two other regular officers, and one of these, John Holmes, was a half-caste who had served in the Company's native army as a musician, and who, after some years' employment in this way, had gone to Lahore and, by his knowledge of drill, had gradually risen to be the Colonel of a regular regiment. Holmes had been in the habit of attending prayers at Peshawur, so Reynell Taylor, two days after his arrival in Bunnoo, wrote to Edwardes :—'Do you have service on Sunday; or if you do not, *will* you? We are four Christians here, and where the blessing is

promised to the two or three that gather, surely it ought to be done.

'John Holmes always attended prayers at Peshawur, and was pleased to do so. I was asked by Mudut Khan only a few days ago whether the laws of our religion prescribed any regular worship. I am not for displaying the matter unnecessarily, but surely this is wrong. I could add plenty of arguments, but you can well imagine them. Only do not think that I wish to assume the mentor, or that, if you have any repugnance to the arrangement, I shall think you a worse Christian than myself or others; but I really think what I propose, to be the duty of every man. I know how much happiness it leads to.'

Edwardes, however, knowing something of Holmes's character, rather demurred at first at accepting him as a Christian. But Reynell Taylor would not be gainsaid 'He was too good,' writes Edwardes, 'to be ashamed of anybody. It was for the pure sake of doing religious good that he battled, and I was so struck with the charity and generosity of the motive that I gave way; we had prayers in my tent and Taylor was happy.' 'This is a small thing to record,' says a writer in the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer' (June 1886), 'yet worth recording for what it tells us of Reynell Taylor. It gives us a glimpse of the quiet undercurrent of his life, from which he drew his strength, which at all times, in days of peace and days of trouble, flowed steadily on, ever widening and deepening, down to his life's end. The source of that full stream and of his even calm was a fixed and conscious sense of the presence of God. He was a man of deeds, not words; his words were always few, but in his life he was known and read of all men, and

as an earnest Christian he won the respect of the men of other creeds among whom he lived and worked. Observance of sacred duties would touch a people so strict, after their fashion, as the sturdy Pathans of that western frontier.'

By the end of March Dhuleepgurh was well on towards completion, the walls had risen to a height of twenty feet, and Edwardes had sent for the four largest guns from Lukkee to mount on the four inner bastions. The material of which the fort was constructed was chiefly sunburnt brick, and this, if once allowed to dry and harden thoroughly, would stand all weathers, though rain had a terribly damaging effect at first. The constant rains at this season of the year doubled the work of building the fort, and Taylor writes :—'I walked round the works this morning to see the damage done by the rain, and to be sure nothing could be so dismal. Every bit of wall had suffered more or less, and many were reduced to pulp.

'In the course of the day we had such rain as I have seldom seen before in India. It really is a great misfortune. Here is a fort raised in a hostile country by incredible exertions, and by the soldiers of an army, one regiment of which ran rusty and got into disgrace over the business; and now, when it has reached most respectable dimensions and we were in the habit of admiring it, down comes the rain, and we have to begin all over again. A calamity of this kind in a superstitious country is rather a serious matter, and I would bet any money that the fall of the walls is attributed to the wrath of heaven at our invading a country in the possession of the faithful.

'I hope the Bunnoo ranks do not boast a Leonidas.

Three hundred determined men, well led, might make a pretty mess in our camp a night like this, for John Sing is next to useless as a sentry in rain.'

Under these somewhat depressing circumstances of continued bad weather, and the misery of life under canvas 'with tents coming down, horses getting loose, and everything in a very Pandemonium of confusion,' a letter reached Reynell Taylor which evidently delighted him beyond measure. He says of it:—'Received a very kind letter from Henry Lawrence, from Point de Galle, couched in terms far too commendatory to be deserved, saying that the Government and he had been much pleased with my conduct during my employment in the Punjab. Praise from a man like Henry Lawrence is very much to be coveted. As far as zeal and anxiety to do well go, I hope I may assume part of it, but I cannot help feeling that I owe it chiefly to Henry Lawrence's kindness of heart, and the rather too good opinion he was from the first inclined to form of my abilities. He says he recommended me for 700 rs., but that it could not be allowed so soon after the increase I had had. It would be allowed, however, if his successor repeated the request, and that he would tell Currie as much.

'He asks me to write to him. This I think a better compliment than all the rest.'

I can only regret, as his biographer, that this letter, like many another valuable one, has been lost, and that we have to be content with the above passing notice of it in Reynell Taylor's diary. It would be pleasant to read the words of praise never given unless they were first fully earned; but it is scarcely less pleasant to read the spirit in which they were received, the diffidence in accepting praise too readily

even 'from a man like Henry Lawrence,' and the love lying hid in the last line of the entry.

On March 28, after making over to Taylor the mullicks of the country and all other political dependents, Edwardes left Bunnoo. And now let us see with what sort of people Reynell Taylor had to deal, and how by an administration of firmness and benevolence he won the hearts of the wild tribes around him.

The task of giving the reader a short description of the two principal races of Bunnoo has been made easy by the printed memorandum Taylor has left on the subject.[1] A writer in 'The Friend of India', signing himself 'Trans-Indicus,' and to whom Taylor was personally unknown, says of this memorandum: 'It was written when Reynell Taylor, the first Deputy Commissioner of the Derah Ishmael Khan, made over the charge of the district to his successor, John Nicholson.

'It was apparently intended to place his successor *au courant* with the affairs of the district, but in doing so the writer has gone deep into the subject.

'By no one of our frontier celebrities has the question been so fully thought out, and whatever success has been subsequently achieved in the management of frontier affairs, to Reynell Taylor the main share of the credit is due. This I say without any desire to detract one iota from Edwardes and other distinguished frontier officers. Edwardes's early connection with the frontier was more in the capacity of a conqueror than an administrator, and, as regards other administrative officers, they came to the scene later than Reynell Taylor, and under circumstances, for various

[1] 'District Memorandum, Derah Ishmael Khan, 1852.

reasons, considerably more favourable. At all events, it was Reynell Taylor who organised the existing system of frontier defence, and who was at pains to record, in the memorandum referred to, the results of his experience and observation in the difficult question of dealing with the rude tribes both within and beyond the border.'

I have already said something of the Bunnoochees, but they were not the only race inhabiting Bunnoo; there was another occupying a large tract of country extending round nearly two-thirds of the northern part of Bunnoo proper. This race of people, who had never owed allegiance anywhere, and who, though at peace among themselves, were at war with all the world, were the Wuzeerees. They were divided into innumerable tribes, and with the Bunnoochees, the Syuds, and the Hindoos, who carried on almost the whole trade of the country, formed the four main divisions of the inhabitants of the province.

'The Wuzeerees,' says Reynell Taylor, 'are the most unanimous of all the Afghan tribes; they never quarrel amongst themselves; safeguards are always respected among them, and though proverbially addicted to plundering, I have known large bodies of them live from one year's end to another without falling into any impropriety of the kind, and, with regard to their veracity, I consider the eulogy passed upon them by Mr. Elphinstone[1] in a great degree correct and deserved. The possession of such an extent of virtue would not, however, make it incumbent on them to adhere to the truth in their dealings with Bunnoochees or Government officials, the duties towards such being quite another affair in Wuzeeree ethics.

[1] See Taylor's 'D. I. K. Memorandum,' p. 19.

'Take them all in all, they are a fine race of men, prone to plunder, and careless about blood-shedding it may be, but bold, plain-spoken, true to their friends, and not unusually treacherous. I wish I could say as much for other Afghan tribes of my acquaintance.

'Their loud talking is the quality I should be most inclined to object to in the Wuzeeree character. There is no denying they are inclined to be boastful and rough in council, but for this allowance must be made when we consider that, until we came in contact with them in Bunnoo, they had never paid revenue to any Government, and had never been anything but what they still are in their own hills—a thoroughly independent body of between twenty and thirty thousand fighting-men. It was undoubtedly a terrible fall in the life of the Wuzeerees being obliged to submit to the measurement of their lands, and then to pay away a fixed share of the produce to the Government, and I occasionally conceded to them the privilege of talking loud as some slight indemnification for the annoyance.'

The Wuzeerees are by nature an astute and quick-witted race, and they are gifted as well with a ready talent for repartee. It had been Edwardes's custom to receive the Wuzeeree mullicks in large numbers, headed by Swahn Khan or some chief of influence among them, but Taylor found that in a council thus formed 'their home arguments, retorts, and queries' often had the best of it. He accordingly resolved to abolish this system, and to summon the heads of each section separately.

As an instance of their quickness in reply, Reynell Taylor tells the following story:—'At one of the councils a part of those present had requested leave to say their

prayers, and were accordingly performing their devotions in the verandah of the tent while I carried on a desultory conversation with the remainder. Looking at the men praying I said to the chief that it was a pity that men who were so particular in their religious observances should be so careless about some of the cardinal virtues advocated by all religions, such as speaking the truth, so that the very men who were then on their knees would presently come before me and not scruple to attempt to deceive me about their crops, revenue, &c. The mullick replied immediately that it might be so. I was, no doubt, correct; there was probably some radical defect in their religious conduct, as God had thought fit to confer a Hakim (a governor) on them after so many ages of independence.'

I must add one more extract from the 'Memorandum' to complete the picture of Reynell Taylor's neighbours. I have already endeavoured to give some slight account of the Bunnoochees and their mode of life, but here is another evil trait in their character. Reynell Taylor says of them:—'They are the class most naturally addicted to assassination that I have ever met with, having that fatal attachment to the use of the short knife or dagger which more than anything else stamps the character of the true assassin. A Bunnoochee idea of a successful field is time—midnight—and the long-sought rival, or enemy, asleep under his vine in the open air; no witness but the moon, and leisure given for three well-planted blows with the small broad-backed knife, under which a man may linger long enough to drink the full bitterness contained in the knowledge of his enemy's triumph.'

Such, then, in a few words, were the inhabitants with

whom Reynell Taylor had to do, and the wonder is not so much that Edwardes's life was three times attempted, but that Reynell Taylor escaped assassination.

The force with which Reynell Taylor had to keep order in the country numbered about three thousand men, and, with the exception of Cortlandt,[1] there was no European officer at Dhuleepgurh besides himself. The troops were nearly all Sikhs, and the enmity existing between them and the people of the country did not lessen Taylor's labours. Night after night assassins crept up to the camp and stabbed or alarmed the sentries, and crafty thieves carried off arms or anything they could lay their hands on. Over and over again entries occur in the diary of this kind :— 'More firing last night;' 'Some fellows came round last night and fired at the people sleeping; a regular rumpus was the result;' 'Three of our men were set upon by a party of seven, one man was killed and the others obliged to run for it;' 'The Dooranee camp was attacked last night by a gang of thieves, and several shots were fired;' 'The dak was robbed a few days ago, and as there were three parcels looted, I think it probable that I may have lost candles, tea, and perhaps books.'

Here is a story Reynell Taylor tells of what occurred on one occasion :—'There was a pretty to do in camp last night. It was cold, dark, and rainy, and the Sikh infantry vedette on the plain beyond the fort, after, I suppose, revolving for some time in his Siamese mind why it was that vedettes were always composed of two men, at length dis-

[1] General Cortlandt was of Eastern descent, but had been educated in England, and at this date he had been for about nineteen years in the Sikh service.

covered the drift of the whole thing, namely, that one should go to sleep and the other keep a sharp look-out towards the camp to see that no officer approached. While thus employed, a thief came behind them and hit the sleeper three heavy wipes over the head with a tulwar; upon which the man on the look-out for "Pisikky rounds" fled incontinently, as did the wounded man, when he could, leaving his musket behind him. The noise roused the neighbouring sentries, and "bang!" "bang!" went the nearest, followed by half-a-dozen others, and then out turned the pickets, and afterwards the regiments.'

At last the nuisance became so great that Reynell Taylor consented to traps being laid for these rascals, who now attacked the sentries every night. Two secret outlying pickets of good marksmen were accordingly posted, and at length a great triumph occurred. A thief was caught who had evidently come in search of a horse, as he was armed with a bridle with which to ride it back. Reynell Taylor does not mention what he did with this particular thief or whether the pickets succeeded in shooting any others, but the attacks must have abated, as I find no further mention of them in the diary.

The work of a political officer at Dhuleepgurh was, of course, incessant, and besides an endless correspondence with Lahore concerning details of the settlement, there were lengthy interviews with the mullicks and chiefs to be held, disputes to be decided, complaints to be heard, justice to be administered, and full accounts kept of all receipts of revenue, whether in kind or in money; and some idea may be formed of how fully Reynell Taylor's time was employed by extracts taken here and there from the diary.

'I cannot,' he writes on one day, 'record the work, for it would take a small book daily to do so, as well as about three clerks. I got up at twelve o'clock last night, and have had a hard day's work, and the consequence is I can hardly keep my eyes open to write.' There were many days when the labours extended uninterruptedly from morning till night, and when the last interview and the last wrangle were ended, 'a business-like absorption of sustenance followed; then a vague attempt to read with one eye, or perhaps only half a one; then five minutes' thoughtful contemplation of the moon, when thoughts of other days and other scenes, and the world there is somewhere, but from which I am estranged, intrude themselves, and then down like a log upon my bed to sleep till morning. A blessing this, at any rate.'

But Reynell Taylor's duties were not confined to indoor work alone. He had many detached posts to visit, and it was occasionally necessary to use force in bringing the Wuzeerees to reason. More than once, accompanied by three or four hundred troops and an army of followers, he inflicted punishment on the unruly by cutting and carrying off their corps; and on these occasions he would leave his camp at midnight and often not return till the following evening.

Cut off, as Taylor was, from the outside world, 'overlands,' when they did reach him, were a source of the greatest delight. Sometimes a newspaper or two accompanied the letters, and then the various events of the day —such, for instance, as the revolution in France, affairs in Germany, and the failure of the Union Bank—are noted and commented on. In one of the papers he found the

death of his godfather[1] announced. 'My poor, kind godfather,' he writes, 'gathered peacefully to his fathers. Boys often remember words and sentences, and a reproof from him for not having brought my prayer-book with me when visiting him at Avisford, for Goodwood races, has often been remembered, and, I hope, acted on.'

But I must pass on now to more momentous events.

In the early part of the year 1848 a cloud no bigger than a man's hand was hanging over Mooltan, destined shortly and without previous warning to grow in volume and density till at last it burst into a storm which swept the country with a flood of war.

The story of the murder of Agnew and of Anderson at Mooltan is an old one, old enough, indeed, to have been forgotten by those amongst us who might remember it. The fate of the two young Englishmen in 1848 has, moreover, been re-enacted since in all its horrible details. Twice within the last ten years; once, and that the darkest of all, within the last three; the murders at Mooltan have found a parallel in our history, and the fall of one man has been followed by the fall of many thousands. I am not about to go over ground traversed already by many a far more able pen, or to inquire deeply into the causes which led up to the second Sikh War; but, in order to make the part Reynell Taylor played in current events intelligible to the reader, it is necessary that I should set down briefly the chief incidents of the first few months of this year.

Early in 1848 Sirdar Khan Sing was appointed as Nazim of Mooltan, in place of Dewan Moolraj, who in a fit of temper had resigned his position in that province.

[1] General Sir Thomas Reynell.

Accompanied by two officers, under whose supervision he was to act, Khan Sing set out for Mooltan. Floating down the Indus themselves, their escort toiled by land, and when at length Agnew and Anderson reached the city, they knew little or nothing of the troops to whom they were to look for assistance in the hour of need. A few days after their arrival both were struck down within sight of the man who a moment before had posed as their friend, but who now either would not or could not lift a finger to help them.

Escaping instant death almost by a miracle, they reached the Eedgah, where their camp was pitched. The one laid down to die; the other, though severely wounded in several places, had still strength enough left to send off to Derah Futteh Khan for help and to prepare for defence.

The night passed, but late in the afternoon of the following day the roar of an angry crowd was heard in the distance. Retreat was barred, for the last horse had been driven off in the night; to treat was alike hopeless; and even defence was now impossible, for the troops, save some eight or ten, had deserted in a body.

As the sun set the mob, catching up arms as they went, and

Baying in full cry for blood,

approached the Eedgah. They found there two wounded Englishmen; the one too badly hurt to move again, the other sitting by the bedside holding his dying comrade's hand. A Muzubee, so horribly crippled, it is said, by old wounds that he had the appearance of 'an imp more than mortal man,' dashed forward from the crowd, and then, as the last good-bye was on the lip, the end came.

The mob, its appetite appeased, returned in the twilight to the Am Khas to hail Moolraj king, and the bodies of Agnew and Anderson were left for the night beneath the sky.

Such was the murder of April 20, 1848. The cry for help despatched on the 19th reached Edwardes at Derah Futteh Khan on the 22nd. Writing off instantly to Reynell Taylor to send Cortlandt with troops from Dhuleepgurh, he crossed the Indus, occupied Leia, and raised a body of some 3,000 Pathans. With these and others he engaged Moolraj at Kyneree on June 18 and defeated him. Following up his advantage, he again attacked him with similar results at Suddosain, and a few days later actually drove him back to Mooltan. It was grand work grandly done, but the whole country was now in a ferment, and the second Sikh War had virtually begun.

The news of what had occurred at Mooltan reached Reynell Taylor five days after the date of the murder, and he writes:—

'*Tuesday, April* 25.—Received the astounding intelligence from Edwardes that Agnew and Anderson had both been cut down when coming out of the fort of Mooltan. Edwardes, like the decided fellow he is, immediately crossed the river at Leia with his twelve companies of infantry, two guns, twenty zumboorahs, and 350 horsemen, and he tells me to send Sabhan Khan's regiment and the rest of the Peshawur troop of artillery. These troops I have made immediate arrangements for sending off; General Cortlandt goes with them to see them safe and quickly across the Indus. This reduces our force considerably and deprives me of my great prop and mainstay,

Cortlandt; but we must share the difficulties of a crisis like this amongst us. I have considerable hope that things may turn out better than they look at present, but how well do I know that they may turn out much worse. It is all in God's hands.'

Prompt measures were the only ones likely to succeed in such a crisis, and well might John Lawrence write from Jullundur to the Resident at Lahore:—'The lives of none of our officers in Bunnoo, Peshawur, and Huzara will be safe if speedy retribution does not fall on those scoundrels.' It was fortunate that Edwardes and Reynell Taylor were fully alive to this, and that no time was lost in dealing a blow at Moolraj's forces. Had Edwardes not acted as he did, there is no doubt that Moolraj would have crossed the Indus and advanced through the Derah Ghazee Khan elaquah, and with treachery in Edwardes's camp the result must have proved fatal there. 'Then would come my turn,' writes Reynell Taylor. 'I wish I was a booted and spurred John Beale on the Resident's back; not that I can know here where the delay is there. If God intends to read us a severe lesson, if not destroy us, he may have made us mad, and allowing the Mooltan lighted tinder to spread to the loose powder lying beyond the limits of that district would be sufficient evidence of it.'

But the fault was not the Resident's, and the delay which gave time for the whole country to rise in revolt was due to the apathy of those in higher positions than Frederick Currie and John Lawrence.[1] 'I believe the only thing to save us from a general revolution is to

[1] Sir Frederick Currie relieved John Lawrence at Lahore on March 6, and on April 3 John Lawrence returned to his post in the Jullundur Doab.

despatch a British force at once to Mooltan,' wrote Reynell Taylor; and so also wrote Edwardes in the Derajat, Lumsden and George Lawrence at Peshawur, and Abbott in Huzara.

Sir Frederick Currie and John Lawrence ably supported the views thus entertained by their subordinates, but, in spite of all protestations to the contrary, it was finally determined to postpone active operations, so far as any British force was concerned, until the close of the hot season. Thus Edwardes was left to battle it out as best he could with the help of Sikh troops. Agnew and Anderson were murdered on April 20, but it was not until the following November that the army under Lord Gough took the field. Meanwhile the crowd which attacked the Eedgah grew to be an army under Moolraj, and the insurrection at Mooltan swelled into a revolt of the Punjab.

The bitterness with which Reynell Taylor received the news that no immediate action was to be taken, is best described in his own words :—

'*May* 17.—I heard from Lumsden that there is no intention of advancing on Mooltan at present. What a blight! I am used to stunners nowadays, but this is certainly a grievous disappointment, and the prospect of holding these districts through the next four months, with a successful and growing revolt going on in Mooltan, and emissaries everywhere trying to spread treachery and disaffection in the ranks of the army, is not, I must confess, pleasant. Still, if it is to be so, after remonstrances from Edwardes, Lumsden, and myself, all of which have been fully made, we must e'en take matters as they come, and trust in that God who can and will bring good out of evil.'

It was fortunate, indeed, that there were men like Edwardes and Reynell Taylor in the Derajat, prepared to act for themselves and ready to bear all responsibility. It fell to Edwardes to play the most brilliant part in the subsequent proceedings, but it was Reynell Taylor who held the turbulent Bunnoochees and Wuzeerees in check, and who, at the same time, sent every available man to help stem the tide of rebellion. Two days after receiving Edwardes's letter of April 22, Reynell Taylor, by seizing every camel within reach, was able to despatch Cortlandt, and thus the first of the many detachments drawn from the Bunnoo force was on its way to Edwardes's assistance.

Among the many instances of disinterested action to be found in Reynell Taylor's life, none stands out in greater boldness than the way in which he sent off company after company of the most reliable troops at Dhuleepgurh to stem the torrent while there was yet time. Rebellion was in the air, disaffection was spreading with terrible rapidity, and Hindoos and Mahomedans were banding together to expel the hated Feringhi. In no part were the people more difficult to deal with than in Bunnoo, but Reynell Taylor had already obtained a great influence over them, and though he was sensible 'how ticklish a thing it was to withdraw more troops from his own district,' he responded at once to every call Edwardes made for help.

Insecurity was increasing all round him; the Wuzeerees were daily becoming more and more disaffected, and in two cases outlying detachments had been attacked and several men killed. 'A man's trials in dangers and difficulties would be halved or quartered if he had only his own fears

to deal with. The misgivings and mournful forebodings of neighbours are a terrible addition to the bill of discomfort. The country looks so peaceful on a fine morning that I can hardly fancy that hostilities are really going on within a short distance of me, that thousands close round would join hand and heart in hurling us out of the country, and that any week or day may plunge the whole Punjab in confusion and bloodshed, and involve our Government in a second Punjab war. May God forbid it all; I have no trust in any child of man in the matter.'

The unsettled condition of the country, and the course events were taking, naturally affected the troops at Dhuleepgurh as well as the people of the neighbourhood. 'These wars and rumours have put the wind into the men's heads, and the news of the last two days has produced a marked difference in the bearing of my own soldiery and some of their officers. Woe is me that I should be condemned to dwell among so fickle and so false a race of men. I never encountered such deep, thorough-going dissemblers or such arrant worshippers of "Ikbal" as the Sikhs, and all covered with a veil of humility and self-abasement more elaborate than commonly in use by natives, and that is saying a good deal.'

Surrounded thus by people who were daily becoming more and more intolerant of control, and unable to depend upon a great part of the troops with whom he had to maintain order in the country, Reynell Taylor yet set himself to face the difficulty with all his wonted vigour and determination. Conscious of the extreme necessity there was for striking a blow and crushing the rebellion before it could come to a head, and altogether forgetful of

the great personal risk he was running, he strove by every means in his power to help his friend, and the way in which he did so will be best shown by extracts taken from his diary.

Cortlandt, as I have already stated, had left Bunnoo on April 27, but on the following day he wrote saying that he was going to take on four companies from Derah, and that, if Taylor approved, he was to send four more companies from Dhuleepgurh to take their place.

'I look upon it as a very ticklish thing withdrawing more troops from this, but, if they are imperatively required, why there is nothing more to be said.'

'*May* 1.—Edwardes wants another regiment if I can spare it; but here is the knotty and difficult point. As far as I am concerned I should be perfectly ready to spare it, but the effect on the minds of the people of the country, on the soldiers, and on the surrounding tribes must, in all probability, be very bad. God is the Master of the scenes, and will arrange them according to his infallible wisdom.'

'It is very uncomfortable having men planning this and that and knowing oneself that a large portion of the force has yet to be detached, of which secret I am at present the sole repository.'

'*May* 3.—Wrote to Edwardes to say I had sent off the troops he had called for. I had to break to John Holmes that more troops must go away. It was a severe blow to him, but he took it soldierly and well. After consulting with him I resolved on sending a picnic regiment, three companies from Bishen Sing's regiment, four from Zorakhun Sing's, and one from Merh Sing's. One hundred Ghorchurrahs also accompany the infantry.'

'I am becoming dreadfully stripped of cavalry, and it really is a serious matter to me here. About 1,500 was the proposed establishment, and I have not half that now.' News having arrived from Edwardes, on May 20, that 'the rebels had collected in strength with fifteen guns,' he determined to send off another reinforcement, 'consisting of the two remaining guns, two companies of infantry, and the Bunnoo horse.' To replace these drafts Allegur Khan was ordered to raise 200 horse, Mukweib Khan sixty, and Agaz Khan fifty, and with these, and what he had left, Reynell Taylor thought he should be able to keep the country in order.

A few days later, on June 1, another letter from Edwardes, from Derah Ishmael Khan, told of the 'rebels being encamped right opposite him,' and accordingly more troops were despatched to assist him in case of attack. George Lawrence had written from Peshawur to say that he was sending 400 irregulars to Bunnoo, and Mahomed Khan, of Esakhail, had responded with alacrity to Reynell Taylor's orders and sent in 500 men from his district under the command of his sons. Reynell Taylor thus felt justified in sending away another of his regiments, and this time the Kuthar Mookhee Pultan corps was ordered to march at once.

It is almost needless to say that Edwardes received these detachments with the utmost gratitude, and the following extract from a letter, written by him to the Resident at Lahore on June 6, shows how fully alive he was to the risk Reynell was running :—

'By a private note from Lieutenant Taylor I learn he has despatched to us another regiment from Bunnoo, viz.

General Cortlandt's Kuthar Mookhee Pultan, a strong body of Poorbeeuhs. This is quite contrary to my wishes, and once before I sent back eight companies of infantry which Lieutenant Taylor sent to our relief.[1]

'The disinterested generosity of the action claims my warmest acknowledgments, for I know it to be one of the only two regiments on which that officer could really rely to stand by him in case of a military revolt, and I shall not refuse the reinforcement now that more active operations lie before me on the other bank. . . . It would be an injustice to him, however, were I not to state, what none but myself can be fully aware of, that the extraordinary security of Bunnoo at this moment, when older possessions are in rebellion—the peaceable conduct of the Bunnoochees, who are paying in their guns and swords in part of revenue and escorting artillery to me, 150 koss from their own valley—the happy issue to which the threatening *émeute* of the Tull Wuzeerees has now been brought, and the inability of the neighbouring hill tribes in Bunnoo to get up an insurrection, are results solely to be attributed to the rare union of forbearance and firmness, gentleness and determination, which Lieutenant Taylor has brought to bear on the subjugation of two races, one the most independent, and the other the most vicious, that I ever saw.' A tribute such as this was as honourable as it was thoroughly

[1] In another place Edwardes, in talking of these eight companies, mentions that Bunnoo had become so disturbed that he was obliged, when they had arrived at Derah, to order them to hurry back to Dhuleepgurh. The Sikhs and Mussulmans refused at first to march, though they were afterwards persuaded to change their minds by Mrs. Cortlandt; but whether or not these troops ever reached Reynell Taylor again I know not; I can find no mention of their having done so.—E. G. P.

deserved, and there is no need to add more to it. When the news of Edwardes's victory on 'Waterloo day' reached Reynell Taylor he must have felt repaid for his anxiety, and at the same time have derived no small satisfaction from the thought that his troops had taken their part in the fight 'which lasted nine hours in a June sun, and ended in driving Moolraj off the field.'[1]

The extraordinary influence which Reynell Taylor possessed over the tribes of Bunnoo was due to a careful study of the characters of every class of man in the district. He listened to them, talked to them, acted as an arbitrator and adviser in all their difficulties, and by the interest he showed in their private affairs, and the fairness and firmness he displayed in dealing with all matters brought to his notice, he came to be looked upon more in the light of a friend than a ruler. He believed that acquaintance with individuals, and kindness to all classes, was the surest way to their hearts, and he says himself that 'by these means a man would generally be able to acquire an apparently wonderful amount of influence over the people about him.' His influence with the soldiery resulted from his personal knowledge of them as well as from the way in which he made a point of joining in their pursuits. Thus I find many references to 'tent-pegging with the men in the early morning,' and 'shooting at the bottle at the gallop with single ball.' A splendid horseman himself, he delighted in taking a line across country followed by his escort, and he gives amusing accounts of how, on more than one occasion, he was able to 'pound' nearly the whole of his followers. 'I jumped my horse over a brook this morning and called to my Sikh

[1] Kyneree, June 18, 1848.

and Afghan followers to follow me, when a scene ensued which amused me much, and afforded me lively satisfaction, as showing the good chance a decently mounted Englishman would have of pounding any number of Oriental pursuers. In obedience to my call they all went at it, and out of about thirty men only five got over safe, and the variety of falls that took place were highly entertaining.'

Besides a ready way of gaining the affections of his men, Reynell Taylor had a happy knack of remembering names, and those who have had much to do with soldiers will know how invaluable this faculty is.

'Going down the ranks this morning, whom should I recognise but a scoundrel who deserted from the Body Guard on the night of Moodkee, taking with him the prisoner, a spy, who had been made over to his charge, and now he and I meet again, he figuring as a jemadar of artillery, and I as a general reviewing a Sikh army in an Afghan valley. I did not betray that I recognised him. His name is Bhugwan Sing.'

For more than two months now Reynell Taylor had borne the whole brunt of the work in Bunnoo alone, but besides his daily round of duties there were other matters which pressed heavily upon him. The constant anxiety owing to the disturbed state of the country, the fact of his not having a fellow-countryman to speak to, the intense heat of the climate, the indifferent food, and the months he had been without a roof over his head, all tended to try him to the utmost, and it is no surprise therefore to find the handwriting growing daily more and more straggling in character, till at last a gap occurs, and then, at the end

of June :—'I have been ill this week, and not able to keep my journal regularly.'

Failing to cure himself with the remedies he had at hand, he sent for a Hakim of the camp, and after a while his strength began to return, and he was able to go back to work, 'old fashion, from morning till night.'

During the time Reynell Taylor was ill he received an express from Edwardes giving an account of the victory of Kyneree on June 18. Salutes were at once fired from the fort in honour of the event, and Taylor makes an amusing reference to the duplicity exhibited by the Sikhs on the occasion. 'What deceitful rascals these Sikhs are! Though I suppose there may be thousands whose real wishes are on the side of the rebels, nothing is to be gathered from their countenances and manner but the most exuberant joy at this fatal blow to a serious and promising Khalsa effort. I can fancy their feeling to be, "Well, it's no good now, my lads, so blaze away and lend your tongues to worship the Ikbal, which is at present too much for us, but better luck next time."'

The day was now approaching when Reynell Taylor was to be withdrawn for a time from Bunnoo.

Some of the regular Sikh troops in the Sindh Sagur Doab had already deserted to Dewan Moolraj, and it was known that many regiments were only waiting their opportunity to follow suit. On June 8 the Churunjeet regiment of cavalry went over in a body to the rebels, and referring to this in a letter to the Resident, dated June 13, Edwardes says:—'This event is most unfortunate and commences a new crisis. . . . It is painful to think what the consequences may be to Lieutenant Taylor in Bunnoo,

Major Lawrence and Lieutenant Nicholson at Peshawur, and Captain Abbott in Huzara. You are, of course, the best judge of the propriety of keeping these officers longer at their posts ; but, in the territory of which I have charge, I conceive it to be my immediate duty to extricate my junior and assistant, Lieutenant Taylor, from the meshes of the army in Bunnoo.'

A few days after this letter was written, I find the following entry in the diary :—' Edwardes talks of calling on me to take up my headquarters at Derah Ishmael Khan, in order to enable me the better to manage the whole of the Derajat, which is now left without a governor, Cortlandt having gone on with Edwardes's forces. He talks of sending Futteh Khan Tawannah to take the general management of Bunnoo, and of making John Holmes Killidar of Dhuleepgurh. If the Bunnoochees and Wuzeerees will only keep quiet this may do well enough ; I misdoubt them, however.'

But there was more than this, and unknown to Reynell Taylor a plot was hatching to seize Dhuleepgurh. Rumours of this had already reached Edwardes at Derah Ghazee Khan, and he accordingly despatched Futteh Khan Tawannah to take up the duty in Bunnoo, and at the same time sent off this message to Taylor :—'Stand not on the order of your coming, but come at once.'

On July 1 Futteh Khan Tawannah arrived at Dhuleepgurh, 'bringing with him an awful tail of irregulars,' and on the 13th, having assembled all the mullicks, and made them formally over to his successor, Reynell Taylor held his 'last *levée*,' and prepared for his march on the following day.

When the hour arrived for his departure, Reynell Taylor was attended by Futteh Khan, the Esakhailees, nearly all the mullicks of Bunnoo, and crowds of country people; the salute was raised from 11 to 19 guns, and when he remonstrated, he was told that he was their Governor-General, and could not be dismissed with less. The officers of the different regiments accompanied him for many miles, and 'all parted good friends.' So loath, indeed, were the inhabitants to lose him, and such was the hold he had acquired over them, that when, after Futteh Khan's arrival, they knew he was still to remain with them some days, they expressed the greatest delight, and when he announced his intention of leaving on a Friday, they were more than ever pleased, 'because,' they said, 'that was the lucky day of all others for marching towards the East.'

But what took place not long after his back was turned? The Sikh troops broke out into sudden rebellion; they murdered John Holmes, they seized the guns which had been withdrawn from the bastions to be sent to Edwardes, and they hemmed in Futteh Khan Tawannah and his followers in the inner enclosure of Dhuleepgurh.

For ten days Futteh Khan resisted gallantly, but by degrees the water began to fail, the well was sunk deeper, but no further supply could be obtained. Exhausted by the heat, and worn out by the constant attacks made upon them, Futteh Khan's followers now demanded that he should surrender, but Futteh Khan Tawannah had given his word to Edwardes, and had promised Reynell Taylor, that he would never give up the fort. What

could he do? He could hold out no longer without water, but at least he could die a soldier's death; so, buckling on his sword and shield, he showed himself at the gateway.

'Do not,' he shouted, 'shoot me like a dog; I am Futteh Khan Tawannah; and if there be any two among you equal to a man, come on.' But in another instant his body lay riddled with balls, and the gallant mullick, faithful to the last, had died a hero's death![1]

[1] *A Year on the Punjab Frontier* (Herbert Edwardes).

CHAPTER VI.

MOOLTAN—THE SIEGE OF LUKKEE.

1848–1849.

IT having been decided in the month of May that no British force was to take the field against Moolraj until the arrival of the cool season, Sir Frederick Currie determined to keep the rebellion within the narrowest limits by despatching five converging columns on Mooltan. Of these it is only necessary to my purpose to notice two—the first, under the command of Rajah Sher Sing, moving from Lahore; and the fifth, under Cortlandt and Edwardes, operating in the Derajat.

At the action of Suddosain on July 1, the rebel army, commanded by Dewan Moolraj in person, was driven off the field and shut up within the walls of Mooltan, and Edwardes, confident of being able to carry the town, then surrounded only by old walls, wrote to the Resident at Lahore to say that all he wanted was 'a few heavy guns, as many sappers and miners as could be spared, and Major Napier to direct them.'

The news of the victory of Suddosain reached Sir Frederick Currie at Lahore on July 10, and being convinced that it was now possible to bring the rebellion to an immediate close, he took upon himself all responsibility,

and in opposition to the opinions previously expressed by the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, despatched a force under General Whish to Edwardes's assistance. This force marched in two columns, the one from Lahore and the other from Ferozepore, with a British regiment attached to each, and reached Mooltan in the middle of August.

On September 4 the siege train arrived, Mooltan was summoned, and two attacks followed on the 9th and 12th of the same month.

Meanwhile, in the early part of July, Sher Sing's column had also reached Mooltan and been allotted its position by Edwardes. The column numbered five thousand men, and the eyes of the remainder of the Sikh army in Peshawur, Bunnoo, and Huzara were fixed upon it, 'ready,' as Edwardes says, 'to take their cue from its conduct.'

Before long, however, an event occurred which proved at once that a fresh struggle with the Khalsa was altogether unavoidable. Chuttur Sing, father of Sher Sing, had been latterly creating a diversion in Huzara in favour of Moolraj, and now called upon his son to do the same at Mooltan. For some time Sher Sing hesitated, but in the end he made up his mind, and on September 14 went over with his whole army to the side of the Dewan of Mooltan.

The siege, in consequence, had to be raised at once, and it was not resumed until three months later (December 27), when reinforcements arrived from Bombay.

Having thus sketched the more prominent events of the latter part of 1848, I will return to my story.

Two days after leaving Bunnoo (July 16) Reynell Taylor arrived at Lukkee, and put up in the gate of the

fort, which a few months later was to be closed against him. He describes it as 'a strong little place, close to the left bank of the Gombela, and in the middle of a beautiful grass plain,' but mentions that it was sadly in need of repair, owing to damage done by the rain.

Marching thus through the country, and transacting business as he went, he occasionally varied his evenings by going out for an hour's pigsticking on 'Pickle,' or by a bathe in the cool waters of the Koorrum.

On July 19 he reached Esakhail, and two days later a letter arrived from John Holmes, saying that the troops at Dhuleepgurh were showing signs of disaffection. Reynell Taylor at once wrote to Futteh Khan, offering to return if any real difficulty was likely to occur; and thus again, forgetful of himself, he was ready to go back to a post described by Edwardes as one of 'treachery and danger which no British officer was called upon to hold for the sake of the Sikh Government.'

A few days later a more satisfactory account was brought in, so Reynell Taylor determined to resume his march, and on July 29 he reached Derah Ishmael Khan in safety.

Here he found the wife of his friend, General Cortlandt, a woman of singular strength of mind, and one capable of taking an active part in the stirring events of the time; and here too, on August 15, the first account of Chuttur Sing's outbreak in Huzara reached him. On the 17th he writes in his diary:—'Cock's letters give so serious an account of affairs in Huzara that I think we are in for it. I have ordered my traps to be ready to march towards Lukkee and Bunnoo, where my presence is likely to be

more required than it is here, though, of course, it will be better if I can avoid moving at all.'

'The real state of the Huzara row is not yet known in Lahore, and hopes are entertained—rather wild ones, I fear—that Sirdar Jundhur Sing may, on arrival, be able to patch up matters between Sirdar Chuttur Sing and his State. Heard from General Cortlandt at Mooltan—his letter dated August 15—that the right column under General Whish was expected next day.'

On August 28 he continues:—'Bad news from Huzara. It seems clear that Chuttur Sing is in rebellion. I expect the next news to be that there has been a serious collision. God strike with the true men and protect my countrymen.'

The unsettled condition of Huzara caused Reynell Taylor to turn his thoughts again towards Bunnoo, and on August 29 he writes:—'Sent word secretly to Mullick Futteh Khan and John Holmes to the effect that this fresh row in Huzara would be likely to lead to more plotting among the Sikhs, and that, though I considered them well able to manage matters, if they thought my presence would at all tend to keep matters straight, or add to the safety and power of those who were true and loyal servants of Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, and who were in every respect my brethren and friends, that they were to say so, and I would find some excuse to march *viâ* Lukkee to Bunnoo, or halt at the former place if it seemed better. I feel, with Mooltan on one side and Bunnoo on the other, like an intelligent animal between two stools.'

Conflicting accounts continued to arrive daily at Derah Ishmael Khan, and Reynell Taylor found it impossible to

obtain any reliable news of the state of affairs further up the country. At one time there was a report that Chuttur Sing had murdered Abbott, and that the whole of the district of Huzara was in the hands of the rebels; at another, that there had been a great fight in Huzara, and that two of Golab Sing's regiments had joined Chuttur Sing; that the Peshawur force was only waiting its opportunity to rise; and finally, that it had already risen.

At last, on September 8, the entries in the diary terminate abruptly, and it is not until some days later that they are resumed:—'I have not been able to write my journal regularly for twelve days; they have been rather eventful and anxious days too. A severe skirmish occurred at Mooltan on the 10th, in which, I believe, our troops were foiled of their object, and lost a considerable number of officers and men. I did not receive any particulars of this affair, but the significant looks and manner of the people around me convinced me that they looked upon it as a reverse to our arms. Meanwhile there were all sorts of reports abroad of horrible things supposed to have happened at Peshawur and other places.

'A few days after the accounts of the first skirmish we heard that a considerable engagement had taken place, and when the dak arrived it brought the welcome news of a severe fight and complete victory over the rebel troops. The number of men killed and wounded I believe to be very great, but we have had no returns. The action occurred on the 12th, and, strange to say, the guns, or explosions, were heard at Derah Ishmael Khan, and that, too, by some half-dozen people. I can testify to the wind having been the right way, and to the people reporting what they had heard

at the very time the action occurred. The distance must be 140 miles.

'I immediately forwarded particulars of this intelligence to Peshawur and Bunnoo, thinking it might do good.

'Thus things continued for two days, till the 17th, when staggerer number eight or ten for the season arrived. The Mooltan dak came in early; the news-writer opened it, glanced at the contents, and turned green. I asked what the game was, and he read it. Sirdar Uttur Sing had come to Edwardes's tent and informed him that the whole of the troops were preparing to walk off to Mooltan, to which Edwardes seems to have answered, "All right." In the morning news was brought that they had marched, "every man with his bullets and powther, every man with his firelock on shoulther," into Mooltan. On the strength of this Edwardes wrote to me, through Lake, to take boat immediately and drop down to Ooch, in the Bhawulpore territory, as he considered the game up, the State in rebellion, and war inevitable, in which case my presence at Derah Ishmael Khan would only be embarrassing. The injunction to start immediately was repeated several times, and as other parts of the letter mentioned the intention to suspend the siege, and hinted at the probability of a temporary retirement, the matter did indeed appear serious. General Cortlandt wrote at the same time to his wife, telling her to get under weigh without an hour's delay and to anchor in the middle of the river at night.

'All this looked bad. On the other hand, I felt that the retirement of any individual Political would probably have a bad effect, and was therefore to be avoided if possible. It would encourage rebels to declare themselves,

hasten the crisis, and increase the difficulties of those detached, and whose information might not be good. So here was a dilemma, and the worst was that I had to decide upon whether to go or not in the course of twelve hours.

'I was rather anxious to conceal any indication of an intention to depart till the last moment, to prevent any plan being concocted to interfere with my intentions.

'I wrote to Futteh Khan Tawannah, putting the matter in the least alarming language possible. I also wrote to George Lawrence, telling him the whole story, and wishing him God-speed in these troublous times. Herbert is at Attock, and Nicholson near it. I hope that, if the Sings are inclined to kick up a row, Lawrence will have a sufficiently strong party to protect himself and those with him. Abbott has a background of hills friendly to honest men, and if the game is up he will, I hope, find protection there. I do not think I could do anything to help them, but I feel more compunction at leaving the officers in the Bunnoo force, who are supposed to be loyal, though, of course, they have no claim on me. Well, after such deliberation as I could snatch in the midst of work, I decided on joining the army at once, where Politicals are required as much as anywhere, and where Lumsden and Pollock have to take turn and turn about with the troops in the trenches.

'On the morning of the 18th I rode out before daylight, went down to the Ghat, and had all the boats dragged up. They numbered in all seven. Before going out I told my servant to pack up my things. He asked, "With a view to moving to the big house?" and seemed rather staggered when I told him, "No; for a start."

'When I returned from my ride on the morning of the

18th I found every official of every sort and kind in the place awaiting my arrival, and the questioning and trouble that ensued were unspeakable.

'I set my mind, however, to take it quietly; and after about seven hours' work got through everything that was actually necessary, and left the people, I believe, tolerably well satisfied.

'On September 21, floated within five koss of Derah Ghazee Khan, and sent in men to find out the state of affairs. I heard Rajah Sher Sing was still kept outside the fort (at Mooltan) in a sort of rebel quarantine.

'22*nd*.—Floated down to Derah Ghazee Khan to breakfast and in the evening I rode into the city, which is one of the strangest places I ever saw. It is really completely buried in the most profuse foliage of date, peepul, banian, and every other kind of tree, very lofty, but so wildly irregular as to give more the effect of a Bengal tree jungle than the environs of a town.

'On the 23rd Cortlandt and Mrs. started for Ooch, and I remained at the Ghat waiting for carriage, in the midst of which there came an ominous and well-remembered sound, booming over the flat country between me and Mooltan—no other than the deep, angry sough of a heavy cannonade. After continuing for about an hour it ceased.

'Kept waiting till evening for carriage cattle, and when I procured them crossed the river and marched to Koreshee that night. Here I slept in an old house built by Sawun Mull, father of the rebellious Dewan. From Koreshee I sent on a horse to Koobra, having previously sent another from Derah on towards the Ghat.

'On September 24 started early in the morning for

Mooltan. Rode the "Pig" to Koobra, where I mounted "Pickle," and rode him on to near Mozuffernuggur, where I found my other horse. Reached Mooltan about one P.M.'

From September 24 to October 31 Reynell Taylor was present with the force before Mooltan, but he has left no personal record of this period.

The first siege of Mooltan was raised on September 16, and General Whish was forbidden to resume it until further reinforcements reached him. The time was, however, a busy one enough, and apart from the various skirmishes, in which a good many were killed and wounded on both sides, great preparations were made for resuming operations as soon as possible. The country all round Mooltan was carefully mapped, and an inexhaustible store of fascines and gabions manufactured. Moolraj, too, did not allow the time to pass idly by, and, aided by the inhabitants and by the numerous recruits constantly joining his standard, he lined the whole of the city walls with a rampart of mud. In the early part of October Sher Sing, having quarrelled with Dewan Moolraj, left Mooltan with a considerable portion of his force, and though Moolraj still had upwards of 13,000 men at his command, it became evident that Mooltan would no longer be the centre of interest, and that the war would now have to be fought out in another part of the Punjab.

Meanwhile, Ferozepore was busy with the rattling of limbers and the clank of arms, and a magnificent army, collected from Bombay and Bengal, was assembling there. The serious aspect of affairs had at length forced itself upon the minds of those at Calcutta, and there was to be war to the knife. Vengeance was to be taken for innocent blood; Agnew's prophetic words were to come true;

and 'thousands of Englishmen were to come down and annihilate Moolraj, his soldiers, and his fort.' But the army of Ferozepore was not destined to achieve the immediate successes expected of it. One, two, yes, even three indecisive actions were to be fought out; hard knocks were to be given and received on both sides, and blood was to be poured out like water on the hot plains and the burning sands, as one army confronted the other and both refused to acknowledge defeat.

Many and many a time have the Sikhs stood shoulder to shoulder with us since the days of the second Sikh War, and more than once have we been right glad of their assistance.

Soldiers by nature, they have proved themselves in later times as valiant in fighting our battles as they were in the old days, when they forsook the plough and the sickle and took up the sword against us; and those in whose minds the struggle at To Frek is still fresh, and who remember the way in which the Sikhs stood their ground in a crisis sufficiently terrible to try the metal of the finest troops, will be able to realise why it was that the battles of Ramnuggur, Sadoolapore and Chillianwallah were such hard-fought fields.

The second Sikh War was a mighty struggle indeed, but, as every one knows, after not a little hesitation, vacillation, and indifferent generalship, victory at length crowned our arms at Gujerat on February 21, 1849.

Reynell Taylor, it may be believed, spent a busy five weeks before Mooltan, and two events at least of the month of October were fraught with peculiar interest to him First, there was the fall of Dhuleepgurh, and the sad

end of the friends he had been so anxious and willing to help; and then there was the mutiny of the troops at Peshawur, and the consequent anxiety concerning the English circle there.

John Holmes and Futteh Khan were now past help, but no sooner did the perilous position of those at Peshawur become known than Reynell Taylor at once volunteered to go to their assistance.

The only mention of Reynell Taylor's services at Mooltan that I have been able to find is contained in a despatch, dated January 23, 1849, where General Whish says that when Lumsden, who had had unassisted charge of the Nawab of Bhawulpoor's troops, was wounded, 'he was relieved by Lieutenant Taylor, 11th Light Cavalry, Assistant Resident, who was prevented from continuing during the siege by a chivalrous expedition he undertook to recover our captives at Peshawur.'

And this last requires some explanation.

Affairs had become so unsettled at Peshawur towards the end of September, that George Lawrence determined to send his wife for safety to Lahore under the escort of Sultan Mahomed's son. On the way it was reported that Sirdar Chuttur Sing was about to oppose their passage, and accordingly the whole party retired to Kohat, where Mrs. Lawrence was detained under the pretence that the country was in too disturbed a state for the march to Lahore to be attempted. Feeling uneasy in the position in which she was thus placed, Mrs. Lawrence contrived to acquaint Edwardes of her anxiety, and thus it happened that Reynell Taylor offered to go to her assistance.

Meanwhile, on October 24, the Peshawur troops muti-

nied, and George Lawrence had to escape from the Residency as best he could, and, with his companions, join his wife at Kohat.

On October 31 Reynell Taylor turned his back on Mooltan and set out on his expedition, which he describes as being 'chiefly for the purpose of bringing off Mrs. Lawrence, at present at Kohat.'

Keeping, in the first instance, to the left bank of the Indus, he crossed the river opposite Derah Futteh Khan on November 5, and three days later arrived at Derah Ishmael Khan.

Here he writes:—'I found the news from the front much as I expected—Lukkee occupied, Esakhail ditto, but by doubtful and irregular troops, and I don't know how it will all turn out.'

Continuing his march on the 10th, Reynell Taylor reached Esakhail on the evening of the 12th, the fort having, to his relief, surrendered the day before. He immediately wrote to Mrs. Lawrence, telling her of his whereabouts, and also to Sirdar Sultan Mahomed Khan, 'pointing out to him the folly of his ways, the necessity of acting up to his former professions, and the total absence of excuse for his not doing so now that the road was open.'

Late the same evening a breathless messenger arrived from Kohat to say 'that on Lawrence's requesting the young Sirdar to convey him to Kala Bagh in pursuance of the plan proposed, Khoajah Mahomed Khan sent to inquire of his papa what was to be done. The answer came in the shape of a party of horse headed by two other sons, who immediately caused Lawrence, Bowie, and the doctor

to mount, and carried them off to Peshawur, leaving Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Thompson at Kohat.'

Reynell Taylor hardly credited this piece of intelligence, though the impression of the people about him was that Chuttur Sing wanted hostages for his son and the Ranee, and on this account had insisted on the prisoners being given up to him. On November 22 the news was, however, confirmed:—'I received the intelligence direct from Bowie to-day that Sultan Mahomed had indeed been villain enough to give up all his prisoners, or rather guests, to Chuttur Sing. The letter was dated November 18, and they were then in the middle of the Sikh camp, kindly treated, and tolerably at ease. The party consists of Major and Mrs. Lawrence, Doctor and Mrs. Thompson, Bowie, and a servant-girl.

'Sultan Mahomed Khan has indeed proved an arrant villain. His treachery will probably greatly prolong the war, as it will be his interest to assist the Sikhs in every way; still I cannot think the struggle will be a long one.'

The chief object of Reynell Taylor's expedition was therefore at an end, and the people whom he had come to relieve had, by treachery, been removed far beyond his reach. But there was plenty of work ready to his hand, and every day brought its load of anxiety. Herbert was at this time besieged in the fort of Attock, and Reynell Taylor at once set to work to open communications, with the hope of assisting his escape if possible. But Taylor's messengers were fired on from the fort, and it was evident that the garrison were showing signs of disaffection.

At length a letter arrived from Herbert, and Reynell Taylor writes:—'Herbert seems to have heard my pro-

ceedings reported as if I were marching to his relief with a British brigade, and urges me to lose no time in pushing on troops to his aid, poor fellow! I wish to God I had any to push on that were likely to reach him.'

Situated as Reynell Taylor was, and with only a small force of irregulars at his back, it was impossible for him to go to Herbert's assistance, and from what he could gather, Attock was besieged 'by about 7,000 men and eight guns.' To set against these Taylor's forces numbered only a few hundred untrained individuals; but, apart from this, operations in the direction of Attock formed no part of his orders, and he had to confine himself to the Derah Ishmael Khan district. As, however, the report of his arrival in the neighbourhood had evidently reached Attock, it struck him that a demonstration on the frontier, with the ostensible purpose of seizing Gohur Sing, might be advantageous. He accordingly sent a small body of horse from Esakhail, to be joined by another from Kala Bagh, on this errand, and he writes:—'It may cause him to run away, the effect of which would doubtless be good.'

Meanwhile Taylor was fully occupied with other matters. No sooner did the mullicks of Bunnoo hear of his arrival at Esakhail than the whole of them, together with the redoubtable Swahn Khan, came in to him, and with them, considerably to Reynell Taylor's relief, the officers of the Lukkee garrison. Dhuleepgurh was, as we have seen, in the hands of the rebels, but Alim Khan, the commandant, had written to Taylor telling him that he was entirely the slave of the Sirdar. Taylor replied that he was very glad to hear it, but that, 'as there was no end to the evil reports, the best thing he could do was to come in himself and thus

prove his loyalty.' As may be supposed, however, Meer Alim Khan did not fall in with the suggestion, and the fort thus remained for a time in the hands of the rebels. The day after the arrival of the officers from Lukkee, Reynell Taylor despatched a body of 500 infantry and 100 horse to take over the fort there, but on the fort being summoned the garrison replied 'that they would surrender on the order of the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, and that of no other.' 'Pleasant chaps these,' writes Reynell Taylor on receiving this intelligence; 'they will, I suppose, remain mutinous until they are coerced, for I do not think it at all probable they will come in—wretches.'

It was Reynell Taylor's opinion that, with Esakhail and Lukkee in his hands, and a hold kept upon the boats on the Indus, the provinces around him might enjoy considerable tranquillity in spite of the unsettled condition of the remainder of the country. Esakhail was for the moment under control, and the conduct of the mullicks of Bunnoo, in coming to pay their respects to Reynell Taylor, gave hopes that his influence in the province was still in the ascendant, and that therefore Dhuleepgurh might eventually be reoccupied without very much trouble. But with Lukkee the case was different. Left to itself, this strong little fort might become the centre of further sedition, and the force still within its walls prove the nucleus of a rebel army capable of complicating matters still further in the Derajat. Reynell Taylor therefore determined to bring the Lukkee garrison to reason immediately, and accordingly he ordered up what guns there were at Derah, 'old things not worth a straw;' got together as much serviceable ammunition and mining powder as possible; collected his irregular levies,

'funny material enough to work with,' and prepared to leave Esakhail.

And now followed one of the most remarkable episodes in Reynell Taylor's career. The achievement received little notice in England at the time in the face of more momentous events, and I have been unable to discover that any adequate account of it was ever published. But in India, and especially in the Punjab, the siege attracted considerable attention, and in many instances I find Reynell Taylor referred to in consequence as 'the hero of Lukkee.' He never spoke of it himself, as may be supposed, but in the most modest manner, for he was more than ever a man of few words where his own exploits were concerned; but it is the duty of his biographer to set this right and to show, to the best of his ability, why it was that the siege of Lukkee was so remarkable.

The pages of our military history teem with instances of pluck and daring; of devotion to duty; of lives laid down readily and unhesitatingly; of times when men have stood alone unflinchingly, struggling on against fearful odds, and clinging more and more tenaciously to the object on which their eyes were fixed, without a thought of ever giving in while life lasted, or where strength remained to strike another blow. Many are the deeds of heroism of which the world has never heard, and where, consequently, the hero has gone unnoticed and unrewarded, for rewards must ever be unequally distributed in this world, and it is the greatest characters amongst us who care least for them. It is not the love of praise, but the charm of holding out and never giving in; it is that quality of dogged perseverance, the birthright of Englishmen, which has egged men on to

noble deeds, and brought out qualities where strength has mingled curiously with gentleness, and nobleness of soul has shone out as a beacon, to confront pain and death with a smile on the lip and a light in the eye, ready to strike hard and swiftly in defence, but in victory to temper justice with mercy.

So it was at Lukkee. Afghan and Sikh were arrayed against us, and from Mooltan to Peshawur war was raging throughout the country. Day by day the horizon grew darker and darker as fresh bands joined the revolt, and those even who remained passive trimmed by the course of events, and reliance could be placed nowhere.

Surrounded by circumstances such as these, Reynell Taylor nevertheless advanced on Lukkee, and far removed from any chance of support or assistance, and aided only by irregular and undisciplined levies and three crazy guns, sat down before the fort. His force was insufficient to invest the place completely, and the garrison, cheered by news of the approach of friends, was from time to time assisted by the advent of small reinforcements. Ill-provided with ammunition, he had to eke out his supply of hammered shot by collecting round stones from the bed of the Gombela, while such was the condition of his guns that it was found impossible to strike the walls 'within ten yards of the same place twice running.' Threatened by the approach of hostile armies, and surrounded by a population halting in their allegiance, it was impossible to obtain reliable news of the outside world, and, over and above this, evil influence was at work in the camp, and the troops were counselled to look to themselves, to leave their commander, and to declare at once for the truly faithful.

Threatened thus from within as well as from without, and unaided by the presence of a single fellow-countryman, Reynell Taylor still remained at his post, and from December 11 to January 10 he kept his undisciplined Pathans together, encouraging them by his example and holding them all the while in the firm grip of a marvellous personal influence.

The fort fell at last; fell, too, at the nick of time, for the day after the garrison gave in Sirdar Mahomed Azim Khan, son of the Ameer, took possession of Bunnoo. Attock had already fallen before Dost Mahomed Khan, and had Mahomed Azim been able to continue his march unthreatened and unopposed, the whole of the Derah Ishmael Khan district, together with a great part of the Sindh Sagur Doab, would have fallen into his hands.

The story of the siege shall be told in Reynell Taylor's own words, as I find it written daily at the time in the weather-beaten old folio before me. The garrison numbered at first 'some 475 men,' but these were all regular and efficient Sikh troops, and among them were several trained artillerymen. The fort 'consisted of an inner and an outer enclosure, the outer being one hundred yards square and the inner one sixty yards,' and its armament was made up of two excellent guns, a mortar, four large zumboorahs and several small ones. To set against this Reynell Taylor had 1,021 foot and 650 horse, three miserable guns throwing shot too light to take any effect on the walls, and among all his men he had no trained soldiers; all were irregular and undisciplined.

Let us turn to the diary. Reynell Taylor had sent on a part of his troops under Gholam Hussan Khan, and he

writes :—'Heard that the guns are approaching Lukkee. I am rather perplexed at having this matter on my hands at the same time as the rest. I hope I have not acted foolishly in any particular, and therefore that (D.V.) it will all come right in the end.'

Just before leaving Esakhail, Taylor heard that a battle had been fought on the Chenab. 'God make us worthy of our successes, and our occupation of the country a blessing to the people, and then little harm can ensue. I believe our cause in the present instance, as in the first, to be most honest, and therefore I trust God's blessing may be upon it.'

Sunday, December 10, he spent quietly at Esakhail writing to his father, and on the next day the entry in the diary begins :—

'*December* 11.—Marched to Lukkee, where I found Gholam Hussan Khan and the army encamped, and very carefully concealed and protected from the fire of the fort, the fort people having made themselves very disagreeable with their long bowls. Before dinner I rode over to look for a place for the camp; we were within range of the fort the whole time, but the rascals did not fire.

'I must confess that the inspection of the guns with which I have to besiege this strong little fort gave me a heart-sinking feeling. We have only three very indifferent guns to their two excellent ones. One of mine (I wish it was of any use disowning it) carries a shot about the size of a racket-ball; another has a large cavern at the muzzle into which I could put my head. I could not help making some slight demur on seeing this, upon which the head artilleryman said that he had hit on an excellent remedy

for that. I inquired what that might be, to which he answered, "Why, I mean to melt down some metal fragments and pour it into the cavern and fill it up." "And where," I asked, "may these spare pieces of gun-metal come from?" "Oh," said the artilleryman in reply, "they come away daily from the breeching of gun No. 3."

'I cannot describe the exhilarating effect this account of affairs had upon me, yet I could not help feeling the huge ludicrousness of the whole thing, when the commandant of artillery sent for a looking-glass and insisted upon showing me all the horrible nakedness of the land by obliging me to look down the muzzle of the gun at the huge caverns near the breeching. If the gun had been made of Bovey pottery brassed over, he ought at any rate to have kept it quiet before the multitude; but, cunning and deceitful as natives are, I have often remarked in them an extraordinary want of tact.

'*December* 12.—Rode out early to select a place for the trenches, which I did to my satisfaction. I went within grape range of the fort, but, strange to say, the garrison did not fire.

'Part of my arrangements were that we should occupy the old Lukkee lines, and from there push forward the trenches. Towards evening we saw that the enemy had turned out a party to knock down the walls in these old lines, and I accordingly ordered out a party of horse and foot to dislodge them. Before my force could form up, I saw the enemy come out of the lines and wander back towards the fort; I therefore told the officer in command to push on, gain the cover of the lines, and hold his own till I could send pickaxes and shovels for him to cover himself

in. Directly the enemy saw our party were coming to occupy the place, the lines not being more than 600 yards from the fort, they began cannonading them handsomely Their practice seemed to me uncommonly good. They favoured me with two or three shots which were in splendid line, and only a little out in elevation.

'Well, when the returning party of the enemy heard the fort guns open they turned, and a regular fusillade began on both sides, very pretty to look at and very exciting to me, but in which, I am happy to say, no harm was done to my side.

'That scoundrel Meer Alim Khan is persuading the unhappy Lukkeeites that he is coming sharp with a large force to help them, that he is in communication with Afzue Khan, and that he also is coming with 500 horse and foot. There is, moreover, a report to-day that 200 Afghans have arrived at Dhuleepgurh, and whether all this is true or false it is dead against me, as it unsettles the minds of the mullicks and the inhabitants of the country.

'*December* 13.—Rose with the lark. The fort began its ungentlemanly game of blazing round shot in every direction as soon as it was light. The beasts shot very straight. I wanted to mount a gun on this bank of the river, and commenced making a battery for it, but the shot came in so sharp that I feared the gun might be disabled in its passage down, as it would be considerably exposed.

'The report to-day is that the Dooranees are within three marches of Bunnoo. I don't believe it.

'There is an unfortunate scarcity of powder and shot in camp. Pleasant this at the commencement of a siege.

'*December* 14.—Got up in the middle of the night to

look after the batteries. Rode in the morning all round the fort and town of Lukkee. Came back, went into the batteries, and fired a shot or two. It will be necessary to take our guns up within musket-range before they will be able to do anything, and, anyway, I doubt the garrison giving in without a serious fight.

'Not much damage done to the fort to-day by our fire, and the enemy's shot, though they pitch all about us, seem forbidden by a kind Providence from doing hurt.

'*December* 15.—Round-shot practice. In the afternoon I received a staggerer. Gholam Hussan Khan came with a letter he had received from Gaol Badshah, which spoke in terms of huge exultation of the purely faithful at Peshawur, and advised him to kick up a row wherever he was. With this letter was an enclosure from the Dost himself of a most gunpowdery order, to the effect that he was employed with all the power of Islam in quelling the English rebellion. All this is most baneful at this moment and puts me on a nest of volcanoes.

'*December* 16.—Endeavoured to persuade the fort people to give in, and sent a purwannah of my own to them by the hands of Hazee Ikhlass, a celebrated fakir of this place. He remained away all day, but returned in the evening unsuccessful. The Sings are evidently not inclined to give in; either they are assured of relief or are very confident of the strength of the fort.

'*December* 17, *Sunday*.—A most unpeaceful one it proved. The enemy turned out and occupied a small nullah under the guns of the fort and about 150 yards in front of our trenches. Gholam Hussan Khan, who was commanding in the trenches at the time, pushed forward his men to meet

them, and a severe and well-contested light infantry skirmish ensued. I never saw anything so extraordinary as the way in which the sharpshooters on both sides, but especially the Pathans on my side, seemed to find cover on ground that appeared naturally to afford little. They seemed, even when loading, to keep as close to the ground as sacks of wheat. The fight lasted for three or four hours, and when it was over, our bill was, one man killed and five wounded; that of the enemy, seven killed and a number wounded. We had also two horses killed and a man wounded by a roundshot in camp. My Pathans behaved very gallantly. The fight was prolonged for some time by the circumstance of a Sing being shot in the open between the two parties, and his friends wishing to carry off the body while his late enemies wished, if possible, to prevent this. At last some of the Sings stole up and fastened a rope to the dead man's leg and then dragged him back to their cover. My men were exposed to cannonade from the fort as well as to the fire of their immediate adversaries. I did my best to give our fellows a lift by bringing down the zumboorahs opposite the nullah, thereby enfilading the enemy.

'*December* 18.—The enemy, rather sickened by the fight of yesterday, kept within their walls. I received a message from their adjutant of artillery that, if I would give him a free pass, he would come out of the fort with all the Mussulmans. I gave him this, but he did not come.

'*December* 19. — Witnessed a dreadful sight in the morning. Proceeding as usual on my morning round of the batteries, I came upon a group of men surrounding a prostrate individual. I have seen all sorts of wounds by

cannon, bullet, and sword, but never aught so appalling as this. Imagine a man in full health and strength, with all his senses about him, eyes in full play, &c., but with the whole of the jawbones, teeth, nose, tongue and everything blown clean away by a roundshot, and then believe me when I say that for three or four seconds I was under the impression that the unfortunate was Gholam Hussan Khan, my chief adviser and assistant, the dress being similar. It turned out, however, to be another man, who had (how strange is fate in such matters!) only arrived the night before. It was a dreadful picture of war and its agreeabilities.

'*December* 20.—The trenches are carrying on daily, but the ground is very hard and the tools of the country very inferior. Meer Alim Khan is threatening to come down with three or four hundred men and throw himself into the fort to reinforce the garrison. To guard against this I have for two nights been obliged to turn out a force to keep a look-out for him, and have enlisted the Murwut mullicks to watch the roads and prevent any parties coming from Bunnoo.

'*December* 21.—Beautiful weather now, clear, cold, and frosty, but the cold is excessive. That horrid fort stands between me and the pageant at Mooltan. How am I to get rid of it? I am afraid the Derah pop-guns are not equal to sweeping it from my path.

'*December* 22.—Trenches going on, and the enemy tolerably quiet.

'*December* 23.—The garrison sent for one Golah Shah of this place, begging him to make terms for them with me.

'I let the matter go on, but continued making my batteries and preparing for war. The report of the advent of the Dooranees has greatly cooled down now.

'*December* 24 (*Sunday*).—No firing. The main battery ready. It appeared to me that the garrison had really some wish to come to terms, and I therefore said that I would not fire in the morning till I heard how Golah Shah had sped in his mission. Took a sketch of the snowy mountains of Koorrum.

'*December* 25 (*Christmas Day*).—Dear old Fitty's birthday.

'Waited till mid-day, when Golah Shah reported that the garrison were making difficulties. I saw the whole thing was humbug, so proceeded immediately to the batteries and ordered the guns to be opened on the fort. No sooner said than done, and before we had fired three shots the fort guns returned the compliment. The enemy's fire was certainly formidable. Their third shot hit one of our guns in the muzzle, striking it like a bell. Another, soon after, struck a board filling up a spare embrasure and knocked down a gunner who was near it. Every shot of theirs either struck the battery or flew just over it, and every other minute we were enveloped in a cloud of earth and dust struck up by a shot. Our fire was lamentably weak; the shot are so small that they make no impression on the walls.

'*December* 26.—Batteries playing but doing little damage. Our batteries go to pieces with our own fire. I have made gabions for them, but the materials are very bad.

'Six men deserted from the fort.

'*December* 27.—Two men came out of the fort. They report that the night before last Metah Sing got into the fort with four or five men. It remains to be seen whether he has brought any promises of reinforcements. This is untoward, and owing to the difficulties of investing a place in a hostile country with a small and inadequate force.

'Heard in the evening that some Sikh and Dooranee horse had been seen at a place a short distance from this. The intelligence reached me about ten P.M., and I immediately turned out strong parties to occupy positions on the roads. Went out with the cavalry myself. The fort people in much agitation, burning blue lights and firing continuously.

'*December* 28.—A man of ours wanted a sword to-day, so started for the neighbourhood of the fort, and there squatted down with some Sings who were washing themselves, professing to be a traveller. After a few minutes' affectionate conversation he snatched up one of the Sings' swords and bolted, followed by an awful hullabaloo and a shower of round and small shot, but carrying off his prize in safety.

'*December* 29.—Heard from Edwardes in the morning that he was going to send off a thousand men to my assistance.

'Having decided to take up positions in the town of Lukkee I sent Khuda Buksh Khan with 400 men and some auxiliaries to march round by the village of old Lukkee, enter the new town, and take up positions which, with our advanced parallel, will complete the investment of the fort.

'*December* 30.—Three men wounded. A man in the fort lost both his arms yesterday by a roundshot.

'I hear rumours of the possible approach of the Sikhs, and also of the Dooranees. The enemy's zumboorah balls ricochet in the most ungentlemanly fashion, rendering any rampart useless. I saw a man wounded by a zumboorah ball to-day, when standing completely behind the rampart.

'*December* 31.—Sunday. Stopped the firing in the batteries. Heard from the mullicks that they had received purwannahs from Khoajah Mahomet Khan, in which every one is directed to quit me. This is serious; but what is to be done?

'Good-night all.

'*January* 1.—Good-bye to '48. It is chalked up on the list; its acts and accidents are unalterable, and, like a dead man's character, it must undergo severe criticism, reproach, and misrepresentation without a possibility of repairing errors, making amends, or refuting calumny.

'Opened the batteries cheerfully in the morning, making some good practice, but all to little purpose. Our guns are so indifferent that, with the most careful laying, we cannot, even at this short distance, make sure of hitting within ten yards of the same place twice running.

'*January* 2.—More reports of the Dooranees. These horrid reports keep the hopes of the Lukkee garrison alive and double my difficulties.

'*January* 3.—The report is very strong again that the Dooranees are coming. I hardly know what to believe, but have to keep both eyes very wide open.

'Went to the trenches during the night, and while there a great hullabaloo took place. Some men sent by Meer

Alim Khan tried to get into the fort, and some succeeded. The hubbub in the fort was great, and we thought they were mustering for an attack on the trenches. We could hear their conversation and understood they came from Meer Alim Khan, that there were more behind, &c. I was therefore obliged to turn out 200 men to strengthen the pickets and keep good watch outside the town; and two more men were subsequently seized.

'*January* 4.—No particular news.

'*January* 5.—Commenced making our new battery, which is close on the nullah, and very near the fort. The garrison are making a ravelin to protect their ditch and wall; rather a bore, as it is in the very place where I intended to mine. The military spirit of the rascals is admirable, but I had rather they had less of it.

'*January* 6.—Heard by a native letter that Mooltan city had been taken.[1] Grand news.

'*January* 7.—Received another letter confirming the account of the capture of the city of Mooltan, so ordered a salute to be fired in the batteries, the guns being turned away from the fort for the purpose. The garrison fired roundshot among us as an answer to our salute. This was all swagger. The fall of Mooltan is death to the hopes of the rebels, and they are not good for an inch of ground between the Sutlej and the Indus. We are getting very near the fort now; one could see a cock sparrow on the parapet wink from the foremost parallel. No overlands; I have not received a letter since I know not when.

'*January* 8.—Three men wounded in the trenches today. We are hard put to it for a rolling sap, as there is no

[1] Mooltan city fell on January 2.

wood in the country suitable. We tried sacks stuffed with Boosah (chopped straw), but the garrison guns soon walked a couple of roundshot through them. I have now sewn four sacks together, and had them stuffed with cotton. These will afford protection against musketry but not against roundshot; earth banks are the only safe stoppers for them.

'*January* 9.—We had a severe cannonade and fusillade to-day, and an orderly of mine had his arm smashed by a roundshot. The garrison lost six men killed.

'At night, when I was in the trenches, a man came into our lines from the fort, and it subsequently transpired that he had come to sue for terms for the whole garrison.

'*January* 10.—Our batteries opened a spirited fire this morning, and kept it up so well that at last some impression appeared to be made on the wall and part actually fell. Golah Shah Syud went, with my permission, to see what the fort people would say. I told him I must have their request in writing, and that he must be answerable for their not playing false. He returned in a short time with a petition from the garrison, couched in very mild terms, requesting that they might have their pay and a safe conduct to the river. These conditions I eventually granted if they would come out at once, as I feared that a night's reflection would be fatal.

'Before night my Thannah (guard) was placed in the fort.

'So much for Lukkee.

'*January* 11.—Rode early to see the fort, which has suffered severely. It contains two excellent guns, a mortar, and four large zumboorahs.

'I was quite overwhelmed by the congratulations of my own men, and encountered the hearty "Mobareek!" ("Well done!") at every turn. Insignificant as the affair is, compared to what is going on in the great world, I am very thankful that it has had a successful issue. In all common probability my future employment will be in these provinces, and having been successful in a military undertaking like the present will give me a certain influence in the country.

'So much for Lukkee.'

Yes, but it will not do to leave it thus. It is necessary to refer to the view taken of Reynell Taylor's performance by those under whom he served. In a letter to the Resident at Lahore, dated January 19, Edwardes writes:—

'I feel sure that Lieutenant Taylor will already have earned your warmest approbation, by completing the reduction of Lukkee, the key of the Derajat, in the face of an obstinate resistance from within and the most discouraging rumours of Dooranee invasion from without; this too, without one regular soldier, and with means which would have been altogether inadequate in the hands of anyone less resolute. The value of the fort of Lukkee is well understood upon the Trans-Indus frontier, and the rapid and unexpected march of Dost Mahomed's son from Khorassan to Bunnoo was solely to raise the siege of that place; and had he succeeded (that is, had he arrived twenty-four hours sooner) Lieutenant Taylor must have fallen back behind the Peyzoo pass, in Tâk, leaving Murwut and Esakhail in the hands of the Dooranees, a reverse which would have placed the rest of the Derajat in danger and necessitated the despatch of a regular brigade, at

least, Trans-Indus, to prevent the left flank of Lord Gough's operations from being turned. As it is, I believe that Lieutenant Taylor will be able to confine the Dooranees to Bunnoo, and preserve the peace of the frontier throughout the war, without the assistance of one regular soldier from the army of the Punjab.'

'I concur with you,' writes the Resident in answer to this letter of Edwardes's, 'in all you say of the gallantry and good conduct of Lieutenant Taylor, which entitle him to very high praise.

'Lieutenant Taylor's perseverance, gallantry, and judicious and vigorous arrangements in the siege against Lukkee are most creditable to him; and his success, at this moment, may be of great benefit to our interests in the Derajat.'

From 'The Camp, Ferozepore,' came this :—

'The Governor-General directs that you will communicate to Lieutenant Taylor his Lordship's praise for the gallantry and perseverance displayed by that officer in his proceedings at Lukkee.'

Once more, and I have done. In the Devonshire home where Reynell Taylor's wife and family now live, there is a silent monument to this same siege of Lukkee. It is a Sikh mortar, and on it is the following inscription :—

SIKH MORTAR.

Taken at Lukkee, on the Indus, January 1849, by the Irregular Force under Lieutenant Reynell G. Taylor, and presented to him in token of regard and approval by Sir H. Lawrence, K.C.B., President of the Board of Administration, Lahore.

CHAPTER VII.

ANNEXATION—WORK IN BUNNOO.

1849–1852.

REYNELL TAYLOR'S first care on gaining possession of Lukkee was to prepare for immediate contingencies. His position was a most critical one, and there was cause indeed for the gravest anxiety. The citadel of Mooltan still held out against us; the army under Lord Gough had not as yet gained any decided success Cis-Indus; Attock had fallen into the enemy's hands after a most gallant resistance; Dhuleepgurh was occupied by Mahomed Azim Khan with three thousand men; and Reynell Taylor's small force, as he writes himself, 'was the only obstacle to aggression west of the Jhelum.' Nothing daunted, however, he set to work with a will to fill in his trenches with all speed, to repair the damage the fort had sustained, and to take up a position before the walls for fighting if necessary. At the same time he wrote to Edwardes and to the Resident, asking for reinforcements, and pointing out the risk there was of an immediate invasion of the Derajat by the Afghans. 'The expression used by one and all of the chiefs here,' he writes to Henry Lawrence, is 'to the effect that in the grand game now playing Mooltan is an important affair, and the campaign on the Jhelum is important

too, but that stopping up this road and warding off Afghan aggression here is equal in importance to either of them This is the opinion of Mussulmans of more than ordinary intelligence, and I must say that, in a minor degree, it is my own, in so far that it appears to me that if our armies are to cross the Jhelum their flank would be turned by an Afghan army descending into the Derajat. Of the local injury and ruin of our influence that would ensue I need say nothing.'

For ten days after the fall of Lukkee 'no news, good, bad, or indifferent,' reached him, but on January 21 he learnt 'that an action had been fought, and the Sikhs defeated, at Chillianwallah,' and on the same day he heard also of the approach of reinforcements under Pearse (afterwards Major-General and C.B.), amounting to 1,000 irregulars and two companies of regular infantry. This was followed, four days later, by still better news, and on January 25 he writes in his diary :—'My birthday, making me twenty-seven — tremendous age! At night received first a letter from Pollock, dated the 21st, saying that either Moolraj would come in or they would go in the next day, and immediately afterwards came an express from Edwardes conveying the joyful announcement that Moolraj had given in and was a prisoner in Napier's tent. The news spread like wildfire in my camp, and all the Khans came tumbling out of their beds to congratulate me. We fired no end of a salute and wakened the echoes of the hills all round.'

Still many anxious days followed, and it was not until February 6 that he was joined by Pearse's reinforcements. Constant references are made at this time to letters from friends congratulating him on his success at Lukkee, and

one of these runs :—' Received a letter to-day (6th) from the Governor-General, containing his approbation of the Lukkee business, my first communication from Lord Dalhousie. I am a lucky fellow, to be sure, to have gained the approval of all friends and companions.'

The reinforcements which had now reached him nearly doubled the strength of his army, but the new troops do not appear to have been very dependable, for on the 11th he writes :—' I yesterday heard, through a spy, that some of the Sikhs in camp were plotting to join Mahomed Azim, so to-night I sent some men of my own to them in disguise, professing to be messengers from the Sirdar. John Sing fell into the trap completely, sent all kinds of affectionate messages to the Sirdar, and amongst other things asserted that the report of the fall of Mooltan was all a lie. Pleasant allies these.'

As Reynell Taylor's force increased at Lukkee, so Mahomed Azim's appeared to do at Dhuleepgurh, and daily salutes were to be heard in that direction as fresh recruits joined his standard. There was no lack of reports of the advance of the Dooranees, but on the 19th an end was finally put to all anxiety from this quarter. ' While sitting outside my tent to-day a man came struggling through the sentries, trying to make his way towards me, but as he would not tell his errand, of course he failed in his object. When he found that he could get no nearer, he roared out from the place where he stood that the Dooranees *had bolted.* This news was quickly confirmed by a dozen other messengers, who arrived in breathless haste and with blistered feet, each anxious to be the first to communicate the intelligence, and to earn the reward of

the bringer of good tidings.' Reynell Taylor immediately despatched a strong force under Gholam Hussan Khan to seize Dhuleepgurh, and on the 22nd further reinforcements under Pollock (now Sir Richard Pollock, K.C.S.I.) having come in, his position in the Derajat was secured.

Meanwhile, on February 21, the great army of the Khalsa received its death-blow at Gujerat. Rumours of the fight reached Reynell Taylor on the 28th, but these were not confirmed until March 1, when he received a full account of the battle from Hodson. On the same day a letter reached him from Henry Lawrence, proposing that he should advance on Kohat and Peshawur and co-operate with General Gilbert, who was then employed in driving the remains of the Sikh army northwards.

The force at Reynell Taylor's disposal had now risen to upwards of 6,000 men, and he calculated that, after providing for the garrison of Lukkee, Dhuleepgurh, and Esakhail, he would be able to take the field with 4,000 cavalry and infantry and 9 horse artillery guns.

In a long and able letter in answer to the Resident's suggestions, he lays before him his plan of advance, and, after asking that further reinforcements, as well as ammunition and money, may be sent him, he concludes :—'You call upon me to say whether I think myself competent to lead an army into one of the most difficult countries I have ever seen, Huzara perhaps excepted. It would, of course, be gross presumption in me to entertain an idea of the kind, but, under the circumstances, I cannot see that you could find at a moment's notice any man more likely to be equal to the task. Major Edwardes and General Cortlandt are both thoroughly employed at Mooltan, and

Nicholson, Lumsden, and others have all their parts to play. I have seen the country, and know something of the people, and should hope to acquit myself as a man. I have a tried hand in my second in command in Pollock; and Pearse, MacMahon, and James are all good men and true.'

Reynell Taylor's first move was to send Pollock with the Esakhail horse to Kala Bagh to open communication with Gilbert if possible, and to learn all he could of the condition of the Kohat country. He then, in view of the possible destruction of the bridge of boats at Attock by the Afghans, seized all the boats within reach on the Indus, and sent them up to Kala Bagh; and on the 23rd, after throwing a strong garrison into Lukkee, he set out with the remainder of his force to join Pollock.

There was, by this time, little chance of further opposition, and on April 3 Reynell Taylor occupied Kohat without resistance.

I cannot do better than quote here a few lines written by Sir Richard Pollock, which refer to this period of Reynell Taylor's life :—

'Directly Mooltan fell I was sent off in a hurry to Taylor's assistance, and I was very soon sent on by him to Kala Bagh. Well do I remember Reynell Taylor's simple life and self-devotion while I was with him. He was literally on duty day and night, and encouraging all around him by his example. I can say undoubtedly that in all my official life I was never associated with any official superior who influenced me so greatly, or who so won my admiration. His was the most beautiful career I have ever seen. Of the religious side of his life I need say

nothing, except perhaps this, that though in after years we seldom or never met, I always looked upon him as a close friend in the best sense of the word—as one who had shown me, more than any human being I have met, how high a standard a Christian could not only aspire to, but actually live up to. I believe his sense of duty was never dormant.'

While Reynell Taylor was thus busily engaged Trans-Indus, important events had taken place at Lahore. The fatal proclamation had been read on March 30; the land of the Five Rivers had ceased to be a separate kingdom; the arms had been taken away from the soldiery; the Crown jewels had been confiscated; the descendant of the great Runjeet Sing had been deposed and the throne overturned; and well might the Sikhs say 'that Runjeet was indeed dead,' for his territories had now become a part of the British Empire in India.

The news of the annexation reached Reynell Taylor the day after he had occupied Kohat, and he writes in his diary:—'*Annexation!* Received a letter and copy of the proclamation from Coxe, and also a letter from Sir Henry, from which I think he disapproves of the above measure.' And here the diaries come abruptly to an end.

Of the numerous letters Reynell Taylor received from those high in office, congratulating him on his exploits in the Derajat, only one has been preserved: it is from Sir F. Currie, and is dated Lahore, March 29:—'I congratulate you,' he writes, 'with all my heart on your success. Your exertions have been most valuable; to them are owing the present allegiance of the Derajat and great part of the Sindh Sagur Doab, and I rejoice to learn that your con-

duct is appreciated here and at home, and to believe that you have secured promotion and distinction. They cannot reward you beyond your merits. I hope Lord Dalhousie will have you king of Bunnoo—it is fairly your province; and if you chose to hold out against an order to remove, it would take an army to dislodge you.'

In proposing a vote of thanks to the army in the House of Commons, Sir John Hobhouse referred to Reynell Taylor's services in the following words:—'Lieutenant Taylor was employed in Bunnoo. He was sent to try and release the British prisoners at Peshawur, and his conduct is well spoken of in a despatch from the Governor-General. (Hear, hear.) It is one of the peculiar characteristics of the British officer that when, even after a comparatively short period of service, he is placed in situations of the highest responsibility, he shows himself equal to that responsibility, and performs his duty with all the judgment that can be expected from more mature and long experience.'

For his services Reynell Taylor received the war medal and clasp, and from a Lieutenant he was made Local Major in the Punjab, his rank being confirmed in the army in the following year.[1] But there was something more than this. The Punjab was now to be governed by a Board of Administration, composed of three members—Henry Lawrence, John Lawrence, and Charles Greville Mansell. The newly annexed province was to be divided into seven divisions, and to each of these a Commissioner was to be appointed. Under the Commissioners were to be a number

[1] Taylor was gazetted Captain December 15, 1851, and Major the following day.

of Deputy Commissioners, assisted by a further staff of Assistant and extra Assistant Commissioners, drawn from the uncovenanted servants of Government. These last two classes were either Europeans, Indo-Britons, or natives of pure descent, but the higher posts were held by the very pick of the Indian services.[1] A great number of officers had already been collected to fill these appointments previous to the issue of the proclamation, and these were now rapidly distributed over the different divisions. Bunnoo, to which was now added Derah Ishmael Khan, fell to Reynell Taylor, and on March 31 he was appointed Deputy Commissioner of the Northern Derajat, or Derah Ishmael Khan district. Some idea of the extent of his jurisdiction may be realised from the following figures. It measured from end to end 150 miles; its average breadth varied from 50 to 60 miles; it embraced 10,300 square miles of country, and contained a population numbering no less than 700,000 souls. Of the character of the inhabitants we have already seen something; but this district, which is quoted in the Punjab Reports as 'in every respect the most important of the whole of the Derajat,' which was bordered by wild tribes acting in open hostility to the Government, and in which there were no roads or fortified posts, had now to be held and governed by Reynell Taylor with a small force of police and irregular troops only.

The task was a heavy one. The fiscal department had to be set in order; justice had to be administered; a force of police had to be organised, and a stop put to crime; roads had to be laid out; agriculture and trade fostered and encouraged; the mines of the Salt Range had to be taken

[1] Kaye's *Sepoy War*, vol. i. p. 52.

in hand, and the conflicting interests of many claimants in the wild region between Bahadoor Khail and Meeranzye settled and arranged for; the interests of the peaceable portion of the population had to be protected; and, perhaps the most difficult thing of all in such a country, the incursions of the wild tribes from the mountains had to be guarded against all along the border.

I cannot venture into these, or into the many other matters which came under Reynell Taylor's supervision during the next three years, even were there any materials among the papers enabling me to do so. Many of the questions he had to settle were of a very complex character such, for instance, as satisfying the claims of the men of the native levies who had done us such good service, and whose interests had now to be looked after; or defining the rights and interests of certain tribes in the salt mines; or mediating in the case of blood feuds. All these matters and many more, deeply engaged his attention; some were settled, but others, as in the case of tribal feuds, were altogether beyond his reach, and remained unsettled long after his connection with the district ceased.

But though Reynell Taylor has left no record of his work as Deputy Commissioner of the Upper Derajat, one of those who worked under him at this time—General Holled Coxe—has put together some notes which he has most kindly entrusted to me, and I cannot do better, therefore, than quote from the writings of so able an eye-witness.

'I think,' he writes, 'that the difficulties attending the administration of districts during the early part of our rule in the Punjab have hardly been sufficiently appreciated.

'These were serious enough in the central parts of the province, but they assumed far larger proportions when to internal management was added the care of an extended frontier, where the tribes within our limits were hardly reclaimed from savagery, and those beyond the border recognised no law but their own will, which, in the matter of aggression on our subjects, was only limited by their power of offence.

'The means placed at Reynell Taylor's disposal for the military and civil supervision of the district were at first ludicrously inadequate. The military force at Bunnoo consisted of one regular police battalion and a detail of irregular levies, and with these he held the frontier until more than a year had elapsed, when he was joined by a detachment of the Guide Corps. It was not until early in 1851, nearly two years after annexation, that the arrival of the 2nd Punjab Cavalry under Captain Browne (now Sir S. Browne, V.C.), a corps of Punjab infantry, and a battery of artillery, placed the garrison of Bunnoo on a regular footing, and gave Taylor some relief from the pressure of military work, of which, so far, he had had to bear the entire responsibility in addition to his civil and political duties.

'At Derah Ishmael Khan matters were on a better footing. Within a few months after annexation the station of Derah, which was about forty or fifty miles from the frontier—not like Bunnoo, under its very shadow—was garrisoned by a regiment of Punjab cavalry, one of infantry, a regular police battalion, and a battery of artillery. Taylor was fortunate in the presence of two excellent officers in the Derah garrison—Younghusband (now

General Younghusband, C.S.I.), who commanded the police battalion, and Fitzgerald, commanding the 5th Punjab Cavalry. Pearse, who had done good service at Mooltan, was for a short time in charge of the civil departments, and was succeeded by Simson, a distinguished officer of the Bengal Civil Service, and subsequently Judge of the chief court; and as his assistant in Bunnoo for nearly two years after, when I joined him in 1851, Reynell Taylor had MacMahon, who had distinguished himself in action at Mooltan.

'As clerks for preparing the voluminous accounts which were called for, and which were all the more complicated from the entire absence of any previous system, and from the irregularity with which the revenue had been collected hitherto, Taylor was furnished with two half-caste writers, who had no single recommendation beyond that of writing a legible hand. They had had no training of any kind, and were utterly ignorant of method in keeping accounts.'

With a staff so inadequate as this, it is no wonder the revenue settlement in the Upper Derajat remained uncompleted for some considerable time after annexation, and in explanation of this the Punjab Reports for 1849–51 state that 'Major Taylor was so much absorbed with the defence of the frontier and the superintendence of the military details, all of which for the first two years fell to his lot, that he found it impracticable to assess the land tax. Out of some five lacs of revenue only two were assessed, the remainder of the revenue being collected mainly in kind.'

To secure peace within the border was Reynell Taylor's first care. During the time he was at Dhuleepgurh in 1848, he had established a certain number of fortified posts in

the neighbourhood of the frontier, and he now added to these and connected them by roads. But in some places the district was even then ill-protected against the constant raids of Wuzeeree tribesmen, and Reynell Taylor writes that he would 'not have been surprised at being called up any night to find the whole of the Meree villages in flames.' By degrees the attacks became more frequent, and at last he was authorised to allow one line of villages on the outer circle of Bunnoo to repair their defences and to furnish the inhabitants with the arms of the old Sikh corps. As the villages in question rebuilt their walls, a continual line of posts in close proximity to the roads was established and greater tranquillity secured. But even then, and in spite of constant patrols both by day and night, the mountain tribes still continued their attacks, and it was necessary to be at all times prepared. 'Rockets,' writes General Coxe, 'were distributed at the outposts to be fired at the first indication of danger; the old native custom of beating a drum at a threatened point, from whence it was taken up by the neighbouring villages in succession, was utilised; details of horse and foot were held ready to turn out at the first alarm; and when there was any considerable gathering of Wuzeerees on the neighbouring hills, the roads and the river bed were patrolled all night.'

The various tribes of Wuzeerees lived in a great measure by plunder, and it was found almost impossible to keep them in check; but justice overtook some of them in the end, and after we had borne with them for years their country was entered, and they received the chastisement they so richly merited. In one of the expeditions undertaken against the Wuzeerees some years later, Reynell

Taylor played an important part, but I shall come to this in due course.

I must pass to another point. After annexation we necessarily assumed direct control of the salt mines, and those lying Cis-Indus were placed under Reynell Taylor's jurisdiction, as the range in which they were situated traversed his district. In referring to this General Coxe writes :—' In addition to providing for the safety of his own proper frontier, Taylor was saddled with another difficult charge, the supervision of the Bahadoor Khail salt mines on the north-east of the Bunnoo district. This charge should properly have devolved on the Deputy Commissioner of Kohat, and subsequently it was transferred to that officer's jurisdiction.

' The mines produced an inferior kind of salt, which the more civilised communities east of the Indus would have despised ; but it was in universal use among the Wuzeerees, who regarded our setting up a regular establishment for the working and protection of the mines with extreme disfavour.

' Before our advent there was some rude kind of understanding between the Wuzeerees and Khutuks, in whose country the mines were situated, but I fancy the Wuzeerees, from their superior power and numbers, had pretty much their own way. The regular system now introduced, of paying ready money for salt purchased, was so offensive to them that they kept up a constant petty warfare in the neighbourhood, robbing and often murdering travellers, and on one or two occasions even making organised attacks upon the garrison detailed for the protection of the mines.

' This charge added greatly to Taylor's labours : there

was a constant correspondence with the officer commanding the post, occasional visits in person, frequent communication with the Board of Administration, and numerous cases for judicial treatment connected with thefts and murders in the vicinity of the mines. In fact, the management of Bahadoor Khail alone was almost enough for one man.'

That Reynell Taylor's health should have held out in the face of the severe strain his responsibilities entailed upon him says something for his *physique*, but during the three years of his Deputy Commissionership he remained at his post working in a manner that I am only faintly able to describe, and through all that time I cannot discover that he was once incapacitated by real sickness. Work, especially desk work, did not come easy to him, and his extreme anxiety never to settle anything until he had gone to the very bottom of it and thrashed it out in every detail often added considerably to the difficulties of his position. All he did was done most thoroughly, but a certain want of method caused his arrears of correspondence to increase occasionally to an alarming extent, and thus, though nothing was ever neglected, his work was carried through with unnecessary labour to himself. 'If he had a fault,' writes Sir Richard Pollock, 'it was a virtue carried to excess. His over conscientiousness now and again caused injustice by delays that might have been avoided, and in criminal cases, especially where a life or lives hung on his decision, he quite tortured himself to get at all possible details and circumstances before taking the responsibility of acquitting or condemning.'

In the earlier pages of this volume there have occurred

from time to time accounts of sporting expeditions, and though Reynell Taylor remained a keen sportsman to the end of his days he seldom after this allowed himself time for suchlike healthy exercise. He seems to have eschewed even the games he was most fond of, and though he lost none of his interest in them he seldom engaged in them himself. 'He would allow himself,' writes General Coxe, 'no recreation, and during the many years I passed in intimate association with him I could never induce him to join our shooting-parties, or even take the occasional recreation of a game of cricket or rackets.'

But it was during the hot season especially that Reynell Taylor was tied to his desk, for at this time of year the Wuzeeree tribes withdrew from the lower hills, and the border was left, in a measure, in peace. From June to September he was consequently more able to turn his attention to judicial and other matters, and it was then that he remained at work from early morning till late at night, never going out except for half an hour before sun-down for a much-needed gallop or walk. So much, indeed, was this the case that the remark, 'Here comes Taylor, as usual, with the bats,' was a standing joke with those about him.

In the cold season it was different. For eight months in the year he could never count on a night's rest, and he frequently had to ride off at a moment's notice a distance of thirty or forty miles, and take up his quarters in the open with his rough escort at some threatened point of attack. The intimate knowledge of the ground possessed by the tribes, and the extraordinary rapidity of their movements, caused Taylor's small force to be always on

the watch, but it was the example he set himself that was of such inestimable value, and when he was succeeded in his wardenship it is officially recorded that double the number of troops were then found insufficient to protect the frontier.

Upon the improvements he effected in the country I need not dwell; suffice it to say that under his rule many miles of new roads were made; large tracts which had hitherto been covered by thorn jungle were cleared for cultivation, particularly in the case of an extensive waste called the Nar; the trade of the country gradually increased, and the inhabitants enjoyed a tranquillity to which they had long been strangers.

In April 1852, after having been in India for nearly twelve years, Reynell Taylor applied for leave to return to England. The application was granted, and in May he was succeeded in the Deputy Commissionership by Nicholson.

Among the papers that have been entrusted to me there are two letters dealing with this period which show better than any words of mine the estimation in which Reynell Taylor's official superiors held both his character and his services. The first of these is from a Governor-General whose words have sometimes been quoted as not a little sharp and inconsiderate. It runs thus :—

'My dear Taylor,—The power of encouraging and rewarding such men as yourself, is one of the few things which makes the labour and anxiety of ruling men in some degree bearable. I have seen your progress with great satisfaction. I earnestly hope you may have future

opportunities for gaining distinction, which you are so well fitted to win. Farewell, my dear Taylor.

'Always yours sincerely,

'DALHOUSIE.'

The second is from the Board of Administration :—

'Sir,—On the occasion of your leaving Derah Ishmael Khan to proceed to Europe the Board have desired me to thank you for the zealous, able, and conciliatory conduct which has distinguished you since you came under their orders, answering most fully to the high expectations which their previous knowledge of your character had led them to entertain. They do not hesitate to say that the comparative tranquillity of the Bunnoo and Derah Ishmael Khan frontier and district during the last three years, has been mainly owing to the energy, promptness, and judgment by which your proceedings have been marked.

'P. MELVILL, *Secretary.*'

Higher praise than this could not well be given, and these two letters bring to a fitting close the most eventful half perhaps of Reynell Taylor's life. As one of a number of picked men, known as the 'Wardens of the Marches,' his services had been of no common order ; but though the condition of the Upper Derajat rendered his post one of peculiar difficulty and danger, he would have been the last to claim that he did either more than others or more than was his duty. When he had done a thing, even though the service was exceptional, he had almost a horror of being praised for it or being spoken to about it. Nothing he disliked more than to hear a man dilating upon his own exploits, and to such a one he would remark

good-naturedly :—'I should not say too much about it if I were you. You did your duty as best you could, and that's enough.'

Reynell Taylor was one among many who bore the burden and heat of the day in our early connection with the Punjab; he toiled as others toiled, seeking for no particular reward, and content in that glow of satisfaction which comes, and must ever come, in return for work well done.

Perhaps it were better to leave it thus.

'All speech and rumour,' says the sage, 'is short-lived, foolish, untrue. Genuine work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World Builder himself. Stand thou by that, and let "Fame" and the rest of it go prating.'

CHAPTER VIII

RETURN HOME. DHURMSALA DURING THE MUTINY.

1852–1859.

THERE are few moments of happiness in a man's life excelling those which bring to an end a long period of separation, and there are few men who are better able to appreciate such moments than those who, after braving dangers by sea or by land, return once more to the shelter of their own homes. One thing alone is wanting then to fill the cup to the full—the circle must be intact; there must be no gaps.

And such was Reynell Taylor's fortune. After twelve eventful years he returned home to find the same faces to welcome him—father and mother, sisters and brothers; and when he reached Sandhurst on July 9, 1852, all the members of the family then in England were assembled there to meet him. Such a home-coming, after so long an interval, is not allowed to many.

I have little to tell of the first part of Reynell Taylor's leave in England, for there is not much that is worthy of note in the few scattered fragments I have been able to collect. Compton, Haccombe, and Fallapit were, of course, always open to him, and he spent much of his time hunting and shooting at either one or the other. At Compton he had, in his brother-in-law, Lord Willoughby de Broke, the

Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, and at Haccombe and Fallapit, though the Haccombe kennels were no longer tenanted and Mr. Fortescue had given up his harriers, he hunted over the Tiverton and Dartmoor countries with Mr. T. Carew and 'Squire' Trelawnay respectively.

After a winter spent in this way the whole family met at Sandhurst for Ascot races, the 4th June at Eton, and the great camp and review at Chobham. Sir Walter Carew had his coach at Sandhurst, so locomotion was made easy, and the party was finally brought to a close by a visit to London, where the father, the sisters, and the three brothers attended the Queen's Drawing-room together. Later on in the summer the greater part of the family met again at the Kingstown regatta, the Carews and the Willoughbys being there in the 'Beatrice,' and the Fortescues in the 'Fancy.' Reynell Taylor joined them in July, visiting the Dublin Exhibition and being present at the review in the Phœnix Park. A tour in the South of Ireland followed, 'the pleasure of which,' writes one, 'will never be forgotten. The genial party on the coach, the lovely weather, the beautiful scenery, and the under-current of fun that always accompanied Reynell's thoughts and ways, are bright spots indeed to look back to.'

So the summer months flew by and winter came again bringing with it a fresh train of occupations and amusements. Troubles and sorrows seemed far off, no doubt; as far off as they always do until sunny smiles are suddenly replaced by hot tears, and lithe hearts give way before a dull aching sense of pain. It is ever so, and ever will be so. In the whirl of life and the mad race after a phantom; in the quick 'five-and-forty minutes,' when we pride ourselves

in being well placed; in the rush through the dancing waves, two planks under, in a fresh breeze; in the battle and the march; and in the heart's desire attained at last, do we think of the scythesman at our elbow, who is mowing us down at the rate of sixty a minute all the world over, and ready in the next sweep, perhaps, to take us too among the rest? Why should we? Are we to meet trouble half way, or are we to say to ourselves: 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?' Because the Egyptians were wont in former times to set up a corpse at the table, are we in these days, when luxury has come to be a fine art, are we to do the same? Are we to have ever before our eyes the famished wanderer, the tattered heap of rags there sleeping on the cold flags? Let every man answer these questions, each for himself.

Sorrow comes ever suddenly, and in the midst of their happiness a heavy trouble fell on the Taylor family, for in the winter of 1853–4 Thomas William Taylor was taken to his long home. He had been staying at Kineton in December, but left there before Christmas for Haccombe. Here he caught cold and was confined to his bed. Reynell Taylor was sent for, and the old soldier's few remaining days were gladdened by the presence of his youngest son, 'his Benjamin,' as he loved to call him, who scarcely ever left his side.

At the end of the first week of the new year inflammation of the lungs supervened, and on January 8, 1854, conscious to the last, he died. Yet stay. A few moments before the end Reynell Taylor approached the bed, and saluting his father, asked in Hindostanee, '*Kuchh hookum hai, sahib?*' ('Have you any further orders,

sir?'). The old General replied in the same language, and then his spirit fled.

Late in the evening of January 16, when the earth was covered in a white mantle and the moon shone brightly in a clear sky, the body was conveyed from Haccombe to Ogwell House, and behind, tramping in the snow, followed Reynell Taylor as the sole guard. Ogwell House was untenanted at the time, and the family met there the next day for the funeral in Denbury Churchyard. 'When we were all waiting,' writes one of the family, 'my sister called my attention to my brother's expression. It conveyed the same thought to both our minds, that the evening's moonlight walk, and the watch in the silent home, had raised his thoughts far above all earthly sorrow; it was truly as if he heard a voice from heaven, saying: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; for they rest from their labours."'

But it is time to brush away the tears; the transition from sorrow and trouble to a degree of happiness again has, thank God, nothing impossible in it.

'Tis sometimes natural to be glad,
And no man can be always sad
Unless he wills to have it so.

And as sorrow gives place to joy again, so bells in the same church tower toll sorrowfully or ring joyfully—one day for a dear brother departed, the next for two young hearts united, and thus

This chequer'd life jogs on, and so
The world keeps rolling.

Within a year of General Taylor's death Reynell

Taylor was married to Ann Holdsworth, daughter of Arthur Holdsworth, Esq., of Widdicombe, Devon. The wedding took place on December 14, 1854, in Stohenham Church, the parish church of Widdicombe, and the honeymoon was spent at the Rectory, East Ogwell.

Taylor's leave was now drawing rapidly to a close. The few remaining weeks left him were spent at the different family homes, and on February 4, 1855, in company with a wife only seventeen years of age, he set sail again for India.

After an uneventful voyage he reached Calcutta on March 21, being met by his brother, with whom he stayed for a few days at Bancoolah.

During Taylor's absence an important change had taken place in the government of the Punjab. Henry Lawrence had retired, the Board of Administration had been abolished, and John Lawrence, as Chief Commissioner, and assisted by two principal Commissioners, now controlled the country.

The retirement of Henry Lawrence came as a severe blow to many, for it has been given to few men to be beloved in the way that he was. The subject of his retirement, and all to do with it, has been ably treated elsewhere and there is little need to refer further to it here, but I am justified in saying that in the weeping crowd which assembled to bid Henry Lawrence farewell on February 20, 1853, and in the mournful procession which accompanied him when he turned his back for the last time upon Lahore, nobody more truly lamented his loss than Reynell Taylor, who, though far away in England, had served under him long, and learnt to love him faithfully and well.

By the rules then in force, an officer returning from

leave had no right to the appointment he had previously held,[1] but had to wait until a vacancy occurred; and it was with no small satisfaction, therefore, that Reynell Taylor, a few days after his arrival in India, received the following letter from the Governor-General, dated March 30:—

'My dear Taylor—The post of Commandant of the Guide Corps will be temporarily vacant, probably till the end of the year. If it would suit you to hold this until something else turns up, I shall be very glad to nominate you to the acting appointment.

'I am heartily glad to get you back again; and you may be assured I have not forgotten your claims, nor will lose sight of your interests.—Yours very truly,

'DALHOUSIE.'

Taylor, of course, at once accepted the offer, and set out without loss of time for Hotee Murdan, where the Guides were then lying. Gratified as he was at his previous services being acknowledged, and delighted at being again with soldiers, Reynell Taylor's pleasure in obtaining temporary command of this distinguished corps was nevertheless damped by a circumstance to which I must presently refer.

But first let us see something of the constitution of the regiment Reynell Taylor was called to command. The Guides had been raised in 1846 by Harry Lumsden, who held command till 1852, when he took furlough, and handed over the regiment to Hodson, who had helped him

[1] Under the old furlough rules all appointments were vacated on taking furlough to England. The new furlough rules were promulgated in 1854, and added to in 1868 and 1875, when the forfeiture of appointments was done away with.

to raise it. In the early days of their existence the Guides consisted of a troop of cavalry and two companies of infantry, but Lord Dalhousie had increased their establishment to three troops and six companies, and when Taylor joined them they numbered, with four European officers, about 840 of all ranks. The peculiar qualities of the corps are well described in the first Report upon the Punjab. 'The Guides,' it says, 'are an interesting and remarkable corps They are formed so that in the same body of men shall be united all the requisites of regular troops with the best qualities of guides and spies, thus combining intelligence and sagacity with courage, endurance, and soldierly bearing, and a presence of mind which rarely fails in solitary danger and in trying situations. To ensure the combination of so many diverse qualities, the corps has been composed of the most varied elements; there is scarcely a wild and warlike tribe in Upper India which is not represented in its ranks. In raising this corps, although soldierly qualities were chiefly regarded, the other qualifications were not overlooked. Men habituated from childhood to war and the chase, and inured to all the dangers of a wild and mountainous border, were freely admitted to its ranks, and to whatever part of Upper India the corps may be marched, it can furnish men conversant with the features of the country and the dialect of the people.'

I need not refer to the regiment's brilliant record of services, but wherever blows have rained heaviest the Guides, since the day of their formation, have borne their share with alacrity and with honour.

To be offered the command of such a corps is at once

a feather in the cap of any soldier; but, as I have already said, the offer, when made to Reynell Taylor, came tinged with the reflection that he would be called upon to investigate the conduct of a friend; and one of his first remarks on receiving Lord Dalhousie's letter was, 'I hope I shall not have anything to do with Hodson's accounts.'

I have no wish to reopen a subject which it were better to leave closed, and in what I am now about to write I am not going to pass in review the many acts with which Hodson's name must ever be inseparably connected. If those acts were as scarlet I could not hope to wash them white, neither if they are white will I endeavour to take from their brilliancy. With these pages—with this life of Reynell Taylor, Hodson's character need have little to do, but this I will say, that it seems hard a man's many gallant actions should be buried with him, and that his misdeeds should almost alone be thrown up into the vivid light of hostile criticism.

The task which Reynell Taylor hoped to avoid fell ultimately upon his shoulders, and when he joined the Guides he found himself charged with the onus and responsibility of investigating Hodson's administration of the regimental chest.

With this matter, and this alone, we have, therefore, to deal, and I will endeavour to extract from the pile of papers now lying before me such portions as bear upon the subject. The conscientious care Taylor devoted to the matter may be easily conceived. For many weeks he toiled at the books, assisted by his second in command, and in the end he was able to acquit Hodson of the charges preferred against him.

'The case I had to deal with,' he writes, 'was simply this :—

'A new commandant had joined the regiment three years before. After a year he took the accounts and treasure chest out of the adjutant's hands and assumed the complete management himself, appointing his own men to keep the accounts, &c. In the two years that followed, considerable difficulties occurred from the audit being delayed.

'The balance in the chest had not been carefully ascertained and defined.

'The commandant, having various duties, neglected the claims of individuals, who thus were dissatisfied.

'At length complaint went up, and the commandant was taken to task. He was summoned to Peshawur, and his conduct was inquired into by a court.

'He was called upon to render account of the regimental chest, and failed to do so, though asserting that he could do so.

'He was relieved in the command, and did not return to the regiment.

'He continued to represent that he could render correct account if Government would arrange for its hearing.

'This was granted, and I had to examine the accounts of two years.

'The whole thing hinged on the genuineness and trustworthiness of the available regimental records. I selected one which I thought, after evidence taken, to be quite fit as a test-book of the whole account. By this book the correctness of the whole account was established, and I was satisfied.

'Hodson had made himself disagreeable, but nobody was prepared to say that he was a liar and a cheat. He was supposed to have been guilty of malversation in the management of the money which passed through his hands, but this charge was, I may say, quite unsupported.

'By the result of my inquiry I therefore considered that a mistake had been made in accusing, or rather suspecting, him of the supposed misconduct, and acquitted him accordingly.'

From a bundle of Reynell Taylor's letters written many years later I extract the following passages:—

'I have always regarded the doubt and distrust which had arisen regarding his accounts as the most serious charge against Hodson, because it involved a breach of trust.'

'I was called upon to report whether the regimental chest was solvent or not, and whether the accounts of past transactions could be made out from the available records. After a careful examination of the accounts, in company with the second in command, I was able to report in the affirmative on both points. The books had been impounded by the Peshawur Court of Inquiry; Hodson left the regiment, and they (the books) were, if my memory serves me rightly, returned to the officiating commandant on his requisition, and by permission of Government. It was by an examination of these impounded books that I was able to make out a clean account of the whole of the transactions of the chest from the date of Hodson's taking charge to that of his suspension from duty on another (political) charge.'

'The work was to examine every item in the accounts during two years' transactions, audit of nearly a year's pay having been withheld for months, and to test each entry by the trustworthy records which I had to assist me. This was done with laborious and conscientious care, the result being that the whole account was worked out to an intelligible conclusion, showing indeed numerous irregularities, but no actual improprieties in the management.'

'The trustworthiness of the result hinges on the examination. Man is fallible, but I have never had any misgivings or self-reproach for want of care in this matter.'

'I am not in a position to accept Hodson's character and acts as free from all reproach. His services were most admirable, and we all owed him a debt of gratitude for his gallant acts in opening up communication with Meerut and Cawnpore. He strung India together again by these acts. It behoves us to remember his bravery.'

And with this last sentence I will take leave of a painful and complicated subject.

The result of Reynell Taylor's investigations were embodied in a report extending to nineteen pages of print, but I see no reason, in the face of the letters I have just quoted, to give extracts from it here.

His treatment of the subject has not to be defended; he sought, in his usual chivalrous spirit, to remove, if he could honestly do so—and he was not a man who was easily convinced unless his conscience was fully satisfied—the slur cast upon another's honour.

This he was able to do, and it seems needless, therefore, to pursue the matter further.

In January 1856 Reynell Taylor was again appointed a Deputy Commissioner, and posted to Jhelum. The year was an uneventful one, save for a terrible storm which carried away the bridge of boats on the river and wrecked many of the natives' houses. Taylor, I am told, was indefatigable in getting tents pitched for the houseless, and food cooked for those who had lost all they possessed. Within a year a storm of another character swept over Jhelum, but from this Reynell Taylor was mercifully preserved.

In October, at the conclusion of a very unhealthy season, a notification appeared in the 'Gazette' that he was appointed to Gujerat, but before he could take up his duties there he was transferred to Sealkot.

His stay here was again short, and in April 1857, much to his delight, he was appointed Deputy Commissioner of the Kangra District. Both Jhelum and Sealkot had proved unhealthy, and he had already begun to fear for the lives of his children.[1] It was with no small amount of relief, therefore, that he turned his face towards the Himalayas and deposited his family at Dhurmsala, the hill station of the district. Here, surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery to be found anywhere in India, they remained in peace and quiet while the places they had so lately left were overrun by the pent-up torrents of years. Signs had not been wanting of a mutinous spirit being abroad ere Taylor left Sealkot. Soldiers passed their officers in the streets without saluting, and the natives employed in the civil offices remained seated in presence

[1] Florence, born at Hotee Murdan, September 16, 1855; and Morris, born at Sealkot, March 4, 1857.

of their superiors; but here, as elsewhere, warnings were disregarded, and, in spite of an outburst having been for a long time expected, no preparations were made to meet it. Before sunrise on the morning of July 9—scarcely more than two months after Taylor's departure—Sealkot was quietly surrounded by Sepoy pickets, and as the Europeans came out for their morning exercise they found themselves 'face to face with mutiny in its worst form.' Escape was impossible, Sealkot was surrounded: the fort alone afforded shelter, and some fortunately gained it alive: many were murdered as they sat in their carriages, done to death in the presence of their children, shot down and sabred as they rode along in the cool of the day-dawn, for a horrible convulsion had suddenly spread over the station, and throughout that day a terrible drama was acted before the eyes of the startled fugitives in Tej Sing's stronghold. Again and again were these disastrous events repeated elsewhere, and the ghastly drama at Sealkot was destined to be reacted in many a place ere the throes of the great Mutiny subsided and India emerged from the fiery ordeal, purified, but shaken to her very foundations. From all this Reynell Taylor was preserved, and in the leading events of the Mutiny he took no part. Still, one incident occurred in the Kangra District which deserves mention, and I am fortunately able to give an account of it in the words of the principal actor.

It was a happy circumstance that Kangra at the time of the Mutiny was in the hands of such men as Lake, Younghusband, and Taylor; men who, in a critical moment, counted not the cost of responsibility, and who in an emergency grasped the situation and acted at once. Had

the Kangra fort fallen into the hands of the rebels the consequences might have been serious indeed. The credit of having averted such a calamity belongs to those whose names I have just mentioned, and it is to General Younghusband, then Superintendent of the Police of the District, that I am indebted for the following interesting particulars :—

'There are in the Kangra District several Rajahs varying in political importance, and all more or less independent. They come of the best Rajpoot blood and trace back their pedigrees in some instances for two thousand years. These chiefs and their clansmen chafed under our rule, which at that time offered few openings for military service, and the villages were crowded with young men whose proud Rajpoot blood preferred even penury to soiling their hands with agricultural labour.

'More than once since our occupation of the Punjab insurrectionary outbreaks had taken place in these hills, and Sir John Lawrence, writing about this time, said :—"After Huzara the elements of discord prevail to a greater extent in Kangra than in any other district of the Punjab."

'The district is studded with forts, the two most important, Kangra and Noorpoor, being at the time of the Mutiny garrisoned by a regiment of Native Infantry, a wing in each. Kangra held the highest reputation, having been in existence for more than four hundred years. It was considered impregnable, and a saying was rife among the people that "he who holds Kangra rules the hills."

'Sir John Lawrence wrote in the height of the Mutiny that, should Kangra by any misadventure be lost to us,

a general insurrection of the hill people would almost certainly follow.

'When the mutiny broke out the troops in the Kangra District were distributed as follows:—A wing of the 4th Bengal N.I. and half a company of Native Artillery at Noorpore, the other wing and half company in the Kangra fort; the headquarters and five companies of the Sher Dil (Lion Hearts) at Dhurmsala, a hill station about fourteen miles from Kangra, and the remainder of the regiment on detachment duty.

'Early in the morning of May 13, 1857, I received an express informing me that the Native troops had mutinied at Meerut and Delhi, and that the latter place was in the hands of the mutineers. I went to Taylor immediately to communicate the intelligence and take counsel on the situation. He was strongly of opinion that no time should be lost in throwing a reliable body of men of the Sher Dil into the Kangra fort.

'He arranged to go down that forenoon and put the recommendation to Lake. On the way down he received a letter from Lake enclosing one to me, requesting that I would arrange to move a body of the Sher Dil into the Kangra fort the next morning, and pointing out the necessity for secrecy. The advisability of this movement had therefore occurred to Lake and Taylor simultaneously, but it required men of more than ordinary courage to assume the responsibility of such a decided step.'

The Sher Dil was a Civil corps, and not under the military authorities, and the compulsory introduction of this, so to speak, foreign body into the fort, might give rise to disorder, tumult, and, possibly, bloodshed, when a heavy

responsibility would rest on those who authorised the measure. It must be borne in mind that the outbreak had come with such suddenness and violence that no provision had been made to meet it. The weight of responsibility assumed by the officers on the spot may be inferred from the fact that Sir John Lawrence, on the first report reaching him of what had been done, considered that it was going beyond the necessities of the case, and that the Sher Dil should have encamped outside the fort. The rapid development of the Mutiny, however, caused him to change his views and approve of the action that had been taken.

'The disastrous news was still unknown at Dhurmsala on the afternoon of May 13, nor would it become known till the arrival of the post on the following morning.

'At eleven o'clock at night I rode down to the lines, the men were roused from sleep, ammunition served out, and by midnight the regiment had marched, so silently that no one outside the lines knew that they were gone; in fact, in the morning, the shopkeepers in the regimental bazaar, finding the lines vacant, went to the police station to report that the regiment had disappeared.

'As the day dawned I was under the walls of the Kangra fort, where I was joined by Lake and Taylor, and as the gates were opened we marched in, and the Sher Dil occupied the citadel and gates of the fort.

'Taylor then went down to the 4th Native Infantry lines, and explained to the men that it had been considered advisable to strengthen the garrison.

'The wisdom of the movement was strikingly manifest two days later, when emissaries from the Jullundur Brigade presented themselves at the fort and were refused admit-

tance, their leave certificates showing that they had left Jullundur the day after the news arrived there of what had occurred at Meerut and Delhi. Had the Sher Dil been encamped outside the fort they never would have got in.

'When Lake returned to Jullundur Taylor took up his abode at the Kangra Cucherry, a short distance from the fort, and from the day I entered it until after the fall of Delhi we were in constant communication, verbal or written, by day and by night. His spirits never flagged; he was always ready to see a gleam of brightness in any news, but was never depressed when none such was to be found, taking with equal mind the "ups and downs," as he called them. Few nights passed that we did not hear the sounds of approaching footsteps, and, in answer to the sentry's challenge, the reply, "*Chithee zuroosee*" (an emergent letter), for evil news, or "downs," seemed always to come in the night.

'On July 11 Taylor came with the information that the Sealkot Brigade had mutinied, and it was thought they would march *viâ* Noorpoor and Kangra to avoid Nicholson's column, and also to pick up the 4th N.I. At noon the same day I received a note from Taylor enclosing a letter from Sir R. Montgomery, with a postscript from Nicholson, which may be worth inserting:—

'"The Sealkot force has mutinied. It is of the utmost importance that the Kangra fort be secured, and the men of the 4th N.I. in it should be disarmed at all risks. I believe they are not numerous, and under 200.[1] The Police Corps in possession of the citadel could do this. The difficulty is about Noorpoor, and I have nothing to suggest.

[1] Really 400.

You, Younghusband and Wilkie (commanding 4th N.I.) will best be able to decide. But the difficulty of carrying it out (the securing of Noorpoor) should not, I think, prevent at once securing Kangra. Were the mutineers to get into it the disaffected hill people might rise, and it would take a force with guns to get them out, which we do not possess. I send this through Brigadier Nicholson, whose experience may be able to suggest something. Delay not to act.

'"R. MONTGOMERY."

'"P.S. from Nicholson.—I can suggest nothing. You and the officers on the spot are the best judges of how you should act. God prosper what you do.

'"JOHN NICHOLSON."

'Prompt action was necessary. I sent a rough memo of what I intended doing, and at five P.M. Taylor came down to the fort with his escort, and I disarmed the wing of the 4th N.I.

'Shortly afterwards Taylor started for Noorpoor with 100 of the Sher Dil in order to bring off the European officers of the 4th should necessity arise. He reached Noorpoor the following day. The wing there had, however, been apprised of what had taken place at Kangra by two Sepoys who deserted directly after being disarmed, and on reaching Noorpoor Taylor found that the wing of the 4th had surrendered their muskets, so he accordingly returned to Kangra.

'The tidings became gloomier and gloomier, but we had fortunately been able to relieve the congestion with regard to the employment of the Rajpoots.

'Taylor had engaged a considerable number as guards at the different ferries, and I had enlisted nearly 2,500 for different regiments and levies in the plains. Nevertheless there was a growing feeling of insecurity and alarm, which required all Taylor's ripened judgment to keep under. Delhi fell at last, lifting a load of care from our minds, but it was with little gladness we heard of it, for Delhi had been dearly won with the loss of so many of our best, and amongst them the foremost man in India—John Nicholson.

'As the Mutiny died out the close official intercourse between Taylor and myself ceased, but not our personal regard, developed in such times, which remained undiminished to the end.'

During the hot season of 1857 Taylor, in order to be nearer for news, spent most of his time at Kangra, only returning to Dhurmsala once a fortnight, but that winter he went into camp and travelled with his wife about the district. The year 1858, so far as Taylor was concerned, proved as uneventful as its predecessor; fresh levies had been raised for the protection of the Europeans, and the time passed away peacefully. A heavy sorrow, however, fell on Reynell Taylor in the death of his mother on May 29. A woman of a singularly gentle and unselfish disposition, she possessed to the last the love of her children. Her influence with them was always great but especially was this so in the case of her sons, whose interests and well-being she had always nearest her heart.

The few letters which have fallen into my hands written by Reynell Taylor to his mother from time to time are

brimming over with love and much tender interest in her welfare; and her death, it is evident, came as a heavy trial to him. There is no need to quote from the letters written as soon as the news reached him; they are full of the outpourings of his inmost heart, and are intended only for the eyes of those most near and dear to him. As examples of peaceful resignation, and as monuments of steady, manly, unwavering faith, they deserve to live; and especially, moreover, for this reason, that in days of sorrow as in days of joy he thought not of himself. His words in times of bitter trial referred not to his own trouble, but conveyed sentence after sentence of comfort to others—staunch, outspoken, fearless words, bringing with them balm to the wound and a bright hope of a sure and certain hereafter.

The loss of his mother was followed, in July, by the death of his brother-in-law, Colonel Morris, 'a soldier and Christian to the backbone.' He served for many years in the 17th Lancers, and in 1854 was ordered to the East. At Varna, where he held a Staff appointment, he caught the cholera, but recovered sufficiently to lead his father-in-law's regiment into action on the ever-memorable October 25. At Balaclava he was most desperately wounded, but again he pulled through and took up Staff duty at Scutari. At the end of the war he returned home, and soon after the Mutiny broke out was ordered to India. Here he served only a few months, for after braving all kinds of dangers he died of dysentery at Poonah. Reynell Taylor speaks of him as 'a type of what a man ought to be,' and he felt his death acutely.

But to return to Dhurmsala. In a letter received from

Colonel Heathcote Plummer there is a reference to the life in the quiet hill station which seems worth inserting.

'In 1858,' he writes, 'I was appointed to command an invalid depôt at Dhurmsala, the hill station of the Kangra Valley, and I proceeded there with a party of invalids from Mean Meer. Dhurmsala was then a refuge from the heat of the plains to many distinguished Punjab officials, and I there had the good fortune to become acquainted with a number of them, Donald McLeod, Edward Lake, and Reynell Taylor amongst others.

'I was devoted to the pursuit of large and small game, and I well remember my first visit to Reynell Taylor and the kindly interest he took in my short career and sporting proclivities. Like all youngsters on arrival in India, I treated the usual precautions against sunstroke with contempt, and as I rose to go Taylor stopped me with the remark, "Did I not see you out shooting with a glengarry on?" I answered, surprised at the question: "Yes, I have no doubt you did." He then asked me if I had a sun-hat of any kind, and learning that I had not he at once brought me a new helmet of his own, and having ascertained that it fitted me, said: "You will be taking a great anxiety off my mind if you will promise me to wear this on your shooting expeditions in future." I mention this trifling incident as showing the kind thoughtfulness for others which was habitual with him.

'Whenever Taylor occupied his hill retreat I always found a ready welcome and much kind sympathy from both him and his wife, and I look back with grateful feelings to many happy hours spent under his hospitable roof. The common meeting-place was, however, at the table of the

Commissioner, Lake, who always kept open house when in residence, and more cheerful gatherings can hardly be imagined. The general tone of the conversation was always such as to do one good, and I remember being much struck at the time at the invariable habit of closing the evening with scripture reading and prayer. I can now understand the secret of the nobility of character of these great men. They feared God and were not ashamed that all within the circle of their influence—European and Native—should know it.'

While the time was passing thus quietly at Dhurmsala, momentous events were taking place elsewhere. Lucknow had fallen; Jhansi and Bareilly had been captured; the mutineers had been severely punished in many encounters; on September 1 the political power of the East India Company had ceased to exist, and on November 1 Her Majesty the Queen had been proclaimed throughout all British India. The terrible crisis was over; the embers were nearly burnt out.

On the first day of the new year another change was made in the administration of the Punjab; it was constituted a Lieutenant-Governorship, and the man who had controlled the country for so many years as Chief Commissioner became for a short time its first Lieutenant-Governor.

Early in the same year (1859) Reynell Taylor was offered the Commissionership of the Derajat. To leave the beautiful climate of the hills at the very beginning of the hot season, and to take wife and three little children—for a third son, Reynell, had been born on the 24th of the previous November—to the burning plains Trans-Indus, required no small effort on Taylor's part, but the offer meant pro-

motion and could not be refused, so in March he set out for the country he had left seven years previously, and a month later was joined by his wife and children in Bunnoo.[1] 'Here,' writes Mrs. Taylor, 'we stayed with General and Mrs. Coxe until rain had fallen on the hill called Sheik Budeen, when we all moved to the station there. Reynell remained with us until a small mud-house had been built, for we were in tents before this, and then he left us for Derah Ishmael Khan, which we always made our head-quarters in the Derajat.'

Many changes and improvements had taken place in the district during Reynell Taylor's absence, and the country was now in a far more settled condition. 'The civil routine of the Administration now worked smoothly and regularly,' writes General Coxe, then Deputy Commissioner of Bunnoo; 'there were no more treasury agonies; summary settlements of the revenue had been effected, and the Government demand was paid easily and without pressure. Civil suits were increasing in number and importance, a sign, though an unwelcome one, of increasing prosperity. The Wuzeerecs who cultivated within our limits were orderly and paid their revenue with regularity. The Nar, the waste which Taylor had colonised, was now largely cultivated, and if, as remarked above, increased litigation is a token of advancing prosperity, the Nar furnished a good example by the number of suits instituted from that quarter for irrigation rights.

'The military force in the district was ample for all internal requirements.'

[1] Taylor went in the first instance as Acting Commissioner of the Leia Division, as it was then called, his appointment as Commissioner of the Derajat being confirmed shortly after his arrival.

Most of the Wuzeeree tribes on the border had become more peaceably disposed, and though murders and robberies occurred now and then, the nightly incursions and wholesale plunder of villages had in a great measure ceased altogether. Only in the case of the Muhsoods on the Tank border was there any great cause for complaint. Here, it is true, the petty attacks had been almost continuous, and there was no security for life or property anywhere within their neighbourhood. But punishment was shortly to overtake them, and in the next chapter I shall have to record their signal chastisement.

'Many of Taylor's old followers,' continues General Coxe, 'were to be found in the irregular levies occupying the smaller frontier posts, and in the mounted police. His former lieutenant and friend Gholam Hassan Khan was at Derah Ishmael Khan, enjoying the *jageer* he had so richly earned by his gallant conduct in the second Sikh War. Foujdar Khan, Edwardes's great ally during the Mooltan campaign, was also at Derah, rejoicing now in the title of Nawab, and many old friends among the Gundapoors, Esa Khailees, and others were glad to welcome their old leader among them again.'

So Reynell Taylor settled down in his old quarters, and for a time at least he was able to carry on the affairs of his immense district without interruption.

CHAPTER IX

THE MUHSOOD EXPEDITION—THE DERAJAT MISSION.

1859-1862.

FOR a time, as I have said, nothing occurred to interfere with Taylor's routine of duty. Derah Ishmael Khan was his headquarters, but he made periodical visits to Derah Ghazee Khan and Bunnoo for session cases, and in these marches from place to place his wife often accompanied him.

Towards the close of the year 1859 a circumstance occurred which brought out in a peculiar manner the influence his name still had with the border tribes.

Captain Mecham, an officer of the Bengal Artillery, was proceeding from Bunnoo to Kohat, and being ill and unable to ride, was travelling by bearer dak. Midway in his journey he was suddenly attacked by a party of robbers; his escort, consisting of two sowars, fled, the bearers dropped the dhoolie, and Mecham, being unable to defend himself, was set upon and murdered.

Inquiries were at once instituted, and it was determined to hold the Cabul Khail Wuzeerees responsible for what happened. There were two well-known bands of robbers on the Bunnoo frontier, the principal one being headed by a man named Zungee, a member of the Cabul Khail tribe

The second gang was composed chiefly of Hatee Khailees, who, though they belonged to a different tribe to Zungee, generally acted under his orders. The Cabul Khail tribe who, it was known, sheltered the robbers were therefore called upon to give them up; but this they declined to do, and early in December a force was sent to coerce them. Reynell Taylor took no active part in this expedition, and it is therefore unnecessary to refer to it here. When, however, the Cabul Khail tribe had been punished, Reynell Taylor brought pressure to bear upon the Hatee Khail, much of whose land lay within our border. It had been discovered that the leader of the gang which attacked and murdered Mecham was one Mohubbut by name, belonging to the Hatee Khail tribe, and Taylor demanded that search should be made for him and that he should be given up at once. Within a few weeks Mohubbut was actually seized by the chiefs of the tribe to which he belonged and handed over to Reynell Taylor, and I believe that in the whole history of our connection with border tribes no parallel is to be found for such an act, and never was a tribe known before to hand over one of their own members to justice.

Reynell Taylor subsequently tried the case, and Mohubbut was hanged on the spot where the murder was committed.

In February 1860 the Governor-General held a Durbar at Sealkot, which Reynell Taylor, now a Lieutenant-Colonel,[1] attended, taking with him several frontier chiefs, and among others Shah Newaz Khan, Nawab of Tank. While he was away, and no doubt taking advantage of the absence of the Nawab, a most determined attack was made on

[1] Taylor was gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel December 21, 1859.

Tank by the Muhsoods, and hardly had the troops returned from the expedition against the Cabul Khail when they were called upon to march against one of the most powerful of all the Wuzeeree tribes.

The Muhsood Wuzeerees inhabit a large tract of the wildest hill country lying between the Bunnoo and Tank valleys, to the westward of the Ghubbur mountain. In the course of many years they had gradually overcome the smaller clans around them, and as their numbers increased so the limit of their power extended, till at length they grew to be the tribe most dreaded along the whole of the western border. They mustered, in the days of which I am writing, 12,000 fighting men; the whole tribe were thieves and proud of their prowess as such, and they lived almost entirely by making raids upon their neighbours.

From the date of the annexation of the Derajat, when the Wuzeerees became our neighbours on the north-west, every endeavour had been made to conciliate them, but in spite of all overtures they continued to exhibit the most hostile spirit towards us. No traveller or caravan was safe within many miles of their border, and life had been only rendered moderately secure, by the establishment of a line of posts and the maintenance of a strong force of frontier police.[1]

Mistaking our conciliatory action for weakness, the Muhsoods year by year became more and more aggressive, and, conceiving that their immunity from attack was due to our inability to penetrate their mountain passes, their inroads became more and more frequent. But punish-

[1] The Punjab Reports, 1859-61; General Chamberlain's report upon the tribes; and Taylor's Derah Ishmael Khan memorandum.

ment was now to overtake them, and if the chastisement they received in the campaign (a sketch of which I am about to give) appears at first sight to have been severe, it will be well to remember that in the five years 1855–59 the police reports of the district officer alone, omitting altogether the constant necessity for action on the part of the soldiers, show that no less than 184 crimes of a heinous nature were reported against them. Twice within the same period had the Chief Commissioner recommended that a force should be sent to exact redress for destruction of villages and the wholesale murder of inhabitants; but on both occasions circumstances arose which prevented his suggestions being carried out.

At last, however, affairs culminated in an act of aggression on the part of the Muhsoods which, in the matter of boldness, put all their former misdeeds into the shade. On March 13, 1860, without any provocation, they advanced into the plains with a force numbering 4,000 men, fully intending to sack and destroy the town of Tank, and they were only prevented from carrying out their design by the the gallantry and quick-wittedness of a Ressaldar, named Sahadut Khan, commanding a party of 158 sabres. By feigning to retire, this gallant soldier induced the enemy to follow him; the Muhsoods fell into the trap and came on with shouts of derision; but when the Ressaldar reached ground where cavalry could act with advantage, he suddenly wheeled round and charged his pursuers, completely routing them and killing upwards of 200 of their number.

To suffer annoyance of this sort any longer was impossible, and Chamberlain was directed to enter the country with a force of 5,000 men.

The chief difficulty in an undertaking such as that now determined on, was want of knowledge concerning the country in which operations were to be carried out. No enemy had ever penetrated into the Wuzeeree highlands, no European had travelled there, and though it was believed that large towns were situated in the valleys and on the slopes of the great mountains of the interior, their position and their distance one from another were alike unknown.

Before the expedition started, therefore, it was necessary that information should be obtained concerning the routes and distances from point to point, the probable armed strength of the tribes, the supplies which might be looked for, and the nature of the country generally. The time for collecting this information was necessarily short, as it was important that the expedition should start as quickly as possible. But there was another difficulty. Who could be found to undertake such a task at a moment's notice? Whoever he might be, it was imperative that he should be possessed of a thorough knowledge of the characteristics of the tribes, that he should have influence with the inhabitants along the border, that he should be a good draughtsman, and, lastly, that his energy and perseverance should be unlimited. And who could fulfil these conditions more ably than Reynell Taylor? Let us see how he set about the task.

'I returned from Sealkot,' he writes, 'on March 19 and went to Tank on the 21st, and, assisted by Captain Coxe, immediately commenced the examination of the country, a task which was unremittingly continued until twenty-five days later, when the force entered the hills

'The materials on which I worked were as follows. A native map of the Muhsood country on the Tank side, and a map of the Dour valley, prepared in March last under my instructions by Hafiz Ahmed Khan of Bunnoo. These two maps may be said to have formed sketches of the country on each side of the Ruzmuk pass. They had to be put together, arranged on a scale, and tested as closely as could be by the cross-examination of spies who had visited the country.'

The materials were thus meagre enough, but there was something more than this. 'The difficulties,' writes General Coxe, 'which Reynell Taylor had to contend against in his endeavours to obtain reliable information from the Buttunees—a tribe residing partly within and partly beyond our border—and from other rude dwellers on the border, were immense. They had no idea of the compass beyond the rising and setting of the sun; distances were reckoned by one man by the interval between two meals, and by another from the moment at which the sun was so many spears high till noon. The "koss," which we have taken at the estimate of two miles, might be one or might be five, according to the intelligence or the mood of the informant. Taylor's perseverance, however, was rewarded, and a map was prepared containing an estimate wonderfully accurate under the circumstances.'

The rapidity with which the work was performed may be gathered from the fact that within five weeks of the attack on Tank, the force under the command of General Chamberlain, and accompanied by Reynell Taylor as chief political officer, entered the hills. On April 17 and 18 the Wuzeeree positions at Innis Tungha and at Kot Shinghee

were destroyed without opposition, and on the 19th the camp was pitched at Pulloseen.[1]

So far the force had encountered no obstacle to its advance, and the enemy seemed anxious to avoid the combat. The point reached was more than twenty miles from Tank, but before advancing further, Chamberlain decided to leave 1,700 men at Pulloseen under Lumsden, while he moved in a westerly direction himself through a difficult defile known as the Shahoor pass. The main objects to be obtained by this flank movement were: in the first place, to examine a portion of the country in this direction before pushing further with the whole force; secondly, to show that the nature of the mountain passes afforded no barrier to the march of the troops; and thirdly, to visit Jungeh Khan's home and do all the injury possible to the crops and property of the tribes who were most notoriously mischievous on the Tank border.

Needless to say, Reynell Taylor chose to accompany Chamberlain's portion of the army, for where possible, and even when his position as a political officer should have prevented his taking part in active operations, he was always among the first in an advance. On this occasion he very nearly paid the penalty for his temerity with his life, but his wonted coolness and intrepidity came to his aid, and he not only saved his own life, but the lives of more than one of those who accompanied him. I have received many far more sensational versions of the story, but I prefer to adhere to the account, however inadequate, which Reynell Taylor himself gave of the affair within a few

[1] The account of the Muhsood Wuzeeree expedition is taken almost entirely from Reynell Taylor's own official, but unpublished, report of the proceedings.

hours of its occurrence. It is contained in a letter, dated 'Camp, Shahoor, April 20:'—

'We marched from our camp at Pulloseen to-day through the Shahoor pass, a stiff place. I was in advance and found the pass partially occupied, but I could not say to what extent, so the heights had to be crowned and all done in due form. The Wuzeerees bolted, a horse of the sowar of my party was shot, and there ended the damage.

'When the force came up and encamped, I rode on to look at the country beyond, and coming round a corner I came suddenly on the tail of the party that had been firing on us in the pass. We surprised them, and they rather surprised us. Two horsemen were in front of me, and the rest tailing behind, but the two in front were only about fifteen paces from me. In another second one fired a pistol and both wheeled their horses round and came back on us, and up tumbled the Wuzeerees after them. I drew my sword and called to all to come on, but we were in a narrow road, and the Wuzeerees, who were desperate, pushed on so bravely that they literally hustled us back for ten or twelve yards. A scuffle then ensued which lasted for several minutes, and most gallantly did the Wuzeerees dance about and ply their weapons. Their advantage was that with a hollow on one side and a hill on the other, our men could not get at or round them. The end was that we killed the whole three, for there were only that number, but they did us a lot of damage. The poor little Bombay horse received three severe wounds, two of them desperate gashes, one at the root of the neck and another behind the saddle low down, from which the bowels protruded. The third cut deep into the neck higher up.

'But this is all about my horse, when two poor fellows were severely wounded, another more slightly, and four horses very badly hurt, one at least of which will never get up again. I had my martingale and crupper cut, and stopped some blows with Morris's sword, besides using it effectively on the hard frames of these brave but rough men, by which it has suffered.

'I saved one man's life with my revolver by shooting another who was pressing him. I put two bullets into him before he fell, and even then he remained hugging the man whom he had previously wounded, and they were not separated till the skirmish was over. Having done so well with these two barrels, I tried two more on another man, but both snapped, so I had to take to my sword again.

'All this sounds a very egotistical story, I am afraid, but you will know that it is just what happened, and truth to say our enemies being only three men there is nothing to be very proud of in the matter. The ground, and the suddenness of the thing leaving us no room for anything like a charge, may account in some measure for the difficulty we had in destroying our opponents. For myself, I believe I was in as much danger as a man usually is in action, and I am therefore most thankful to a merciful God who brought me through it without a scratch.

'I said the old thanksgiving for past and present mercies and blessings, and the prayer to be found living to God whether in life or if called on to die, and that in the true trust and faith in His mercy through Christ.

'God can preserve in all places, and I will be more careful, though I had not in this instance neglected precautions. As I have said, the ground was against us, the

men were desperate and fought for their lives. Six men were seen to escape from close to the place where we fought after it was all over. I am thankful, as I had only sowars with me and no good native officers, that I had not nine such men to deal with in such a place instead of three. I can write no more.'[1]

It will be my duty to record many another instance of Reynell Taylor's physical as well as moral courage ere my task is ended; but before returning to the events of the Muhsood campaign I must quote from a letter I have received from Colonel Heathcote Plummer, who acted as Quartermaster-General to the expedition, and who gives a description of the way in which Reynell Taylor in his utter fearlessness appeared almost to court danger.

'Right glad was I to see Reynell Taylor's well-known figure, as he rode up to join the advance on the morning we struck camp and prepared to enter the rocky fastnesses of these gallant marauders. Wholly occupied with the very arduous duties of my position, I seldom had opportunities of meeting my old friend excepting during the early hours of our march each morning, when he almost always joined the advanced body of cavalry which accompanied me. Many anxious moments did he and the General cause me, by the reckless way in which they would gallop ahead of the escort, exposing themselves to be shot down or cut off by the outlying pickets of the keen-eyed clansmen, never very far away from us and always ready to take advantage of any careless exposure. As a youngster my remonstrances were treated with good-

[1] I have been told, by one who was there, that Taylor walked into camp after this affair and never mentioned it until questioned.

humoured scorn, and on one occasion I got the General to send me with a message to Taylor to ask him not to venture so far ahead. The only answer I received was: "All right, my dear fellow; look after the General, he is twice as bad at it as I am." It was quite true, but Neville Chamberlain was not the man to give advice to, though I felt that if anything were to happen to him, the result might be a serious disaster to the whole force.'

After mentioning the fight in the pass to which I have just referred, Colonel Plummer continues:—'Taylor came into camp after it as cool as if nothing out of the way had happened, though terribly concerned about his poor little Arab. The General gave him a good lecture on the folly of going ahead, but I fear coming from such an old offender it had not much effect.'

On emerging from the pass the army entered the Shahoor tract, where the crops were as far as possible destroyed, and several villages burnt. Jungeh Khan's fort was demolished on the 23rd, and for the first time in their history the Wuzeerees found an enemy advancing into the very heart of their country, laying waste their crops, blowing up their strongholds, and razing their villages to the ground.

On April 24 preparations were made for the return march to Pulloseen, and on the same day news arrived that a sharp attack had been made on the camp there, and that the enemy were occupying the Shahoor pass. The severe handling, however, which they received from Lumsden's force no doubt made them think better of this, for the pass was found deserted, and the forces were reunited without further incident.

The attack on the Pulloseen encampment proved to have been a serious affair; but, thanks to the gallantry of the Guides and Goorkhas, the enemy had been driven off the field, leaving 92 of their dead in and around the camp, and 40 more in the valley along which they were pursued. The loss to the detachment amounted to 47 killed and 143 wounded. The severe nature of the fighting was, it appears, due to the attack having come as a surprise just as day began to dawn, and it was fortunate under the circumstances that the affair terminated as it did.

The Wuzeerees had now felt our strength, and soon after the Pulloseen fight a deputation of their mullicks arrived in camp and desired to treat. Every endeavour was made to arrange terms and to put a stop to further bloodshed, but it was evident from the first that the Wuzeerees had no fancy for paying a fine, and that the alternative of their giving us free way and assistance in marching to Kaneegorum, the capital of the hills, was equally unpalatable. 'Kings have come and gone for many years,' they said, 'but hostile eyes have never seen Kaneegorum.' 'The deputation,' writes Colonel Plummer, 'numbered some twenty men, fine martial-looking fellows, apparently sternly unconcerned. The General and Reynell Taylor endeavoured to reason with them, and, finding it useless to say more, persuaded them to stay in camp that night and give their answer the next morning. In the early dawn the mullicks appeared and again declined to accede to our terms. "We shall meet at the pass," they said, and then turned and rode slowly out of camp, a splendid picture of manly resolution.'

In order to carry out the march to Kaneegorum, with the force at the General's disposal, it was neces-

sary to give up all idea of preserving communications with Tank. The distance and the great resources of the tribes for petty warfare appeared to render this step imperative, for to keep communications open with the base would be to render small parties, holding posts, or passing from point to point, liable to very sudden and serious attacks.

The sick and wounded were accordingly sent back to Tank, and supplies for the whole force for a period of sixteen days having been collected, together with powder and shot, boots and sandals for the men, shoes for the horses, dhoolies for the sick and wounded, and all those multifarious articles without which an army is as an engine without steam, the encampment was broken up, and an advance made to Shinghee, five miles from the Wuzeeree position of Unai.

At the head of the Shinghee valley, the mullicks, who were only slightly in advance of the force, were met by the tribes, and Reynell Taylor gives the following account of the scene:—

'The effect was most dramatic. In front of the whole of our column rode the little band of mullicks, rough warlike-looking fellows as need be seen. A short distance in their rear followed the advance guard, and with it the Quarter-master-General and his camp colourmen. On a sudden we were surprised to see the whole of the hills at the head of the valley alive with men, before unseen, and as the mullicks advanced the tribesmen crowded down to hear the result of their mission, and then retired in a body to Unai.'

The mullicks had promised to return after consulting

with the tribes, but this they failed to do, and it was now evident that further fighting was inevitable.

The work of destruction accordingly recommenced. The large village of Zereewan was burnt, and the waving crops in the Unai valley laid waste.

On May 4 a further advance was made to the Barrurah pass, where the enemy had determined to oppose us.

'The position occupied by the Wuzeeree leaders,' writes Reynell Taylor, 'was naturally very strong, and had been taken advantage of to the utmost.

'A thick grove of trees concealed the actual mouth of the pass, but we could easily conjecture from seeing low lines of sungahs[1] immediately over it, that something difficult had been prepared there also. It proved eventually to be a strong abattis composed of large stones and felled poplar trees, forming a massive barrier, completely closing up the pass, and one on which our guns would have but little effect.

'After a patient and thorough examination of the enemy's position, in which all the information that it was possible to obtain regarding the features of the ground were extracted from the spies on the spot, Brigadier-General Chamberlain rapidly formed his plan of action, which was to gain possession at once of the heights on the enemy's left by a vigorous attack, and so to threaten the right of their position at the same time, that an attack could be made on it when a favourable opportunity occurred. Bodies of infantry, each accompanied by a mountain train, accordingly proceeded to ascend the heights on the right and left of the valley.

[1] A wall or shelter of loose stones built on a hill side for cover when fighting.

'The Huzara mountain train on the right soon came into action, and the first few discharges evidently caused considerable alarm and astonishment in the Wuzeeree ranks, and there was a decided inclination to retreat, but, gaining courage by reinforcements, they returned to the main sungah.

'Our infantry column was soon seen ascending from the gorge to the attack, covered by skirmishers. It was impossible not to perceive that they had a stiff task before them. The sungah, swarming with cool and expert marksmen, occupied the crest of a rugged steep ascent, the last twelve or fifteen feet of which had every appearance from below of being inaccessible, and the nature of the ground, moreover, divided the assailing party by ribs or ridges which ran down from the main crest.

'The fight at this point quickly became very severe. Lieutenant Ayton, of the 94th, and a number of men were killed and wounded early in the attack. The Wuzeerees had the great advantage of firing from a height and in comparative safety upon masses of men but ill protected by the ground over which they were approaching. The infantry pressed on, however, till the battle on the part of the Wuzeerees was aided by their dexterity in throwing stones—one of their regular modes of fighting.

'Just at this time we could see from below that the Wuzeerees received a large reinforcement from the rear, and almost simultaneously the head of our column, unable to surmount the last crest of the hill, and suffering loss which they could not return, began to give ground. The Wuzeerees, seeing this, rushed out with sword and shield,

and succeeded for a time in completely driving back the body which had ascended towards the sungahs. They were themselves turned, however, at the foot of the rise by the fire of Captain Butt's Huzara mountain train and the reserves of the 1st Punjab Infantry.

'The Wuzeerees, when thus checked, were quickly driven back over the ridge, and suffered severely in their retreat. The sungah was occupied by the 1st Punjab, and the column then proceeded in pursuit, and shortly gained possession of the whole heights on the left of the enemy's position.

'Meantime Colonel Lumsden had been engaged with the right of the Wuzeeree force, which for a long time showed every intention of fighting as stubbornly as the men on the left had done; but when the defenders of the left heights, whose temporary success had been hailed by loud plaudits on the right, had been driven back, they also began to retire.

'In less than two hours the enemy had been forced from every strong point, a gap had been made in the abattis, and in a short time the column marched on to the encampment at Bungeewallah, three miles distant.

'Our loss in this action was one officer and twenty-nine men killed, and one officer and eighty-five men wounded. The Wuzeerees left thirty-two bodies on the ground at the point of the chief struggle, and must have lost more in other places, besides having a large number wounded.'

No further opposition was offered in the Barrurah pass, and the army, with its long line of baggage animals, passed through in safety. In the evening, as the mortal remains

of the Sikhs and Hindoos were reduced to ashes, the body of the gallant young English officer, who had fallen early in the day, was laid to rest in a secluded spot, shaded by poplar trees, and close to the banks of a bright mountain stream. *Quæ caret ora cruore nostro.*

'It is,' says Reynell Taylor, 'impossible not to reflect, with some wonder at such times as these, on the position which it is the good pleasure of Almighty God that a few English officers should occupy, leading a mixed force of strangers to effect the subjection of tribes which have defied all control from time immemorial.'

On the following morning the army, encumbered by a long train of sick and wounded, pushed on up the country. Almost all the dhoolies were full, and it was not without anxiety that the events of the next fortnight were looked forward to. After a march of fifteen miles over the roughest country the army reached Maidanee before night-fall, and late in the afternoon of May 6, in a blinding mountain storm of wind and rain, the advance-guard appeared before Kaneegorum.

Renewed efforts were now made to induce the Muhsoods to come to terms, and a deputation was sent to Mukeen to point out to the mullicks there assembled that we were not anxious for war, that we had spared many villages on our way up, but that if they did not make peace we should most assuredly destroy all these on our return. It was still further impressed upon them that, by our march to Kaneegorum, we had taken satisfaction for the past, and that all we now required was security for the future. But affairs assumed a new aspect when it was discovered that the mullicks had sent to ask help of the Ameer, represent-

ing at the same time that our object in invading their country was the annexation of territory. Severe measures, it was evident, were the only ones likely to succeed against such an enemy, and on May 9 the army accordingly broke up at Kaneegorum and marched to Doa Toyah, destroying all the villages and leaving the valleys wreathed in the smoke of burning houses.

In spite of repeated attacks upon the rear-guard, Mukeen, the true Wuzeeree headquarters, was reached without serious loss; but instead of a single town, the valley of Mukeen was found to contain numerous villages of considerable size.

Kaneegorum had been spared because the inhabitants of that district were not so much in fault; but it was determined to burn Mukeen. The Muhsoods had had every opportunity of redeeming their position, but either from pride, hatred, or shame at being reduced to sue for terms after a three weeks' campaign, they now stood altogether aloof. They had been beaten in the field and would not expose themselves to further defeat, and on the other hand they would neither make peace nor give security for future good behaviour.

So on May 11 Mukeen was burnt and the mullicks' towers blown into the air; and by the evening the great peaks of the Peer Ghul and Showeeghur mountains, upwards of 11,000 feet in height, looked down upon a blackened and blazing district, and the ruins of a town which had taken more than thirty years to build up.

'It was strange to think,' writes Reynell Taylor, 'that this was probably the first page in the chapter of Muhsood civilisation, but that such will prove to be the case,

under Providence, I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind.'

Upon the further course of the campaign I need not dwell as it was altogether uneventful.

A week after the burning of Mukeen the army emerged from the passes and re-entered Bunnoo, and the expedition was thus brought to a close without further fighting. No terms were formally arranged with the tribes, but severe punishment had been meted out to them, and their gutted villages and trodden crops remained as lessons upon which they might well ponder for many years to come.

In looking back to the Muhsood expedition there seem to be many points deserving attention. The army, numbering, with its camp followers, upwards of 8,000 men, entered and traversed an enemy's country, carrying with it all its supplies for a period of sixteen days. The country through which the army passed presented every imaginable difficulty, and had never before been entered by a hostile force. The tribes inhabiting it were active mountaineers accustomed to carry on guerilla warfare, and able, owing to the wild and rocky nature of the ground, to make sudden attacks from points where their presence was altogether unsuspected. There were no roads over the mountains, and the army consequently marched, a distance of fifty miles into the country and fifty miles out again, solely by the maps Reynell Taylor had prepared from native sources and from information collected by the cross-examination of spies and merchantmen. No European troops were employed in the undertaking; neither was the force wholly composed of regular native infantry: on the contrary, a considerable portion of it was made up of frontier classes

under command of their Toomundars or hereditary chiefs. Yet with this material, with the advance seriously hampered by an almost interminable line of transport, with dhoolies filled from the first with sick, wounded, and footsore soldiers, and with an enterprising enemy always on the watch and constantly delivering petty attacks, the expedition was finally carried through to a successful conclusion, and not one single baggage animal from first to last fell alive into the enemy's hands. 'The amount of labour,' writes Reynell Taylor, 'involved on officers and men, from the indefatigable general down to the private soldier, was immense. Besides the outlying detachments, half the force was nightly on inlying picket, and on some occasions the whole force lay down accoutred.'

The success attained belongs in the first place to the General in command, but I shall not be claiming more than is Reynell Taylor's due if I state that a large share of that success belongs also by right to him. The following references to his services would, in truth, appear to place this beyond further question. General Chamberlain in his despatch of July 7 writes: 'It now remains for me to acknowledge how greatly the military operations were assisted by the hearty co-operation of the Commissioner and Deputy Commissioner.[1]

'Notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining information Major Reynell Taylor's sketches and description of the country proved to be singularly accurate, and no exertion was spared by him to afford every assistance. Indeed I should be ungrateful were I not to say that had he been

[1] General, then Captain, Holled Coxe, whose name has been so often mentioned in these pages.

an officer on the staff instead of the chief political officer in camp, he could not have afforded me more assistance, or more freely have placed his services at my disposal.'

And, further, the Governor-General, in a private letter to Taylor, dated 'Calcutta, June 23, 1860,' says:—

'My dear Sir,—Sir Robert Montgomery tells me that some time may elapse before the official report of the expedition against the Wuzeerees will be sent up. The general results are, of course, well known to me already, and I am pretty well acquainted with details.

'I cannot have the formal thanks of the Government conveyed to you until the report reaches Calcuttta, and therefore, rather than you should remain without, I send you these few lines to thank you for the large share which you have had in the success of the operations, and to leave you in no doubt that your excellent service is gratefully appreciated by me.

'I am sorry that the tribe has not come distinctly to terms, but I think that perseverance against them was carried quite as far as was in the circumstances expedient, and certainly there is no question as to the efficient manner in which the operations were conducted.

'The whole management of the expedition has been such as to confirm and raise our authority on the frontier. The obstinate temper, too, of the tribe has quite satisfied me that forbearance for another year, or postponement on any ground, would have been an error.

'I beg to thank you very heartily for the excellent judgment which you have shown in all the stages of this matter, and to assure you of the pleasure which I shall

have in making known to the Home Government how much value I attach to it.

'I hope you are none the worse for the exposure and exertion.—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

'CANNING.'

And what substantial reward, then, it may be asked, did Reynell Taylor receive for these services? None.

He had served his country well and faithfully for twenty years save some few months, he had fought in three previous campaigns, and had now completed his fourth; he had been thanked both publicly and privately by more than one Governor-General, and had been mentioned over and over again in despatches; he had bled as a soldier, and risked his life frequently and voluntarily as a political officer; yet his services remained unrewarded, and not until three years after the close of the Muhsood expedition was he admitted to the ranks of an Order which, some may well think, had been his almost by right years before.[1]

At the conclusion of the campaign Taylor returned to Derah Ishmael Khan and resumed his usual labours—hearing appeals, trying cases of murder and of theft, and attending to the administration of the division generally. Death made another inroad into his family during the year 1861, and in the month of June he was called upon to mourn the loss of his sister, Lady Carew. Haccombe and Marley had always been happy homes to him, and though Sir Walter lived on till 1874, the death of his sister deprived those homes of much of their brightness.

[1] Reynell Taylor was gazetted a Companion of the Bath in May 1863.

But I must pass on from this, and come to one of the most important episodes in Reynell Taylor's life. He had been much struck while at Sealkot at the astonishment of the frontier chiefs when they discovered that we possessed places of worship. The Sealkot church is a very beautiful one, and the chiefs were proportionately impressed. I have been told by several people that this fact caused the Lieutenant-Governor to consider the suggestion of building small churches at the frontier stations—a suggestion, moreover, which was afterwards carried into effect, and it undoubtedly impressed Taylor with the idea that the Derajat might afford a field for the missionary.

For many months the subject engaged his earnest attention ; his connection with the Derajat was drawing to a close, but before leaving it he determined to mark his retirement by putting within reach of the frontier races the privileges of the Christian faith. His religion had always been 'a chief fact with regard to him,' but in this he did not differ from many of those by whom he was surrounded. It is impossible to study the lives of the most distinguished men in the Punjab at this period without being struck by the religious tone which almost universally pervaded their actions. Reynell Taylor's congregation of four in his tent in Bunnoo was, it is well known, but the echo of what was to be found in many other parts of the country ; and meetings for the study of the Bible were not, we may believe, confined to the Commissioner's house on the hillside at Dhurmsala.

'The Christian character of British administration of the Punjab,' writes Sir John Kaye, 'has ever been one of

its most distinguishing features. It is not merely that great humanising measures were pushed forward with an alacrity most honourable to a Christian nation; that the moral elevation of the people was continually in the thoughts of our administrators; but that in their own personal characters they sought to illustrate the religion which they professed. Wherever two or three were gathered, the voice of praise and prayer went up from the white man's tent.'[1] It was men like the Lawrences, men like Robert Montgomery, Herbert Edwardes, Donald MacLeod, Henry Norman, Douglas Forsyth, James Brind, Cust, Lake, James, Martin, Urmston, Maclagan, Gorton, and many more, besides him of whom I am writing, who left their mark in this way upon the Punjab, and who, while serving their country and their Queen, forgot not to serve also their King of kings; and it is a significant feature that while those who I have just mentioned were mainly instrumental in starting and supporting the earlier missions in the Punjab, the mission stations of Umritsur, Simla, Kotgurh, Kangra, Cashmere, Peshawur, and the Derajat were all exclusively established by Government officers, and all now form links in that chain of posts which extends from Kotgurh through Kangra, Cashmere, and Peshawur along the wild frontier of the Derajat and across Beluchistan and Sindh to the sea.

There is no doubt that the spread of Christianity in India received a considerable accession of strength, and that the mission field was greatly extended immediately after the close of the Mutiny. Many missions had been formed in the Punjab previous to the years 1857–8, as, for instance, those of Simla and Kotgurh in 1840, the Umrit-

[1] Kaye's *Sepoy War*, vol. i. p. 64.

sur Mission, following immediately upon the first meeting of the Punjab Mission in 1852, the Peshawur Mission in 1853, and the Kangra Mission in the next year; but it was not until after the Mutiny that men's minds began to turn to the subject with greater earnestness, and that many began to see in the spread of Christianity the safeguard of our interests in India. 'It is not only our duty,' said Lord Palmerston, when Prime Minister in 1859, 'but it is our interest to promote the diffusion of Christianity as far as possible throughout the whole length and breadth of India.' 'Every additional Christian,' added Sir C. Wood, then Secretary of State for India, 'is an additional bond of union with England, and an additional source of strength to the Empire.' All honour, then, to the men who have sacrificed not only their health and strength, and devoted their lives to the labour, but have in many cases impoverished themselves by the extent and liberality of their donations. The history of British missionary labours in India, as elsewhere, is a striking one enough, and its pages tell of deeds of heroism and of daring performed by men single-handed. What the missionary does he has to do for the most part alone, and for this reason, if for no other, the moral support of his fellow-men should be given all the more ungrudgingly. Reynell Taylor was never tired of advocating the cause of the missionary, and he supported it alike with his pen as with his purse, 'because,' he said, 'the British nation owes a debt, and a heavy debt, of gratitude to the missionary bodies for what they have accomplished for us in the past by their judicious and persevering labours.'[1]

[1] 'The missionary not a pioneer of annexation' (*Church Missionary Intelligencer*, June 1879).

To the end of his days he remained a warm advocate of the spread of Christianity in India, and it is impossible to lose sight of the fact that the pecuniary sacrifice he thought it right to make in support of the cause was a very heavy one. I have had the privilege, since I commenced this part of my subject, of corresponding with one whose name must live in India, not only as a man who occupied high positions, but as one who ever took the deepest interest in the development of missionary work—I allude to Sir Robert Montgomery. But my correspondence with him, and from which this book might have benefited much, has now been cut short, for even as I write comes the news of his death. In the last letter he wrote to me, only a few days before he died, he says, after referring to the extension of missions in the Punjab and Taylor's open-handedness in supporting them :—'India, abundant in good men, had never a finer Christian character than Reynell Taylor. He was a brave soldier, a splendid swordsman, but gentle, true, and most lovable.'

So Reynell Taylor determined to mark his retirement from the Derajat by doing something in aid of the subject he had nearest at heart, and with a hope of benefiting the wild races with whom he had been connected for so many years. He decided, in short, to establish a mission in the Derajat, and for this purpose, and though possessed of a very moderate income, he offered to make a donation of 1,000*l.*, and to supplement it by a subscription of 100 rs. a month during such time as he remained in India.

In forwarding his proposal through Montgomery and Herbert Edwardes, he writes :—'I should wish to put the

matter in the hands of the Church Missionary Society. I like its connection with our Church, and I believe it to be in every way entitled to confidence and honour both as to motives and means employed, and therefore we can never do better than put ourselves in its hands.'

'It cannot but strike us,' wrote Herbert Edwardes in supporting Taylor's proposal, 'as very remarkable that this comes from one who is responsible for some 300 miles of the farthest and ruggedest frontier of British India, and that he who bids the proposal "God speed" is responsible for the provinces whose manly races helped the English to reconquer India in 1857–58. The Punjab is indeed conspicuous for two things—the most successful government and the most open acknowledgment of Christian duty. So long as the Punjab is ruled in the spirit of Colonel Reynell Taylor and of Sir Robert Montgomery a blessing will surely rest upon it. As one whose lot is cast in with theirs, I am thankful even to read their letters and to carry such plans before you.'

'We have held the frontier,' wrote Montgomery to Taylor, 'for twelve years against all comers, and now, thank God, for the first time, we are at peace with all the tribes. There are indications of a better state of things for the future; they seek more to come amongst us; now is the time to hold out the hand of friendship, and to offer through the missionaries the bread of life. It is not the duty of the Government, or their servants, to proselytise; this is left to those who have devoted their lives to the work. I rejoice to see Missions spreading, and the Derajat is a fitting place for the establishment of one.'

The Church Missionary Society was at the time of

Taylor's proposal (1861) somewhat hard pressed for funds and this new mission necessarily meant additional expense, but Taylor's donation was supplemented by a subscription of one hundred pounds from Montgomery, then Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, as well as by other small sums, and the mission was accordingly started at Derah Ishmael Khan forthwith. It is no part of my duty to laud this action of Taylor's, but it seems as though, by establishing this mission, he brought to a fitting close a connection with a country where his unparalleled influence was the outcome of kindness and consideration. For sixteen years after this he continued to pay his promised subscription of 100 rs. a month, and on one occasion he is known to have insured his life and raised the money on the policy to enable him to do so. 'An amusing incident,' writes the Rev. Robert Clark, 'occurred in connection with Reynell Taylor's subscription to the Derajat Mission which is quite unknown. He was asking one day about the missionary at Derah Ishmael Khan, and was told that he had gone home. Taylor gave a little start but said nothing. At the end of the visit he remarked that his visitor must have noticed that he was a little discomposed on hearing of the missionary's departure, "for," said he, "I have not paid my subscription for several months, and, in fact, had not the money to give, so I borrowed of the Bank, and they would not lend it till I had insured my life. It has just come, and now the missionary has gone home."' 'Probably,' adds the same writer, 'no other instance has ever yet been known in India of a man insuring his life to pay his subscription to a Missionary Society.' The mission, established in the first instance by Taylor's munificence, has now been

in operation for more than twenty-six years, and there is at the present time a missionary at Derah Ishmael Khan, another at Bunnoo, and a medical missionary at Tank[1]; but the results, chiefly, I believe, from the fact that the stations have been at all times undermanned, have been as yet lamentably small,[2] and there is little to show for all these years of labour. The classes it was hoped to reach—the Wuzeerees, the Lohanee and Powindah merchants, and the Beluchees—have not responded, and the labours and preaching of the missionaries seem to have 'been carried away by a strong and merciless stream.'

Long after Taylor left the Derajat his name, like James Abbott's in Huzara, was remembered by the people among whom he had worked, and writing as late as 1883[3] the Rev. Robert Clark says:—'His deeds of prowess are still spoken of on the frontier, where his name is a household word for skill and courage. The only person who knows what he did, and is silent respecting it, is himself. And yet so gentle, lovable, and beloved was he, that the natives used to say there were two ferishtas (angels) amongst the English in the Punjab; that they were so good, that if all

[1] Church Missionary Society's Annual Report, 1886–7. The Medical Mission at Tank was founded by Major Gray in 1868.

[2] The missionary in charge of Bunnoo, writing to the Society on December 16, 1886, gives the following figures:—Native communicants, 5; native baptised Christians, 17. Baptisms during the year—adult, 1; child, 1; schools, 3; scholars—boys, 101. The figures for Derah Ishmael Khan are rather larger. The missionary here writes on February 10, 1887, that the native communicants number 19, the native Christians 42, the baptisms during the year 4, and the scholars 265.

At Tank the medical missionary reports that in 1886 'there were 9,375 new patients and 15,971 visits recorded, 56 in-patients were treated, and that 14 major operations and 1,862 minor were performed.'

[3] Clark's *Thirty Years of Missionary Work.*

the English had been like them the whole country would have become Christian by seeing them and witnessing their actions without the aid of any missionaries at all; and that these two ferishtas were Sir Donald MacLeod and General Reynell Taylor.'

CHAPTER X.

PESHAWUR—THE UMBEYLAH WAR.

1862–1863.

IN the spring of 1862 Reynell Taylor turned his back upon the Derajat for the last time. Hugh James, the Commissioner of Peshawur, had gone to England on leave, and Taylor was ordered to take up the Officiating Commissionership in his absence. We may well believe that he did not part from the people of the Derajat without a true feeling of regret. Among them he could count many friends; in their country he had won his earliest laurels, and his name was known far and near as one who was never too busy to listen to their troubles or to consider their complaints. His daring and complete indifference to danger won their respect, but his gentleness and consideration for the meanest among them entwined itself about their rough hearts. They never forgot 'the man,' as they called him, 'with the disposition of an angel;' and it may equally be said that he never forgot them. Years after this, even as late as 1876, I find him still writing to advocate the claims of those who had stood by him in his hour of direst need; and it is satisfactory to know that the Government at length 'granted all he asked.' I have before alluded to the hold Reynell Taylor had upon the natives of all classes, and there is no doubt—and I have

heard it from many of his intimate friends—that the secret of it was his accessibility. He was never so hard at work that he did not make the time to receive the high, the low, the rich, or the poor; 'at all times visitors came to him without fear of rebuff, and all, from the pompous city magnate to the humblest citizen, were sure of a courteous and kindly reception.' So much, indeed, did he think of this part of his duty throughout his life in India, that he let it be generally known that he had regular hours for receiving visits from natives every morning. All might come at other times, but it was understood that those only came at the stated hours whose social or official position entitled them to visit the Commissioner. 'The preparations for these visits were always made with the greatest care and forethought. In fine and suitable weather, when the morning air was sufficiently cool (or in the cold season, sufficiently mild) to make it pleasant, the receptions took place in the garden, under the shade of trees, where carpets were spread and chairs arranged. If it was necessary to be in the house, domestic arrangements were made to give way, and the guests were received kindly and courteously in the drawing-room. His manner with natives (as, indeed, at all times) was quiet and self-possessed, but with all there was a pleasant geniality and none of that *gauchérie* which comes of ignorance of Eastern customs or of the language. His knowledge of both was complete, so there was neither vagueness nor fear of offence on either side during these ceremonies.'[1]

The effects of Reynell Taylor's treatment of natives were often most marked, but at no time were the fruits

[1] Colonel A. H. Bamfield.

more distinctly visible than in 1857–8, when the Derajatees responded at once to our call and came forward voluntarily to offer their assistance. It is undoubtedly a fact that the visits of natives, be their rank or position what it may, are often distasteful to the English official. Very often the officer is overdone with work and the visits are ill-timed, coming alike in the hours of work as in the hours of leisure. Possibly he knows full well the burden of the complaint or the request which is the real object of the visit, and he knows too that this will only be brought out after a lengthened and irrelevant conversation. Consequently the interview is of the briefest and wanting in courtesy: the applicant is told that the time is inopportune and that leisure cannot be found, and he therefore goes his way with the feeling that the door is shut to him. Reynell Taylor, as I have said, worked on the opposite principle, and sacrificed himself and his time for others. Personal influence he always considered to be the strongest weapon, and he lost few opportunities throughout his life of acquiring it. 'Probably,' writes one of his most intimate friends, 'there never was an officer in the service, whether civilian or military, who was so thoroughly accessible to natives as he was;' and it was this accessibility which was the cause of his strength.

So Reynell Taylor bid good-bye to the Derajat, and in company with his wife and four children[1] set out for Peshawur.

His duties here differed little from those he had just left. To the ordinary judicial and political work was, however, added one very important item, 'the conduct of dip-

[1] A second daughter, Alice, had been born at Dera Ishmael Khan on April 13, 1861.

lomatic correspondence between the Ameer of Cabul and the British Government, the Commissioner of Peshawur being the intermediary through whom, as a rule, communications between the two Governments passed.'

To his already ripe knowledge of frontier politics Taylor now added a close study of the internal affairs of Afghanistan. In after years this enabled him to give sound advice when called upon, and also to foreshadow, in a remarkable manner, the consequences which would result in the event of certain courses of action being adopted. History in these days is made at so rapid a rate that much of what he wrote bears but little upon the present state of affairs, and I have therefore thought it best, in order to avoid breaking the thread of the narrative, to notice his writings together in an appendix.

Peshawur has always been well known for two things—its unhealthiness and its crime. The term which for many years was applied to it is now almost obsolete, and Peshawur can no longer be called 'the white man's grave.' That deadly complaint, known as 'Peshawur fever,' is now rarely met with, and, owing to a good water supply and general sanitary improvement, the quarter may be considered quite as healthy as many others. But in the days of which I am writing it was different, and the year 1862 was memorable for one of the most terrible outbreaks of cholera and fever ever known. Hundreds were swept off, and in one day alone the 93rd Highlanders lost four of their officers. The outbreak lasted from June to October, during the whole of which time Reynell Taylor visited the city daily, and assisted by every means in his power to stay the ravages of the disease. It is needless to say he never thought of

himself, and one instance I may at least quote to show how utterly unmindful he was of the risks he ran. Working one day when the outbreak was at its height, and the great heat rendered the march of the disease all the more easy, the coolie who was pulling the punkah over him was suddenly seized with the dreaded complaint. Reynell Taylor, without a moment's thought, ordered his buggy to be brought round, and, taking the coolie in his arms, drove him himself to the hospital. To those who have never known what it is to confront a severe outbreak of cholera this fact may seem but a small affair; but to others who have had this experience, and who know that dread of infection, amounting almost to panic, is not confined to the weaker sex, the story of Taylor and the coolie will appear worth recording.

And now as regards crime. It will be remembered that when Taylor was left at twenty-five years of age Hakim-i-wukt of Peshawur, his action in hanging a man for murder without due deliberation was somewhat severely commented on by Henry Lawrence. I am inclined to think, that this reprimand was the cause of his hesitating ever afterwards to arrive at a decision in any case without a most thorough and complete sifting of every tittle of evidence. There is no doubt that he was much longer in getting through his cases than others, and this I have heard from many; but it must also be recorded that his decisions were very rarely upset, and the Judicial Commissioner averred that Reynell Taylor 'was one of two whose judicial decisions and sessions cases were the best in the Province.' It is a curious fact that the number of murders when Taylor was Officiating Commissioner of

Peshawur in 1863 was less than was ever known before; but I do not wish to claim credit to him for this, though a certain action on his part, to which I shall have presently to refer, may have had something to do with it.

The terrible prevalence of crime, which has always been one of the distinctive features of the Peshawur district, is no doubt due to the large proportion of Pathan inhabitants. From youth up the Pathan is taught that the sword or the knife is the only remedy for wrong, however weighty or however slight. In writing of the race Kaye gives the following description :—'Brave, independent, but of a turbulent, vindictive character, their very existence seemed to depend upon a constant succession of internal feuds . . . they knew no happiness in anything but strife. It was their delight to live in a state of chronic warfare. Blood is always crying aloud for blood. Revenge was a virtue among them; the heritage of retribution passed from father to son, and murder became a solemn duty.'[1]

The causes of the prevalence of crime, therefore, were due in a great measure to the characteristics of the inhabitants, the murders being, in almost every case, the outcome of infidelity or jealousy. In the years 1849–50 the murders were believed to have averaged one a day, but after this, partly owing to a very large force of police, and partly to the introduction, with our rule, of capital punishment, this class of crime decreased until, as I have said, it touched its lowest level in 1863, when the number of murders amounted to twenty-seven. But this improved state of affairs did not last, for in the very next year they were double again, and by 1872, after a gradual increase

[1] Kaye's *War in Afghanistan*, vol. i.

annually, they arose to the appalling figure of 103. Mr. Elsmie, Additional Commissioner of Peshawur, in his official report in 1873, writes :—'I do not suppose that such a state of things exists in any other part of the British dominions, in India or elsewhere,' and in referring to the decrease in 1863 he adds :—'This number is remarkably low. The Deputy Commissioner thinks it was partly owing to the Umbeylah campaign causing private animosities to be suspended. But in 1862 three brothers of good position were hanged for brutal murder, and I have heard General Taylor, the Commissioner of that time, say that this example had a most marked effect.'

The facts of this particular case were these :—A dispute had arisen in a family, which ended in the murder of one member of it by his three brothers. As usual, the sympathies of the inhabitants were all on the side of the murderers, and no amount of evidence was wanting in support of an *alibi*. The case went before the magistrate, General Coxe, to whom I am indebted for the facts, and the three brothers were committed for trial before Reynell Taylor. Taylor spared no pains to investigate the matter thoroughly, and went several times to the scene of the murder. In the end he recommended that all three brothers should be hanged ; his recommendation was approved, and the murderers were executed without loss of time. That three lives should in this way be taken for one life was alike a puzzle and check to the Pathans, and for a time at least the execution was not without its effect.

I have been constrained to notice the crime of the Peshawur district, because it was a matter to which Taylor devoted much time, and when, in 1873, the prevalence of

the crime of assassination in the district formed the subject of an official inquiry, Reynell Taylor was called upon for an expression of his opinion. Infidelity and jealousy were, as I have already said, the cause of the majority of the murders, but blood feuds also accounted for a great many. Rather more than ten years after the period of which I am writing, a blood feud in the Peshawur district was, indirectly, the cause of a national calamity, and as the murderer was well known to Reynell Taylor, having been in his employ for some time, I will notice the circumstance here.

At the time of the murder of Lord Mayo, Reynell Taylor was on leave in England, and in a letter to 'The Times'[1] he gives the following account of Shere Ali's history. The crime at the time was attributed to fanaticism, and indeed Shere Ali is, in many instances, referred to even now as 'a fanatic.' Taylor, I think, conclusively proves that fanaticism had little or nothing to do with it, and in a leading article upon his letter 'The Times' refers to his account as being 'so complete at all points, and so entirely explaining the crime by motives of private passion, that it would seem wholly unnecessary, if not unreasonable, to cast about for any more remote or recondite cause.'

'Shere Ali,' writes Reynell Taylor, 'is an Afreedee, his home being beyond our border in the Teerah mountains, west of the Khyber pass. He had been selected by Sir Herbert Edwardes or Colonel James—I forget which—to act as mounted orderly to the Commissioner of Peshawur, and in this capacity I first made his acquaintance when I

[1] February 13, 1872.

temporarily took up the Peshawur Commissionership from Colonel James in 1862.

'Shere Ali was made over to me by Colonel James with the warning that he had a serious blood feud on hand with a rival branch of his own family, and he would probably ask leave to go and prosecute this petty warfare in his own hills. Numerous victims had fallen on both sides in this feud, and the balance for the time was against Shere Ali. Accordingly he was occasionally summoned by his family to carry on the feud, when they believed that an opportunity of successfully attacking members of the rival branch was likely to occur.

'This hereditary quarrel was eventually the ruin of Shere Ali himself, and by as strange a combination of circumstances as ever swayed the balance of mortal destiny it has involved the fate of a gallant nobleman and gentleman, the highest in the land, the scene being a remote island in the Indian seas.

'Shere Ali, unhappily for all, did not content himself with prosecuting his blood feud in his own mountains, where his proceedings, being in accordance with the usages of his tribe and the practice of his co-religionists, could be no concern of ours.

'The British territory is free to all, and by implied compact all are bound to forego their feuds and animosities on British ground. This principle of the sanctity of the neutral ground afforded by our territory is well known and recognised by all the tribesmen on our borders. I have frequently had men, and parties of men, sitting on the same carpet before me, who directly they crossed the border could only meet as Montague and Capulet.

'But it so fell out that Shere Ali was induced, under what was to him strong temptation, to violate the sanctuary of British territory, and, either watching his opportunity or accidentally obtaining it, fell upon his hereditary enemy in the peach-groves in the suburbs of Peshawur and took his life, thereby, according to Pathan modes of feeling, setting himself right, and throwing the onus of the next move in the game on his rivals.

'This occurred after I had left Peshawur. Colonel Pollock tried Shere Ali for his life, found him guilty, and, I believe, sentenced him to death, but in consideration of his good character in our service, and partly, I believe, from the fact of the evidence against him being chiefly circumstantial, he recommended him to mercy *quoad* the extreme penalty of the law, and he was eventually transported for life.

'I communicated with Colonel Pollock at the time regarding him. Shere Ali had accompanied me throughout the Umbeylah campaign, and had behaved with the gallantry and devotion which the men of his tribe know so well how to display when they are treated with kindness and confidence, and I felt bound to say what I could for him.

'He was not a mere brutal ruffian, as his last act would make him appear; the murder which he committed in the Peshawur territory would have been no murder according to the usages of his clansmen a few miles further northwards. He had attended me with eager zeal and devotion in rough work, and in peace he had been the playfellow of my children, one little girl having him entirely at her beck and call. In his great rough posteen boots, and armed always, like men of his clan, with sword and knife, he would

carry her all over the place and attend her on her pony rides.

'I only give the worst his due. This is the man who has now with ruffianly cruelty struck down our manly and genial chief, and the power is only left us to deplore the fact that, probably by a too frank and brave bearing on the part of Lord Mayo, the opportunity was given him of working this mischief.

'I know full well what transportation must have been to Shere Ali, pining for the blue hills of Teerah, and brooding over his punishment for what he would persist in justifying as no crime. If you imagine a Highland clansman in the old times incarcerated for life in a Lowland jail for killing a rival in the course of a blood feud, but on land under the influence of the laws, you would come somewhere near what was the man's probable state of mind.

'The Afreedees are proverbially reckless of human life, but they are not fanatical, nor are they naturally prejudiced against us. There was, therefore, I feel confident, nothing connected with religious frenzy or hatred of the British in the act, except, inasmuch as you have rightly conjectured, it is probable that he recognised in the Governor-General the head and front of that system of even-handed justice which had condemned him to penal servitude for life.

'How sad is the result! Lord Mayo in his brave, energetic, and human endeavours to understand this remote portion of the charge entrusted to him, must have exposed himself by his free, confident bearing to the blow. Our chiefs are, I think, a whit too thoughtless of themselves in such matters, urged on, however, by the wish to see all with

their own eyes. Every convict against whom, in that dim twilight, Lord Mayo may have almost been jostled, had a history and antecedents which in his diseased imaginings were brooded over daily as wrongs. I myself know that there must have been one other man in that throng, unless he has before this effected his escape or died in the attempt, regarding whom it would not have surprised me in the least to hear that he had done exactly as Shere Ali has. The man I allude to is no religious enthusiast or political intriguer, only a dacoit leader; and the question I am inclined to ask is, whether it is really right that the highest and most important person in the country should be brought actually in contact with such characters without himself or those about him being even aware of the nature of the danger encountered?

'It is most sad, I think, that so valuable a life should have been sacrificed by the generous performance of a duty which surely could have been sufficiently well performed by those lower in rank, who would have been less likely to suffer, or, if unfortunate, could have been spared with less injury to the country.'

Reynell Taylor had not been more than fifteen months at Peshawur, when an outbreak occurred on the borders of his district which called for the full display of all his remarkable qualities. I will tell the story in a few words. In the early part of the century, one Syud Ahmed Shah, a native of Bareilly, after devoting some years to the study of Arabic, proceeded on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The doctrines he professed attracted a certain number of fanatical Mahomedans, and in 1824 he appeared in Eusufzye and commenced a religious war against the Sikhs. For a

time his operations were eminently successful, and in 1829 Peshawur fell into his hands. Elated by this stroke of fortune, he was indiscreet enough to attempt to assert his authority on those around him, but his measures proved so oppressive that many of his followers forsook him, and in 1830 he was slain in a fight on the Huzara border. The remains of his army made good their escape across the Indus, and established themselves at Sitana, at the foot of the great Mahabun mountain. Here the Syuds, as they came to be called, were joined from time to time by parties of Hindostanees, who, though nominally attached to the fanatics, really held themselves somewhat aloof. These Hindostanees were supported and furnished with money and arms from Patna in Bengal, and from parts of Rajpootana, by those whose bitter enmity against us and whose violent religious fanaticism prompted them to seek out any means of undermining our power on the frontier.

Aided in this way, and regularly supplied with all they required, the inhabitants of Sitana were able to cross the Indus and make systematic raids on British territory, and these attacks at last became so insupportable that in 1858 a force under Sir Sydney Cotton was sent to exact redress. The villages were destroyed, numbers of the fanatics were killed, and an engagement entered into with the Otmanzai and Jydoon tribes to prevent the Syuds and their followers from returning to Sitana.

Before going further it is necessary to glance at the position occupied by the Mahabun mountain, as otherwise it will be difficult to understand the nature of the subsequent operations. The mountain stands on the right

bank of the Indus, about forty miles above Attock. On two sides it is bounded by the Indus and its tributary, the Burrundoo; to the southward its rocky slopes descend abruptly into the plains of Eusufzye, and on the north-west a narrow valley, surrounded by mountains, called the Chumlah Valley, separates it from the adjacent ranges. The only entrance to the Chumlah Valley from Eusufzye is through the Umbeylah pass, a narrow defile, nearly nine miles in length, with the Mahabun on its right and the Gurroo mountain on its left. It will thus be seen that the mountain occupied an isolated position. The headquarters of the fanatics at Sitana were close to the Indus, on the eastern side of the Mahabun, and when the Syuds and Hindostanees were driven away from there by Sir Sydney Cotton they established themselves on the northern slopes at a place called Mulkah. For three years the engagements which had been made with the tribes in 1858 held good, but in 1861 they were broken, and it was only by the tribes in the immediate vicinity instituting a blockade that the Hindostanees were compelled to retire. A period of comparative quietude followed after this, and for a time merchants were able to journey along the border without fear of being robbed and murdered. But this respite was not of long duration; and in July 1863 the Syuds were reported to have reoccupied Sitana, and with the aid of the Jydoons to have recommenced their former malpractices.

It was obvious that a fresh expedition would have to be undertaken without loss of time, and Reynell Taylor, as Commissioner of the adjoining district, from the first recommended instant action.

Space will not allow me to give Taylor's official letters

here, for they are both long and numerous. They are distinguished by that thoroughness which was a part of all he did, and they contain advice regarding the strength of the force to be despatched, the point of concentration, the date of marching, the supplies to be found in the country, the best positions for depôts, the opposition likely to be met with, as well as a description of the most feasible routes. 'I pray that God's blessing may be in our counsel,' he writes to the Secretary to Government, Punjab, on September 11. 'If I have written strongly for war, it is under a deep conviction that an avoidance of it would be likely to involve us in far more serious difficulties. At present we have our work within compass, and a vindication of our authority by the punishment of the present offenders will keep down others; delay to punish, and I cannot answer for the consequences.'

The expedition which followed grew, through unforeseen and unavoidable circumstances, into the proportions of a frontier war, and the tribes previously at peace with us, thinking that our advance along their borders must be attended with danger to them, refused to believe our proclamations. The Bonairs, having no sympathy with the fanatics, but holding different tenets, and forming part of the religious constituency of the Akhoond of Swat, threw themselves into the quarrel, resisted our marching by the Chumlah Valley, and, through want of faith in our protestations, caused much of the subsequent complication. The Akhoond of Swat, fearing lest he might lose influence did he not show sympathy with the Bonair tribes, joined the combination against us, and thus not only lent a certain prestige to the cause, but threw a religious complexion

over affairs of which the Hindostanees were not slow to avail themselves. But I am anticipating.

Orders were given in September for a force to assemble at Swabee, in Eusufzye, and towards the close of the same month Taylor went to Murree to confer with the Lieutenant-Governor and Sir Neville Chamberlain, and to arrange matters with the chief engineer and the commissariat officers. From Murree he rode in one day to Abbottabad, and having despatched an assistant to Swabee to collect information of the route through the Umbeylah pass, he started for the upper part of the Indus himself, and by October 7 had taken sketches of the whole river board from Bultheree below Sitana to the point where the Burrundoo River joins the Indus.

Five days later he arrived at the camp at Swabee, from whence he accompanied a reconnoitring party to Punjtar, and endeavoured by every means in his power to verify the information already gathered regarding the neighbouring country. The absolute necessity for secrecy rendered the task a difficult one, as it was impossible to discuss the route the army was to take, and the probabilities of opposition, with men who were intimately connected with the tribes concerned. Prudential reasons prevented Reynell Taylor from examining the entrance to the Umbeylah pass as he wished, and thus it was necessary to rely almost entirely upon the statements made by natives. From these it appeared 'that the pass presented no military obstacles; that the Chumlah Valley was open; and that the northern slopes of the Mahabun were easier than the southern.' 'How misleading much of the information collected proved in the end to be will be related presently. The

unexpected action of the tribes, far more than the features of the country, was the real cause of our subsequent embarrassment. The nature of the country rendered military operations most difficult, but it was the religious cry especially that filled the enemy's ranks with a crowd of stubborn hardy warriors, who hated us with a bitter hatred, and who believed they were fighting for their homes, their country, and their independence.

The command of the force, amounting in the first instance to 5,620 men, and being partly composed of European troops, was given to Sir Neville Chamberlain, and Reynell Taylor accompanied the expedition as chief political officer. The enemy far outnumbered us from the outset. For two months British and native troops alike had to contend against the greatest difficulties, and at the end of the first month, and after some of the sharpest fighting that has ever taken place on the frontier, it was found necessary to call for reinforcements. The great road from Lahore to Peshawur in a short while became crowded with troops and blocked with baggage animals, and when the campaign was brought finally to a close our losses numbered no less than thirty-six English officers and between eight and nine hundred men killed and wounded.

The check our forces received at the commencement of the war, their inability to move straight on to Mulkah and to destroy the outposts of the fanatic colony in the Chumlah Valley, was afterwards severely commented on. Blame, in some instances, was cast upon those who were in no way at fault; but as no part of this attached to Reynell Taylor, I may well refrain from importing contentious matter into the story of his life. The Umbeylah war was

the last of his campaigns; in it he distinguished himself in as great, if not in a greater, degree than on any previous occasion, and I will turn, therefore to the events with which his name will always be associated.

For the first month Reynell Taylor was chief political officer with the force, and it may appear from this that he would have but a small part to play, therefore, in the more active operations, but 'whenever the situation of affairs afforded little scope for political negotiations, he resumed his position as a military officer, and accompanied the troops when engaged with the enemy.'[1] The crowning event of the whole campaign was carried out by him, and, in the opinion of those best able to judge, Reynell Taylor's burning of Mulkah saved the Government from an even larger undertaking.

The difficulties of the expedition began almost at the outset. The force broke up at Swabee on October 18 and entered the Umbeylah pass on the 20th. After threading its way through the narrow defile, in spite of the track proving to be merely the bed of a mountain torrent, the entrance to the Chumlah Valley was secured with only slight opposition. But the outlook was by no means favourable. The way through the pass, besides being encumbered with rocks, was in places overhung by trees, and it was only, therefore, by great exertions that the baggage could be got through at all. The proclamation to the tribes in the vicinity, in which the pacific nature of our intentions, so far as they were concerned, was pointed out, was circulated on the 19th; but three days later the Bonairs rose against us, and affairs at once assumed a new

[1] General Chamberlain's despatch, November 25, 1863.

complexion. Chamberlain, instead of being able to proceed, found himself suddenly assailed in front by a vastly superior force; to right and left of him rose the rugged slopes of towering mountains, and in his rear a narrow defile, already choked with a long train of baggage animals, rendered communications with his base most difficult. The fact of our being thus detained at the head of the pass gave rise to the hope that we could move no further, and, in the words of Reynell Taylor, 'it was this hope that subsequently fired the tribes with such enthusiasm in the cause, and which, when backed by the presence of their priests, raised their spirit to a point to which it had never been raised before.'

But Chamberlain, though his force was much reduced by reason of the troops required to protect the line of communication, set to work with indomitable energy to improve his position. He fortified his front by means of a breastwork, and occupied the ridges to his right and left with strong pickets. 'The extreme left picket on the Gurroo mountain, named the Eagle's Nest, stood on a rocky projecting knoll far above the camp. That on the right, called the Crag Picket, was equally commanding, and towered up into the sky a pinnacle of huge rocks scantily clothed with pines.'[1] Round these two points centred the chief part of the fighting. No less than three times was the Crag Picket wrested from us only to be again recaptured, and our losses on the occasion of recapture alone numbered 349 officers and men.

I must pass over the many acts of gallantry performed during these frequent attacks, as well as the change of

[1] *Sitana*, by Colonel John Adye, C.B.

position, by which the Gurroo mountain was abandoned, and the right heights occupied in such a way as to command the new line of communication by Shere Durrah. For the first month it appears, from Reynell Taylor's private letters, that our troops lived in 'a chronic condition of repelling attacks,' while every Friday, that day being the Mahomedan holy day, was distinguished by an onslaught of a more furious nature.

The final attack on the Crag Picket took place on November 20, and for a third time it was carried by the enemy. Reynell Taylor had been relieved the previous day by James, who had just returned from England, and so he was able to take a still more active part in the military operations. No sooner had the Crag Picket fallen than preparations were immediately made for recapturing it, and writing on November 21 Reynell Taylor thus describes what happened on the occasion :—

'About 4 P.M. an attack in force was made on the Crag Picket, and again was the summit covered with crowds of dusky warriors and dotted with their flags. The artillery played upon them with beautiful practice and checked their advance. All was haste and stern preparation to arrange the assault for recapture. The 71st had the task this time, with the 5th Goorkhas and a portion of the 5th and 6th P.I. When the General and I reached the plateau below the Crag we found a strange but good manly scene—the whole area *rapped* all over with the enemy's fire, the regiments lying close under the cover available, and the artillery from below, and Hughes from the plateau, rattling away with shells at the crest and slope.

'I got the General to dismount and we scuttled across

the green to the better cover under the crag. Here the General called the officers of the 71st and addressed them with their men. He was well responded to, and the word was then given to advance. I had dissuaded the General from leading, and he stood it for some time, but it was indeed a matter of vital importance for the whole force, and as the men could only stream up so slowly, and a sword-in-hand rush was to be naturally expected, the prospect of failure pressed upon the mind and he could stand it no longer.

'In a few seconds we were among the leading climbers of that terribly winding slope, shouting to the men to come on, and anxious at seeing what comparatively slow progress they could make; however, they came on steadily and without a check. Just at the crest we encountered showers of stones, like Vesuvius before an eruption, our shells were crashing just over our heads, and a body of the enemy on a neighbouring mound flanked us. When we got near the top the General was struck, I was close to him and saw him clutch his arm and hoped the wound was not serious. I thought pressing on was the thing at the moment, and in another few seconds I was on the crest, and saw to my intense relief that the fellows were bolting out on the other side. Colonel Hope and a few men and some natives were on the spot, and every man of the enemy who remained in the work was quickly disposed of. I never saw greater coolness and self-possession than Colonel Hope displayed.

'We very soon made all snug for the night. The General's wound is through the arm; he is still commanding and doing well. Colonel Hope is wounded—a flesh wound in the leg; Saunderson and Dr. Pyle, of the 101st, killed;

Campbell, of the Goorkhas, lost a finger. All the other Abbottabad people well, thank God!

'I believe I was struck by a stone; I did not feel it at the time, but felt the pain soon afterwards, and have the mark.

'The enemy lost heavily.'

This proved to be the last attack of any importance; the enemy had evidently lost heart, and from November 20 to December 15 no severe fighting took place. Meanwhile Chamberlain, owing to the severity of his wound, had to resign the command in favour of General Garvock, and Taylor, as we have seen, was relieved by James. Chamberlain and Taylor had borne the brunt of the work hitherto, but at the moment when a crushing blow had been struck the one was incapacitated from further service and the other had to give place to his superior. To most people such a circumstance would have been attended with the keenest sense of disappointment. Few things are so trying to men as to see others reaping the fruits of their labour; yet Reynell Taylor was able to hand over to his successor the credit to which he was himself so justly entitled, and, a month after the close of the campaign, to write in a spirit of self-forgetfulness which few, surely, can hope to imitate.

'In the middle of the struggle,' he writes in one of his official letters, 'I was relieved by Major James. Had the difficulty been of an ordinary description, and not as we held it on the spot to be, a national one, requiring all the talents available, I should, I suppose, have been disappointed at being obliged to give up the reins *re infectâ*; but I had no feeling of the kind. The arithmetic of the thing was simple: Major James had had thirteen years' ex-

perience on the Peshawur border, I had had two There was then no room for personal feeling in the matter. It was easy for me to make over charge to Major James, and our subsequent association will be an agreeable recollection. If I have in this report, not unnaturally as the originator, been led into a review of the general results of the expedition, he will not suppose that I am claiming participation in the final result, the credit of which is his own entirely, and which I rejoice in as if it had been my own.'[1]

Before passing to the closing act of the campaign—the burning of Mulkah—I must give an account of one of the most striking instances of moral courage to be found in Reynell Taylor's life. Many men are possessed of great physical courage, but few have the moral fortitude to stand up alone and risk the ridicule of those about them for the sake of their religion. 'A man's religion,' it is said, 'is the chief fact with regard to him'; and if this be so, I may well give prominence to an incident which stands out as a distinct landmark in the whole of Taylor's career. Two days after the fight of November 20, in which he had distinguished himself by his usual coolness and intrepidity, he circulated among the Christian portion of the force the first of two remarkable letters calling on officers and men to spend a day in humiliation and prayer. The original letters, which, it should be mentioned, 'were well responded to,' lie before me now, and the first runs thus :—

'*Camp, Umbeylah Pass, November 22*, 1863.—To-day is the fifth Sunday we have spent in the hills. It is possible that many may be prevented from attending divine

[1] Letter from Reynell Taylor to the Secretary to Government, Punjab, January 21, 1864.

service, but the day may nevertheless be dedicated by each individual Christian to humiliation and prayer to Almighty God, soliciting his blessing on our efforts against the enemy in a cause which we humbly trust is a just one in His sight.

'We are opposed to men who are fired with fanaticism and superstition, who believe that their priest (who is with them) can preserve them by miracle from death, or, if they fall, ensure them paradise. Our God, the Lord of hosts of old, is lightly esteemed by them, possibly because we ourselves appear to neglect him so much. Men upon whom the light of the pure gospel of truth has not yet shone are full of zeal, but the servants of the true God are cold and negligent; and yet in the prayers of our church we confess "There is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God."

'In entering upon our present undertaking we may possibly not have been sufficiently earnest to do all in His name and for His honour, and we are now reminded of it by the heavy loss of valuable lives He has seen fit to inflict on us, though still, in His mercy, we have been granted substantial success. Though oppressed with much diffidence, and a deep consciousness of unworthiness to speak in the cause of God and Christ, I yet trust that my brother-officers and Christian brethren throughout the force will bear with me when I beg them affectionately to devote this day to humble prayer to Almighty God, beseeching Him to look mercifully on our past offences, and to deign to guide our counsels and grant us His help in the contest we are engaged in.'

A month later, when the campaign was over and the

force had already begun to retire from the enemy's country, Reynell Taylor called upon his 'brother-officers and Christian brethren' to give God the praise for their successes. This second letter is dated 'Right Heights, Umbeylah Pass, December 24,' and runs as follows:—

'On Sunday, November 22, scarcely more than a month ago, the Christian community of the Eusufzye Field Force were exhorted to dedicate the day to humiliation and prayer to Almighty God, beseeching Him to guide our counsels and grant us success in our efforts against the enemy in what we trusted was a lawful and just cause in His sight.

'At the time, our troops were greatly harassed with duty, our losses in officers and men had been severe, and our leader (Sir Neville Chamberlain) had been wounded and taken from us. The invitation to dedicate a day to prayer was most kindly and readily received by all, and I trust I shall not be supposed to build too much on it if I say that on looking back it appears as if the course of the campaign had worn a different aspect since that day. I do not think it can be wrong to call attention to this, because there is the best warrant for hoping for great results from united prayer. For three weeks our army had rest, and received reinforcements. During this interval the enemy, at the solicitation of their chief, were allowed an opportunity of making a peace which would have saved further bloodshed, whilst it secured the object of both parties in this war. This negotiation was interrupted by a stranger chief heading a large clan in the thought to gain honour by fighting us. In the operations that ensued we were granted complete success, and on the

third day after the terms had been refused, the Bonair tribe submitted unconditionally and their auxiliaries returned defeated.

'Having ventured to ask my fellow-Christians to pray at a time of difficulty, I am irresistibly impelled to exhort them to give thanks for victory, success, and restoration of peace. Our lips cried, "God have mercy," let them not fail to say, "God be praised," when an honourable and useful result has been granted to our efforts.

'It has been a subject of rallying in camp, where we should eat our Christmas meal. None could have predicted, when the enemy refused our terms, that we should eat it in peace in our own territory, with victory, attended with slight loss, to talk over. Such, however, is the case. Let us then do it thankfully, and take the opportunity of this Christmas Day to turn once before we break up and render hearty thanks to Almighty God for lives preserved, turbulent enemies quelled, and the security of our borders to all appearance ensured for years to come, enabling us to revert happily to the pursuits and enjoyments of peaceful life.

'I might not have had the courage to move again in the cause of God's honour and that of our Saviour Jesus Christ, had I not been supported by the sympathy and countenance of the Rev. J. Loeventhal, who lately acted as chaplain to the whole force, and who encouraged the first effort, and also by the hearty concurrence and approval of the present Chaplain of the Force, the Rev. W. G. Cowie. Thus encouraged, I have felt that it would be unworthy, when my own convictions of what is right are so strong, to leave this effort unmade.'

'Perhaps,' writes the Rev. Robert Clark,[1] 'no other man than Reynell Taylor could in such circumstances have written letters like these. He was himself the bravest of the brave, perhaps the most skilled swordsman in the camp, a man honoured by all, and words thus winged went to the heart.'

There is little need to add more, and yet there is one fact in relation to the religious side of Taylor's character which should, I think, be mentioned.

Throughout the Umbeylah war he was attended by an Afghan convert to Christianity, Shah Munir by name. This man always accompanied him wherever he went by day and slept at the door of his tent by night, and it was Taylor's custom to read prayers nightly with this Afghan comrade before he lay down to rest.

Let us turn again to the story of the war.

There was, as I have already said, a lull in the active operations after the fight of November 20 and pending the arrival of reinforcements. During this time many ugly rumours were afloat in the camp, and once it seemed as if the Government would withdraw altogether from the contest. Far and near among the tribes it was known that we had been long detained in the pass and had suffered some reverse. The excitement spread rapidly along the border. Many were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to rise against us; at Peshawur, Kohat, and even at Cabul, signs of sympathy were shown with our foes in the Chumlah Valley, and thus day by day our difficulties increased and our position became more and more critical.

By the second week in December, however, General

[1] *In Memoriam, General Reynell Taylor.* Signed 'R. C., Umritsur, 1886.'

Garvock was fortunately in a position to assume the offensive. The reinforcements had all arrived; the troops available for a forward movement numbered nearly nine thousand men, and among the fresh regiments were the 7th Fusiliers and the 93rd Highlanders. To strike at once was imperative. Fresh recruits were pouring down to join in the war against us, and the valley was filled with tribesmen; to withdraw now without loss of military prestige was impossible.

On December 15, to the astonishment of the enemy, our troops suddenly appeared before the village of Laloo, two miles from the Crag Picket. The war had been carried into the enemy's camp, and Laloo was burnt after some hard fighting. Without giving the enemy time to recover from their surprise, our force pushed on, passed Umbeylah on the following day, and again defeated the enemy with heavy loss. Where hard blows were being struck there Reynell Taylor was sure to be found, and he took an active part in both these days' fighting in company with Colonel Wilde's brigade. In the absence of the chief part of our forces, the enemy delivered a spirited attack on our entrenchments at the head of the Umbeylah pass, which was, however, successfully repulsed.[1]

The effect of these active measures was at once apparent. The Akhoond was no longer heard of, tribe after tribe disappeared from the scene, those who had come long distances to join in the war returned to their homes, and the Bonair chiefs came in to treat and to make peace.

It was arranged that the Bonair Khans should accompany a small party of British officers to Mulkah, and that

[1] Our losses in these fights numbered 172 killed and wounded.

they themselves should there set fire to the cantonments of the Hindostanee fanatics. The plan of thus making the Bonairs destroy Mulkah, without the aid of our troops, was well conceived, but the undertaking was no easy one, and it was attended, moreover, with many and obvious risks. To Reynell Taylor the task was given of carrying it out. 'From the first,' writes Major James, 'he had been unremitting in his inquiries regarding the nature of the country, and an important and delicate duty of this kind could not have been entrusted to safer and more chivalrous hands.' Reynell Taylor was accompanied by six British officers: they were Colonel Adye, C.B., Colonel A. Taylor, R.E., Major Roberts, V.C., Major Wright, Major Johnstone, and Lieutenant Carter. The Guides, as representing the three distinctive bodies of our native army—Pathans, Goorkhas, and Sikhs—formed the escort, and on December 19 the party set out on the undertaking.

The distance was only about twenty-six miles. Heavy rain fell on the first day, and on the second it was impossible to proceed owing to the severity of the weather. The troops were accordingly housed by the Bonairs in the village of Khooria.

On the morning of the 21st the Amazai tribesmen were reported to be collecting in force on the line of march, and it was known that they had been joined by the Muddakhail, so affairs for a moment looked awkward; 'but the Bonair Khans,' writes Reynell Taylor, 'were calm and firm, and I trusted fully to their being able to carry out the engagements they had entered into with us. After some exchange of messages they went forward, and in a little while matters were arranged and we moved on.'

This interruption was, however, the cause of unnecessary delay, and before the force reached Mulkah darkness was closing in. The place was found to be of considerable extent; there were roomy barracks built in the best hill fashion and capable of containing 3,000 men, and, besides a rough gunpowder factory, some few workshops and other buildings. The position the fanatics had chosen was in a secluded valley completely surrounded by the great ridges of the Mahabun, and no doubt they considered it perfectly safe from attack; but the time for its destruction had arrived.

'On the morning of the 22nd,' writes Reynell Taylor,[1] 'we fired the place, which, owing to the quantity of fine timber, burnt furiously, sending a large column of smoke high into the air, which was what we wanted. Sitana had been reoccupied contrary to agreement; we had been abused and insulted, and our villages had been attacked, and here, by God's help, was the result.

'An attempt was made, first by the Amazais, and secondly by the Bonair Kahns, backing their request, to get a part of the town spared as Amazai. The request was embarrassing; I knew that the Amazais would like to get it spared for the name of the thing, and that the Bonair Khans, though fully loyal in their intentions towards us, would not be sorry to be able to throw this little sop to the Mahabun tribes.

'Here Azeez Khan, of Suddhoon, backed me up well. I went to see the portion of the place it was desired to beg off, and found it was far too considerable to be spared. I knew that the Amazais would report that their Mulkah had

[1] Letter to Major James, Commissioner of Peshawur, February 2, 1864.

been spared, and that we had only destroyed the Hindostanee portion, whereas our concern was with the whole lodgment, which had been a hotbed of hostility to us, and was quoted through the country as the headquarters of men who learned war to assail and injure us. I therefore told Azeez Khan that it would not do, and that he must have the whole burnt. He acted on this, and the destruction was completed. While the destruction was going on, some of the Amazai tribesmen left and went down the valley, and reports soon came up that they and the Muddakhail were gathering again below. Azeez Khan accordingly went off and speedily arranged matters.

'I spoke to the Amazais who were present, but they were sullen and not inclined to answer in a good spirit. They were saved the trouble by Zydullah Khan, the Bonair chief, who stepped in front of them and, grasping his beard with his one remaining hand, said, "I am answerable for these men, both for their conduct now and for their excluding the Hindostanees in future." The Amazai mullicks must have felt as I did, that they had better have had the grace to speak for themselves, as the result of the conversation left them, as the expression is, "nowhere."'

Thus was Mulkah destroyed in the presence of a great concourse of neighbouring tribesmen, and the smoke of the burning village, as it ascended to the skies in one great column, was an unmistakable signal to the country round that our honour was avenged. 'The spectacle,' writes Reynell Taylor at the conclusion of the letter from which I have just quoted, 'of a tribe like the Bonair doing our bidding and destroying the stronghold of their own allies in the war at a distant spot, with British witnesses looking

on, must have been a thoroughly convincing proof to the surrounding country of the reality of our success, and of the indubitable character of the prostration felt by the tribe which had been the foremost in opposing us.'

The Umbeylah war was over; the officers and their escort returned from Mulkah unopposed; the camp at the head of the Umbeylah pass was struck; the lines and redoubts, where so many gallant men had fallen, were destroyed; the roads were broken up; and on Christmas Day the greater part of the force stood once more on Britis territory.

The list of honours and rewards at the conclusion of the campaign was a long one, but in it the political officers found no adequate place. As in the Muhsood expedition, so in the Umbeylah, Reynell Taylor's signal services remained unrecognised, and the North-West Frontier medal with two clasps was, with the exception of the official despatches, the only record of all he had gone through. It is unnecessary to follow the events of the war in detail; the sketch I have just given, however superficial, is sufficient to show that the arrangements previous to the commencement of the war fell heavily upon Reynell Taylor, that he was charged for the first half of the time with the conduct of all the political work, and that the most hazardous operation undertaken during the whole course of the campaign was entrusted to him and carried through without a hitch. I believe that he felt the omission not a little. Mention in despatches of his services, of course, there was, both in General Chamberlain's and in General Garvock's case. Thanks also appeared in the General Order by the Governor-General and in the despatch of the

Secretary of State for India, but here the recognition of his services began and ended.[1] His friends knew well how unjust this was; they knew what the value of his services had been, and they knew, too, that those services received no proper recognition. One letter on this point I will quote, and only one; it is from General Wilde.

'I think,' he says, 'both —— and —— are to blame for not giving you some public mark of a due recognition of your services in that eventful campaign. To my mind—and at Lahore I told Sir J. Lawrence so—your march to Mulkah was an extraordinary political success, and on your management on that occasion the question of a *war* depended, not with Bonair only, but Swat and all the Indus tribes. I think you saved the British Government from this, and —— held the same opinion.'

'At home,' wrote Reynell Taylor to John Lawrence two years later, 'a public recognition is the only thing one's friends understand. Blue books are not studied, verbal accounts weary and are not fully trusted, so the individual may as well hold his tongue. A public recognition is everything; it can be quoted in a breath, and establishes merit conclusively, the absence of it having the contrary effect, and this even with one's own family.

'Here in my own world I care much more for a little genuine goodwill from comrades, and the good opinion of those whose characters command my own respect, than for any amount of honour my right to which could for a moment be gainsaid.'

The omission is now past remedying. The case is no

[1] It was not until three years after this (June 1866) that Taylor received the Order of the Star of India.

isolated one; the loss is not Reynell Taylor's, and the rolls of the higher classes of one of our most cherished Orders is poorer by the name of a great and good man.

Before closing this chapter I cannot refrain from inserting a just tribute paid by Reynell Taylor to the devotion of the native troops during the war. The circumstances attending the Umbeylah campaign were exceptional. The greatest religious authority, both of our hills and of our plains, was present in the ranks of the enemy; but, besides the Akhoond of Swat, the Hadjee of Koonhar, the greatest priest of the Indus tribes of the northern border, came down from his own country for the express purpose of encouraging the tribes against us. The strain which the presence of these religious authorities entailed upon the faith and devotion of our native troops, can best be understood by those who know what an overwhelming weight of opinion is in the East bound up in that one word 'religion.'

The religious cry was tried on this occasion to the utmost, and it was known that every effort was secretly made to tamper with the fidelity of our Mahomedan troops, who, though faithful to their officers and their duty, yet felt painfully the presence of these revered leaders in the ranks of the enemy. But, though these peculiar circumstances were enough to depress our native soldiery to the utmost, not one case of misbehaviour occurred. Men worked on and lay hard through an increasing severity of season, and fought bravely and devotedly against the enemy, their fellows in faith, whenever they met them. To reiterate an old opinion, which, however, cannot be too often brought forward, personal influence of officers

will always be found to be the only stand-by for the Government interests when the religious cry is raised and the fidelity of our troops is being tampered with. Pay, pensions, and orders of merit may, and would be, cast to the winds when the honour of the faith was in the scale; but to snap the association of years and turn in the hour of his need against the man whom he has proved to be just and worthy, whom he has noted in the hour of danger and quoted to his family, is just what a Pathan will not do to his honour be it said.'[1]

[1] Reynell Taylor to the Secretary to Government, Punjab, January 21, 1864.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UMBALLA DIVISION.

1864–1870.

MRS. TAYLOR and her five[1] children had been left at Abbottabad during the Umbeylah war, and as soon as Taylor's duties, in connection with the return of the troops, were at an end he rejoined them there.

His children were now fast growing up around him, and were, moreover, arriving at the age when the climate of India would be most detrimental to their health. Education, for the boys especially, was a necessity; he had no time to devote to it himself, and he therefore determined to return with his family to England.

Nine eventful years had slipped by; two more campaigns had been added to the list, and from a Major Reynell Taylor had become a Colonel[2] and a C.B. It might have been to his advantage to remain in India until he had secured a fresh appointment, but his young family appeared to have the first claim upon him, so he applied for leave.

He arrived in England early in March, but his homecoming on this occasion was very different to the last.

[1] Anne, born at Peshawur, March 15, 1863.

[2] Taylor was gazetted Colonel April 3, 1863, and C.B. the following month.

Death had made sad havoc in his family during his absence,[1] and there was no gathering of sisters and brothers to welcome him. A happy home was, however, found for his children at Widdicombe, and for the next few years they remained there with his wife's family.

There is little to tell of the few months he spent in England. The details I have been able to collect are of no moment, and relate merely to visits to Compton, to London, and to Boyton in Wiltshire, where his sister, Mrs. Portal, was then living. One incident I may relate, as it is characteristic of him and has a bearing upon a circumstance I must refer to presently. He was rather troubled to know where to leave his children on his return to India, and one day, towards the end of the year, when visiting his sister, Lady Willoughby de Broke, in London, he continued for a while to walk round the room without speaking, as if he had something on his mind. At last he broke the silence with: 'Will you take charge of Flory for me?' His sister answered: 'Yes, if you will trust her to me as if she was my own child!' 'All right,' was the reply, and neither spoke further on the subject; the negotiation was concluded, and when Reynell Taylor left England his eldest daughter went to Compton. It is a small matter to record, but in after years the thought that Florence had had the advantages and happy influences of such a bringing up as Compton afforded, was the chief point he turned to for consolation in the hour of a most bitter grief.

In January 1865 Reynell Taylor returned to India. His wife had intended to accompany him, but when the

[1] Besides those mentioned previously, his brother-in-law, Lord Willoughby, had died June 5, 1862.

time arrived she was too unwell, and Taylor had therefore to go out alone.[1] It is here that a man who has devoted his life to an Indian career is hit hardest. At the time when his children are at their most impressionable age, at the time when he would wish to have them about him, not only to gain their affections but to exert those many influences for good which form the chief part of a parent's duty, he is cut off from their company and has to put many a thousand miles between himself and those he loves best on earth. In India a man has indeed to go 'to his work and to his labour until the evening,' the evening of his life; and when the day wanes, and he returns home in the sundown, he finds, too often, he is a stranger to his own children. Necessity, it is true, knows no law here.

On reaching India Taylor found himself appointed Commissioner of the Umballa Division, one of the most important in the Punjab. To the ordinary duties of a Commissioner, and the superintendence of the several districts of the Division, was here added the political supervision of the Cis-Indus Sikh States, and consequently the Commissioner of Umballa was also Political Agent to the Viceroy. The most important of these States were those of Puttiala and Nabha, and it is with these that Reynell Taylor's history during the next five years is more especially bound up. Other matters necessarily engaged much of his attention, and he had the satisfaction of bringing to a final conclusion two political cases of very long standing, one, indeed, of which had occupied the

[1] Mrs. Taylor followed her husband very shortly. On February 3, 1866, Lawrence was born at Umballa; and in 1868 Mrs. Taylor returned for a few months to England, when another child, Mabel, was born at Widdicombe, June 7.

attention of successive Governments for over forty years.[1] But these and other matters, such as the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh and the reception of the Ameer Shere Ali by Lord Mayo, are of little moment, so far as Reynell Taylor is concerned, compared with the long and manly course of opposition he thought it his duty to offer to the intrigues existing in the States to which I have just referred. Reynell Taylor, as Lord Napier of Magdala has truly written of him, 'was ever guided by the highest principles of honour,' but his noble efforts to preserve the States of Puttiala and Nabha from ruin and disgrace during four weary years were fraught with the most bitter consequences to himself.[2]

I take it to be no part of a biographer's task to shield where blame is justly merited, but I hold it to be before all else his duty to show where injustice has been done. 'A perfect man,' writes Pope, 'is a monster the world ne'er saw.' All men are prone to err. To palliate errors in the writing of a life is to abuse a trust, and knowingly to suppress truth in such a case is to be guilty of a fraud. I am tempted to do neither one nor the other. At no period of Reynell Taylor's life have I been so amply provided with materials as for the years 1866–70. These I have supplemented by an extended private correspondence, and the bulk of papers would thus make up a volume of themselves. But the subject, though by no means without its lessons, is calculated to afford but little interest to the general reader, and I am therefore compelled to get what

[1] See Punjab Reports for 1868–9.

[2] In order to avoid breaking in upon the subject concerning which I am now about to treat, I may mention that in June 1866 Taylor was made C.S.I., and that on October 28, 1868, he was gazetted Major-General.

I have to say into small compass, and to treat these four years together as a whole. Justice to Reynell Taylor's memory demands a due reference to the matter, and friends and relations alike will look for a mention of it in the story of his life. Let me therefore set out.

When Reynell Taylor was appointed to the Umballa District the States of Puttiala and Nabha were gradually drifting into a very unsettled condition. In Puttiala the Maharajah was still a minor, though he was approaching the age (eighteen) at which sovereign powers were to be granted him. The government was meanwhile being carried on by a Council of Regency. This Council was composed in part of men who, while fully alive to their own interests, were quite unmindful of those of the State; and the young Maharajah was thus surrounded by a network of intrigue skilfully laid by the most unprincipled of his advisers. To suit their own ends, they endeavoured by every means to obtain a paramount influence over him while he was yet in his minority, and in order to do this they misrepresented the counsels of those who had his well-being really at heart, gratified his every wish, pandered to all his tastes, and in a great measure suffered his education to be neglected. As a sequence he naturally became inflated with a false idea of his own importance, and the future prosperity of his State was proportionately endangered. The State of Nabha was scarcely in a better condition than that of Puttiala. Here the reigning Maharajah was a miserable debauchee, enfeebled, though a young man, by a life of vice and immorality. Through his incapacity, effeminacy, and extravagance he had brought his State to the verge of ruin, and from the

reckless indulgence of his passions he had become the mere puppet of those who stood at his elbow. The condition of affairs was so scandalous that, not long after Taylor's arrival, this miserable potentate was induced to place the administration of his affairs in the hands of a Commission, acting under the general control of the Commissioner of Umballa, and it was hoped that this measure would have the effect of cutting short the machinations of the evil disposed and curbing the unlicensed profligacy of the head of the State.

Such being the condition of the two principal States in the Division, Reynell Taylor was not the man to stand by and see matters going steadily from bad to worse without making a strenuous effort to improve them. The damage was done in the case of Nabha, but in Puttiala there was yet time. The Maharajah was only a boy, and Taylor thus sought to gain a personal influence over him. Interviews were frequent, and many letters, some of which now lie before me, passed between them. But this action on Taylor's part naturally alarmed the intriguing members of the Council, and they at once turned their forces against him. They brought charges against him of unlawful interference, incited the Maharajah of Nabha to join them in thwarting him, endeavoured to poison the mind of the Lieutenant-Governor (Sir D. MacLeod) by grossly misrepresenting what he was doing, and even hinted at his having received bribes.

Thus month by month Taylor's position became more and more uncomfortable. 'I fear,' wrote MacLeod early in 1868, 'you must be having a sadly wearying time, and a trying task, in contending with the incessant intrigue

which surrounds our chiefs.' And this was certainly no more than the fact, for Reynell Taylor's position was by degrees becoming almost insupportable.

'You will, I think, understand,' he writes to MacLeod, 'that until I have Nabha and Puttiala put in firm and proper order, I must be distracted and paralysed a good deal in other work. These two chiefs have gone in for a regular innings against me, and against any control of their actions. They have both had European assistance, or they would not have proceeded to the lengths they have. It is most necessary that they be brought to order, both in their own cases and also to prevent others being misled by their bad example.' For a long time after this, throughout the year 1868 and the greater part of 1869, Reynell Taylor continued to make every effort to put matters right, but the combination against him was a very strong one, and it is impossible to lose sight of the fact that he did not receive the support in higher quarters to which he was most justly entitled. He knew where the fault lay, and he knew perfectly well that the Maharajah of Puttiala was surrounded by unprincipled advisers, whose sole object was to obtain paramount power in the State by any means, and who, in their eagerness to thwart his efforts, endeavoured to raise a general outcry against him.

'I had had,' he writes, 'from a long prior period, good grounds for believing that the policy of the party was secretly to back up the Maharajah of Nabha to the uttermost in opposing me. This was from time to time confirmed, and became one of those matters which no one thinks of doubting. . . .

'In my late interviews with the Maharajah he has never once attempted to deny it. . . .

'The Maharajah was fully primed by the mischief-makers to defend them and accuse their enemies, but he is not yet wholly versed in the lessons they would teach him, and cannot yet look one straight in the face and persevere in a false statement. He had brought cases and prepared letters to aid in his representations and accusations, but it ended, after I had talked earnestly with him for some time, in his completely changing his manner, confessing that he had put himself too much into the hands of others, and promising that I should see how differently he would bear himself. . . .

'I thought he ought to give me his confession in writing . . . and he asked me to write the paper for his signature, and this I did. . . .

'As I was trusted to write the paper I had to word it very dryly and coldly, otherwise the Maharajah's confession was most distinct and full.

'Both I and —— visited him the next day, and he was still in the same mind. . . .

'I can only say that, to the best of my judgment and experience, the Maharajah's whole manner of dealing with the case was quite opposed to the supposition that the men were innocent of the charge preferred against them. . . .

'It was some time towards the end of May ('69) that —— wrote informing me that a certain Mr. —— had arrived at Umballa, and that he had been got up by the officials of the States of Puttiala and Nabha to fight me.

'All I heard confirmed my previous belief that the mischievous characters in Puttiala were hand in glove with

the troublesome party in Nabha, and that the whole plan was to back up and encourage the Maharajah of Nabha to resist me to the uttermost, and thus prolong, *ad infinitum*, difficulties which really only had their origin in the hostile instigations of these mischief-makers.

'I could have no other impression with regard to the entertainment of Mr. —— than that the whole scheme was intended to give fresh impetus to the outcry and abuse of myself and my measures, for which a pretty sufficiently effective and active machinery existed already.'

To the rest was now to be added attacks on Reynell Taylor in the public press, written by a European who had been got up for the purpose. Further delay was impossible, and in the middle of the year 1869 Taylor suspended the members of the Puttiala Council, whom he knew to be the leaders in all the mischief. And here a mistake was committed which, in part due to Reynell Taylor, was the cause of much serious trouble.

A committee was appointed to inquire into the charges against these suspended officials. The members of that committee were actuated by the highest motives, but their information was limited, and the chances, therefore, of getting to the bottom of intrigues and motives in a mere judicial inquiry were very remote. What was the result? I will give the answer in Reynell Taylor's own words:— 'The result was considerable injustice to myself and ruin to the better men for whom I had thought it my duty to act . . . an upsetting of the right and triumph of the men who have set rule and right, and something more, at defiance to gain their own ends.' [1]

[1] Reynell Taylor to the Secretary to Government, Punjab.

It was no part of the committee's duty to investigate Reynell Taylor's action; all they had to do was to report upon the case. Their proceedings extended over a considerable period, and they appear to have taken the best evidence immediately to hand. But there is no doubt that much important correspondence was not brought before them, particularly in the case of certain letters of the members of the Council; and it must also be remembered that Reynell Taylor, who from his lengthy experience and perfect knowledge of the subject could have directed the efforts of the committee aright, was precluded by his position from giving evidence. All the members of the committee were his juniors, and not one—and I write entirely without prejudice—had at that time a tithe of his experience in matters of administration. Reynell Taylor replied to the committee's report in an exhaustive and elaborate paper of great length, but the Government, it appears, approved of the recommendation of the committee. The suspended officials were reinstated, and Reynell Taylor was by inference adjudged wrong. What this meant to a sensitive mind like his, may be left to the imagination of the reader who has travelled thus far over the pages of this book; and I will pass on, therefore, without comment, for Reynell Taylor's troubles did not stop here.

Early in 1870 the Maharajahs, both of Puttiala and Nabha, pressed their claims to be put in possession of their full powers. The Maharajah of Puttiala had not arrived at the required age, and the Maharajah of Nabha was, as we have seen, in too feeble a condition to carry on the administration of his own affairs.

From all he knew of the condition of the States, Reynell

Taylor strongly opposed the measure. He pressed his opinions, as he was entitled to by his position as Agent to the Governor-General, but he was overruled, and the requests of the Maharajahs were granted. No sooner, however, was the Maharajah of Puttiala established in his position, than every effort was made to ruin those members of the Council who had endeavoured to give Reynell Taylor assistance in his noble effort to preserve the State from ruin and disgrace.

Taylor at once reported the circumstance to the Lieutenant-Governor, and a long correspondence ensued between MacLeod and himself. This correspondence was of a most friendly nature, but it had a curious termination, and resulted in wrong being done to Reynell Taylor. There is no need to quote from the earlier letters where MacLeod writes to Taylor:—'I cannot but regard with admiration the generous, unselfish, and most candid spirit which distinguishes all your letters, and feel an affectionate regard for the writer.' Taylor was opposing a measure which he considered detrimental to the interests of all parties, but having pointed out his reasons for thinking that a departure from the policy decided upon some years previously would be a mistake, he set himself to carry out the wishes of his superiors. The correspondence is thus distinguished by extreme friendliness on both sides, and I will, therefore, pass over many letters, and come to one dated May 19, 1870, upon which this portion of the subject hinges.

'The impression,' writes MacLeod, 'has been growing in my mind since you last expressed to me your fears, that the Maharajah intended to ruin all those who had hitherto

helped you, that it would be kindest and best for all parties if you were to allow some other officer to take the reins for a year or so, by exchanging with some other Commissioner, or in some other way. It must be very painful to you to see those to whom you feel yourself indebted treated inconsiderately, and your chivalrous feelings must prompt you to take active measures on their behalf, with energy, if not with indignation. An officer hitherto unconnected with either party would be able to take things more calmly, and, at the same time, I trust that any British officer would see that no real injustice was done.

'It must now, in all probability, rest with my successor [1] to determine on the measure to be adopted, but, meantime, I would earnestly beg of you to take the above suggestion into consideration.'

'To this,' writes Reynell Taylor in a note at the bottom of the letter, 'I replied at once that the view taken was certainly highly distressing to me under all circumstances, but I did not decline to entertain it. I also stated that Sir Henry Durand would be with me in two days afterwards, and I would put the whole matter before him. I added that, with regard to Puttiala affairs, if I wished any action taken, I should, in the first instance, proceed to Murree to lay the case before the Lieutenant-Governor in personal communication.

And now comes the point. The letter in which MacLeod had thrown out suggestions to Reynell Taylor 'to exchange with some other Commissioner' was dated May 18, and Taylor, as we have seen, replied to this at once.

[1] Sir D. MacLeod retired from the Lieutenant-Governorship on June 1, 1870, and was succeeded by Sir H. Durand.

What was his surprise therefore, having acquiesced in MacLeod's suggestions of the 18th, to receive the following telegram on the 24th :—'Consequent on the death of Colonel McNeile, you are posted to Umritsur. Make over charge to Mr. McNabb, and join as quickly as possible, that division being vacant.'

Before passing to Reynell Taylor's telegram in reply, I will give MacLeod's letter following on the telegram just quoted, and the official letter from the Secretary to Government, Punjab, notifying to Taylor his transference from Umballa to Umritsur. They are both dated May 24. MacLeod's runs as follows :—

'Ere this reaches you, you will have received my telegram, intimating that you have been posted to Umritsur to take the place of Colonel McNeile, who, I grieve to say, has been very suddenly and unexpectedly overtaken by a fatal illness at Dalhousie.

'I fear you will at first regard this as an unfriendly act on my part, but I can most sincerely assure you that the measure has been adopted in anything but an unfriendly spirit.

'I have for some time past felt conscious that, owing to my action in the matter of Puttiala and Nabha, your position has become in many ways a painful one, a conviction which has been as painful to me, almost, as it can have been to you, and as I recently wrote to you, I have come to the conclusion that by far the best solution of the *imbroglio*, for all parties, would be to entrust to you the charge of some other Division in lieu of that which now contains the elements of so much trouble and vexation to you, and it is on this ground that I have passed the order referred to.

'I could have wished to await your reply to my last letter before taking any action, but this opportunity having so unexpectedly occurred, I deemed it incumbent on me at once to avail myself of it. I feel grieved, indeed, that the closing act of my connection with you should be one to cause you any sort of *chagrin*, and I can only hope that the day may not be far distant when you will feel thankful to have been relieved from a trying position, which I hope and believe will not be regarded as bringing discredit upon you, if you will yourself abstain from making it appear in this light.

'I will not add more, save to express the hope that you will believe me to remain, as ever, yours very sincerely,

'D. F. MACLEOD.'

The official letter runs as follows:—

'In forwarding you a copy of the Lieutenant-Governor's telegram of this day's date, intimating that he has been pleased to post you to the Umritsur Division, I am desired by Sir Donald MacLeod to state that, though the arrangement may at first be distasteful to you, it is hoped that you will not consider it to indicate that you have in any way forfeited the confidence of this Government.

'On the contrary, your distinguished career, the earnest diligence with which you have at all times devoted yourself to your public duties, and the anxiety which you have evinced throughout your administration to promote virtue and to check vice so far as may be possible, are highly appreciated by his Honour.

'But while his high appreciation of your character and conduct remains undiminished, the Lieutenant-Governor

has on one point been constrained to differ from you, viz.: as to the amount and measure of interference which it is desirable should be exercised in the affairs of native chiefs, even during the period of their minority, and this difference of opinion has given rise to so many complications, that his Honour has deemed it best (in the interest of all parties) to put an end to them so far as possible by the measure now determined on.'

To these two letters Reynell Taylor replied by telegram dated the 26th :—

'I summoned McNabb yesterday. Can you not save me from the annoyance and expense of this removal, which comes like censure, when I am not in fault and was working with you, and would gladly have accepted a compromise? I go home in the winter and would, if wished, take three months' leave at once, and another Division at the end of it if then wished. I have done you hearty work here in matters which make no show, but have saved you trouble. This especial case I could not control. I did everything to conciliate within reason; having failed, I do not feel deserving of punishment, and this looks like it. I talked fully with Sir H. Durand yesterday, who, I think, felt for me. I send a copy of this to him. If you wished, McNabb could manage Puttiala and Nabha for the present, and I would have nothing to say to them, not being responsible, or you could do so direct.'

The answer to this was:—'I greatly regret causing inconvenience, but postings already gazetted. Cannot be altered. Proposed compromise impracticable.'

'I wrote on the 24th in answer to yours of the 18th,' telegraphed Reynell Taylor on the 27th in reply. 'I wish

very much you would see that letter before answering my telegram of yesterday.'

'Your two telegrams received,' came back the answer on the 28th. 'I regret I cannot alter arrangements already ordered.'

The thing was done; there was no appeal, there was no waiting for letters, no further consideration of the subject. Reynell Taylor was transferred by a flash of the telegraph to another Division, and wrong was done him by one whose great aim had always been to save others pain, and who was at once the most loved and lovable of men. From this stroke of fortune Reynell Taylor never, I think, entirely recovered. I will not seek to explain MacLeod's action; others far more able have failed to do so. There lie before me piles of letters written to Reynell Taylor by friends from all parts as soon as the news of his retirement from Umballa became known. Some of these are from men whose names are as household words in India, and others are from natives, bewailing the loss of a true friend. There is no need to quote many of them, even were it advisable to do so, but some at least I can give, and these, written later, after a full consideration of the subject.

Here is one copied out by Reynell Taylor for the purpose, it appears, of adding notes to the different paragraphs, as the original lies with it. The copy is headed 'Extract from a private letter,' and it runs thus:—

'I have read over the correspondence with Sir Donald which so personally affects you. I have always held, and a perusal of these letters confirms the opinion, that you were not fairly treated. Sir Donald for some reason thought proper to change his policy to these chiefs, and if

you had been carrying out another policy, and were averse to the change, the proposal to drop charge of such disagreeable work, or to be removed to some position where you could have acted on your own convictions, should have come from yourself, not from the Government, that felt itself embarrassed when they found it desirable to initiate a change of policy.'

'The above,' writes Reynell Taylor, 'is an extract from a letter of a man who understands well what he is writing about, and who is certainly an authority in all matters connected with the Punjab.

'It contains all my grievance. I was ready to have gone home, or on leave not to return; anything to escape the blow of removal; but my prayers were unavailing.

'This,' continues the letter, 'could have been easily arranged without loss of dignity or prestige, and I remember pointing out to Sir Henry Durand how it could have been done.

'A system had sprung up of all these Courts sending confidential agents to ——, ——, ——, and ——. No wonder, then, there was set to work intrigue within intrigue, and many unpleasant consequences resulted. Sir Donald should have *stopped it from the first*; they were all pulling against you all the while you supposed that Government was requiring you to carry out their wishes. The end of it all must have been very embarrassing and galling to you; but who knows the change has not been, and is not still to be, for your good and that of the Government you serve? God arranges all these things, depend upon it, even under a rule like that of the good Sir Donald. He of all men did not take that step which hurt your feelings until he

had prayed over it, and if so, it can be accepted as that which was right in the sight of God.'

'I cannot,' writes Reynell Taylor here, 'quite accept this. I always think in my own case of that passage regarding the danger of a man bringing his idols with him when he prays, and therefore getting an answer according to his idols. Sir D.'s idol at the time was a wish to conciliate the chiefs, and I can believe from a kindly idea that it was the right thing; but, according to my ideas, there was too much willingness to sacrifice me and the better set of natives who were looking to him and to me for support, but that he is a good, honest, and truly religious man I most fully allow. I am therefore quite content to accept the blow at his hands as not proceeding from any malice, or pettiness, or craving for his own credit.

'Think no more of it,' continues the letter again; 'possess a calm mind and a thankful spirit now that you are brought back in health and permitted to work again for India's good. India wants its best men in those places where strong and just action may yet be required, and Umritsur, indisputably, is one of these in the present time.

'Yours has been a great career, and the great Father in Heaven will not in the future, as in the past, allow it to be other than useful and honourable. May you yet rejoice in all the work set before you and give Him the praise continually.'

There was no lack of sympathy in any of the letters Taylor received. 'I have just been going through all the papers,' writes one, 'and I must say, without knowing any secret pressure put upon Sir D. MacLeod, that if I had

been Lieutenant-Governor at the time I must have been pressed very hard indeed if I had treated you as he did.'

'Your reputation, obtained on other grounds,' writes another, 'was too high to be injured by such a turn of fortune. I am sure it makes no difference to the high estimation I have of your character.'

And MacLeod himself wrote in the month of July:—'I fear my action in many ways greatly aggravated the undoubted difficulties of your position, and I very deeply regret this.'

There is one letter I will quote in full. It is from Lord Lawrence, dated 'The India Office, 18 July, '72,' and while it exonerates Reynell Taylor from blame, seems to strike the nail on the head with the certainty one would expect coming from such a source:—

'My dear Taylor,—I am afraid you must have come to the conclusion that I have neglected my promise to you to look into your case. But the fact is that I have not long returned to England, and what with one thing and another have not been able to give a day to the matter. I am now sitting in Montgomery's room, having just gone over such of the papers as throw a light on the subject. You were quite right in saying that you were willing to make over power and authority to the Maharajah of Puttiala a year before the age (18) which had been laid as the time when he arrived at his majority, and that I was opposed to the measure. I have no doubt that this circumstance was the main cause of your subsequent troubles, inasmuch as it incited him and his friends to engage in intrigues against you.

'My opinion also is that no reproach whatever lies on you for the nature and extent of your interference in the affairs of Puttiala and Nabha. In the former case the minority of the chief and the intrigues of influential men about him necessitated such a course. Had you not so interfered you would not have done your duty, and you would not have carried out the pledges we gave to the late chief of Puttiala in 1857–58. Whether you erred or not in the mode of interference in some details I can hardly say, but I have no reason to think that you did so.

'I paid a good deal of attention at times, when at Simla, to Puttiala affairs, and it always appeared to me that your action connected with them was kind, reasonable, and judicious, though by no means, of course, agreeable to the young chief and the party who worked for the objects he had at heart. Had you been more severe, more decided, and insisted on the expulsion from Puttiala of those who thwarted your views, the result might have been different. I think that it was a pity that you asked for the Commission of Inquiry, and that you did not immediately follow up their report by an explanatory letter yourself.[1]

'I intend to write to Davies, your Lieutenant-Governor, and to the new Governor-General, in a few days, and I will take the opportunity of adverting to your case.

'I had nearly forgotten to say that your interference with Nabha affairs was quite in accordance with Herbert Edwardes's previous policy and my views, and was absolutely necessary in consequence of the utter incapacity of the late chief.

[1] This is a mistake. Taylor followed up the report of the Committee with a long and exhaustive minute.

'I wish that I could do anything to mitigate the very natural vexation which you must feel at what has occurred. —Yours very sincerely,

'LAWRENCE.'

After Taylor's return to England in 1871 he had many opportunities of discussing the whole matter with MacLeod, and in reference to his letter to Lord Lawrence, which elicited the above reply, he writes:—'I sent my letter to Lord Lawrence open, and for Sir R. Montgomery to read, because in it I had been obliged to state distinctly certain points regarding Sir Donald's action by which I felt aggrieved, a main one being that he did not read my reports, and therefore could not be a fair judge of my position and difficulties.

'This he had frankly told me himself. I give him full honour for the frankness. It was the kindest and most honourable plaster he could apply to my heart.

'You must not fancy that I retain any angry feeling against Sir Donald in the matter, for, when all is said and done, I would sooner have his genuine good opinion and good will than have my own opinion gain the victory in this or any other matter.

'I saw Sir Donald frequently at home, and discussed the whole subject with him. He deprecated my using the expression that he had turned against me. He further begged me not to suppose that his action was an assertion that he was right and I wrong, regarding the characters of the natives with whom we were dealing. He allowed fully that I had always been a subordinate man, only urging my own opinions so far as I thought it right and proper to do so, and yielding when further resistance might be perti-

nacity and obstinacy in matters where I was not the mainly responsible authority; and that in this way I had yielded to his views in the matter of giving the chief his powers, though sorely against my own judgment.'

'I attribute no petty feeling to him for a moment,' writes Reynell Taylor in another instance. 'He was perplexed and anxious to cut the knot instead of leaving it to a successor.'

It is unnecessary to pursue the matter further. After a careful study of the whole of the papers, I have given extracts from those which seem to bear most upon the points at issue, and if the subject has proved wearisome to the reader it may be as well to reflect, that misfortune sometimes attends those who have been actuated by the highest motives, and that nobleness of purpose is no passport to success. It remains to be recorded that within a year of Taylor's leaving Umballa the Maharajah of Nabha died from the effects of his many excesses, and that in 1875 the Maharajah of Puttiala paid a similar penalty.

When the news of the young chief's death reached Reynell Taylor he seems to have passed in review the episodes of these last years, and to have jotted down his thoughts, for on a scrap of paper I find the following reflection :—

'Looking back through my own action, I am confident I never wavered in the most anxious desire to preserve the poor fellow from harm and keep him straight. It is a comfort to me now to know that I, and the really moderate, kindly men of his Council, suffered severe mortification and loss through a perfectly honest attempt to curb the

aggressive and illegal action of the men whom I consider morally answerable—and I say it advisedly—for the early and miserable death of this young chief. I would not have been in Hassan's shoes when the poor young fellow cried, as they say he did, to those around him for help where no help could come.'

CHAPTER XII.

UMRITSUR.

1870–1877.

REYNELL TAYLOR took up his duties as Commissioner of the Umritsur Division in July 1870. The events of the past six years had taxed his strength severely, and he was much in need of rest; but rest was at present impossible, and he determined before applying for leave to master the details of his new position. The political work of the Umritsur Division was much lighter than that of the Umballa Division, there being only one small State, that of Chumba; but the judicial work was far heavier, and Taylor found his time fully occupied.

Nothing occurred during the first few months to interrupt his labours, and by the early part of the new year he had so far grappled with his work that he decided to return for a while to England.

It was not, however, solely on his own account that he determined to take furlough: he felt compelled to do so on account of his family. Six of his children were in England, two[1] more were with him, and he was most anxious to arrange matters regarding their education, and also to establish them with their mother in a temporary

[1] Mabel; and Millicent, who was born at Umballa, December 16, 1869.

home of their own. In March 1871, therefore, he applied for leave, and in the following month reached England.

His steps naturally led him to Devonshire: his associations with the past were centred there, and he had always looked forward to the time when he should be able to settle down within reach of his old home.

Newton Abbot appeared to offer many advantages, and before he returned to India he had the satisfaction of seeing his wife and family comfortably established there in a house called 'St. Bernards.'[1]

Of Taylor's own doings during the time he remained in England I have been unable to discover anything worthy of notice, and I am, therefore, compelled to pass over this period without remark. While he was in England, two events occurred concerning which he wrote several letters to 'The Times,' viz. the Kooka outbreak and the murder of Lord Mayo. The latter I have already referred to, but the outbreak of the religious sect, known as the Kookas, remains to be noticed.

As far back as 1866 Taylor had 'reported fully and urgently to Government on the mischievous character of the movement, or rather on the possible dangerous tendency of a certain new activity which had been evinced by the sect.'[2]

The Kooka sect was founded by one Baluk Ram about the year 1845, and had for its ostensible object the revival of the primitive simplicity of the Sikh religion. On the death of the founder, a carpenter named Ram Sing be-

[1] A ninth child, Lucie, was born shortly before Taylor returned to India, viz. January 22, 1872.

[2] Taylor's letter to 'The Times,' dated February 14, 1872.

came Guru, or high priest, of the sect, assuming at the same time supernatural powers and requiring absolute obedience from his disciples. The headquarters of the Kookas were at Loodiana, in the Umballa Division, where meetings were held and the organisation of the movement carried out. By degrees the numbers of the Kookas increased to such an extent that the leaders divided the country into districts under soubahs, or lieutenants; and Ram Sing's officers were thus to be found alike at Cabul and at Lucknow. 'But there was a worse feature than this in the fact that proselytising for the sect was gaining a footing in our native regiments,' and the movement was evidently rapidly developing into a secret political organisation.

More than once since the 'Cow riot' at Lahore, in 1845 the slaughter of kine had caused disturbance among the Hindoo population, and, in order to respect the strong religious feeling in the matter, the shambles had been erected outside the towns, and the exposure of the flesh of the sacred animal forbidden. The abolition of the practice of kine-killing was a point upon which it had always been easy to fire the religious fanaticism of the Sikhs and Hindoos generally, and Ram Sing and his followers were, therefore, fully alive to the fact, that a crusade against the practice would be sure to gain the sympathy of the whole Sikh sect and further the interests of Kookaism.

Such being the case, Taylor made careful inquiries, and, as he says in the letter I have just referred to, 'I examined Ram Sing and his lieutenants carefully, and collected all the available information regarding their

proceedings. My conviction was that, whatever had been the possible harmless character of Ram Sing's original intentions, his soubahs, who were men of a very dangerous stamp, were, for their own ends, doubtless, turning the movement into something very different; in fact, that they were up to quite another game than mere religious revival. . . .

'The burden of the song was that Ram Sing was all guilelessness and simplicity, and that they (his lieutenants) were bound by their faith in his infallibility to be implicitly guided by his injunctions, which were all for peace and order. This style of assurance was reiterated *ad nauseam*, and sounded well, but the idea suggested itself that possibly a change might come over the character of the Prophet's teaching. There was, in fact, an awkward precedent for this in the change made by the famous warlike Guru, or religious leader of the Sikhs, who changed the peaceful and beneficent teaching of his predecessors into a warlike code; and I felt that it would not be very difficult for the stirring men before me, to be the means of greatly modifying the new Guru's teaching when it became convenient to them; that, in fact, while he ruled the sect, or was supposed to do so, his soubahs might very probably pull his wires to suit their own views, and then their simple answer, if charged with belying their professions of peaceful intentions, would have been that they had always warned us that they must obey implicitly what the Guru enjoined; and as he now preached active hostility they were helpless to resist.' The result was that Taylor reported very unfavourably of the sect, and, acting on his suggestions, troops were at once put into

the Loodiana fort. He says of this:—'Lord Lawrence, took the matter up, and at once put a sufficient garrison into the Loodiana fort, which had been for some time unoccupied. He also caused circulars to be sent to commanding officers of regiments, bringing to their notice the nature of the movement that was going on, and mentioning the distrust with which it was regarded. Lord Lawrence told me himself that he had directed these steps on my reports. I am sure he will forgive my mentioning the fact.' These prompt measures had the effect of checking the movement for a time. 'Ram Sing and his friends lowered their tone; he gave up holding large gatherings, and altogether conducted himself in a much more moderate manner.' Proselytism was heard less of, and Lord Lawrence's action in the matter caused the Native States to set their faces against the sect.

So quiet, indeed, did the Kookas become, that Taylor thought he might have attributed a more mischievous motive to them than was just. However, circumstances were after a while to show that his estimate of the sect had been a true one. In June 1871 an organised attack was made upon the butchers of Umritsur, four of them being killed and three wounded. Suspicion naturally pointed to those who had so recently been agitating against the slaughter of kine, but the culprits made good their escape. This attack at Umritsur was followed shortly by another at Raikot, and the murderers were, in this case, captured and found to be members of the Kooka sect. It subsequently transpired that 'the Kookas had taken oaths to exert every nerve in exterminating the curse of cow-killing in all places in the vicinity of Hindoo cities and Sikh

temples,'[1] and twelve of the assassins, who had recently been taken red-handed, were accordingly sentenced to death. But the outbreak was of too serious and determined a nature to be cut short in this way, and in January 1872 the Kookas made an organised attack on the fort of Maloudh, 'the residence of an old Sikh chief of note,' and afterwards on the village of Mulair Kotlah, the capital of a State on the borders of the Loodiana district. The object of both these attacks was to obtain arms, and had they been successful there is no doubt the Kookas would have received such an accession of strength, that it would have been necessary to employ a brigade of troops to subdue them.

Happily, through the energetic action of the Deputy Commissioner of the Loodiana district, the Kookas, numbering about 300, were pursued and captured. The Deputy Commissioner and the Commissioner of the Division, thinking that they were merely the pioneers of a larger force, and knowing that the sect numbered from 50,000 to 80,000 adherents, ordered a large number of the Kookas to instant execution. The severity of their action was subsequently adjudged by the Government to have been altogether in excess of what the case necessitated, and in the end the Deputy Commissioner lost his appointment and the Commissioner was removed to another province. It remains to be told that the action of these two officers, however severe, did not have the effect of quelling the movement, and that the Kookas still continue to be a source of anxiety to the Government.

[1] Memo. by Reynell Taylor on the case of The Crown *v.* Jhanda Sing and others.

In April 1872 Taylor returned alone to India.

I mentioned in a former chapter that the Puttiala and Nabha troubles remained as an unhappy recollection with Reynell Taylor during the rest of his days. He was always keenly sensitive about any of his actions being questioned, though he never for a moment assumed that he was right and others wrong. It was at such times, and such times alone, that he talked about himself. Circumstances might occur, through actions on his part, which redounded greatly to his credit, but of these, any more than of his gallant deeds, he never spoke. When, however, guided by the highest principles of honour, and in complete self-forgetfulness, he had carried anything through to the best of his ability, then harsh criticism on his actions cut into his very marrow, and he spoke openly to all. A few years before he died, a great honour was done him to which I shall have presently to refer. He was chosen from among a crowd of distinguished men to occupy a prominent position on a public occasion. The compliment was well deserved, and was, moreover, one of which most men would have been justly proud. Reynell Taylor was so. In writing to one of his many friends, and knowing how gratified Taylor had felt, I asked the question whether Taylor talked about it. The answer was: 'No, though I was with him the same day, he never mentioned it.'

But as regards his difficulties in the Umballa Division. He had been inclined to think that his reputation had suffered by what had occurred. I do not hesitate to say that in this he was entirely wrong. 'His reputation was of too high an order to be injured by such a turn of fortune,' and no further evidence is wanted to show how fully his

ability was recognised in the highest quarters, than that contained in the following letter:—

'Simla: October 4, 1872.

'Dear General Taylor,—A vacancy has occurred in the office of Political Resident at Gwalior, and it will give me pleasure to appoint you if the appointment would be agreeable to you. The salary is, I believe, the same as the salary of your present appointment, but the office is one of considerable political importance, and may be more congenial to you than that of Commissioner at Umritsur.

'If you accept the appointment it must, if you please, be on the understanding that you are not going to take furlough now, for it would be very inconvenient that the post should be filled by an acting officer.—I am, yours sincerely,

'NORTHBROOK.'

To this, after a week's consideration, Reynell Taylor replied on the 11th:—

'My dear Lord Northbrook,—I have to thank you very much for your kindness in offering me the very interesting post of Political Agent at Gwalior. Though the pay is the same as that of the office I hold, I am aware that it is a more important and prominent post than this. I can conceive also, the kindly motive with which you have offered it to me. I believe the position to be second only to the two or three principal appointments in the country, and to be one of peculiar interest with regard to the personal character and political position of the chief.

'But I find it a very serious matter to leave the Punjab, with which I have been connected for a quarter of a century. I am used to its people and its seasons, know all and am

known, and it is a place, in fact, where I can work with almost a homelike feeling. I have therefore, after considerable canvass and reflection, come to the decision (with a truly grateful feeling towards your Excellency for having made it) to decline the offer.

'I do not see any call of duty in the matter, or my decision would, I hope, be otherwise. Your Lordship has offered me a political charge which, according to my own views at any rate, is one of extreme delicacy and importance, and the fact has had a gratifying and soothing effect. I hope you will accept again my hearty thanks for the kindness of the offer, and believe me to remain, yours very sincerely,

'REYNELL TAYLOR.'

While Taylor thus refused Gwalior he was not so entirely wedded to the Punjab that he determined never to leave it. The following letter to Davies[1] shows that Rajpootana presented certain attractions, and that in refusing Gwalior he had not been actuated entirely by personal motives:—

'My dear Mr. Davies,—Many thanks for your letter I am relieved to find that His Excellency is not annoyed with me for an apparent want of knowledge of my own mind; the pain of leaving the apron-strings of a very good and fair-dealing old mother must be my excuse.

'I have now to say that it would not be nice in me to stand in Impey's way at all. His wife is a Lawrence, and I owe so much to the family I would rather not interfere in any way with the advancement of any of them or their connections. Mrs. Impey's father, George Lawrence, never

[1] Afterwards Sir H. Davies and Lieutenant-Governor.

missed an opportunity of trying to serve me, and was very anxious I should get Rajpootana after him. This latter is the appointment I have always looked to as the kind of advancement most likely to suit me, and I hope that I might suit it. I was in Rajpootana when Sir Henry Lawrence, as Resident, offered me a position on his staff, a position I accepted immediately, and have never had cause to regret. Had I remained in Rajpootana all these years I should, I hope, have been at its head ere this, though I should not have had the varied experience I have had. I was at Ajmir under Colonel Dixon, and wrote the opening chapter of his book on Ajmir and Mhairwarrah, describing the people of the latter district. I was much interested in the country, and always look back to my sojourn in it with pleasure. I do not feel diffident about the work, as I feel (D.V.) that I could do it. Looking down the list, I see many names that I know, and am interested in the body of men employed in the country.

'You see I am taking the opportunity to place on record an application for an appointment which it would not occur to any one, from not knowing my antecedents, that I should be likely to care particularly about.—Yours very sincerely,

'REYNELL TAYLOR.'

To this Davies replied 'that he understood there was no immediate chance of Rajpootana being vacant,' but that he had shown his letter to the Viceroy, 'who expressed himself pleased with it, and asked to be allowed to keep it.'

Reynell Taylor was, however, never destined to return to Ajmir, and he remained at Umritsur for the rest of his

working days. Rumours were not wanting of other posts being offered him, and in letters to his wife at this time reference is made to the possibility of his going to Cashmere, 'though if I went,' he writes, 'it would have to be as a permanency, and not as a warming-pan for another officer. There might be some sweets in the appointment, but there would be distinct drawbacks, and altogether I am much happier where I am.'

Among his friends there were not wanting those who looked to his holding high appointments; but that diffidence in his own powers, which he had never shaken off, caused high places to possess few attractions for him.

'Your castles,' he writes to his wife from Dalhousie in October 1873, 'are never the least likely to be built on any firmer foundation than air. I do not feel that it is my fault, because I have always worked hard and honestly, I believe; but ten years on the frontier in half-military work, at the time I should have got up Revenue and Law so as to master them, prevented my doing so, and thus I am really not fit to be put over better and more learned men. In other ways, too, I feel the pinnacles are not for me, and without any sour-grape feeling, I can honestly say that I can get on very comfortably, thank God, without them. My pinnacle is a competency to live at home on among my children. If this is granted me, others may perch themselves on the icy peaks of Fortune, and I will not grudge them the success. They are icy in the main, though they glitter so in the sunlight, and sympathy fails to a great extent when they are reached. The individual has then to fly or fall alone, and the peaks themselves have sharp points and edges which make them less charming as

resting-places than they appeared from below. However, I have, and still have, a wholesome ambition, and am pleased at being thought useful. The little craving that I had has softened down from disappointment, and the result is a calm and peaceful surface, which I hope will continue until, after a comparatively short time of work now, I may be allowed to return to look after our children with you in an English home.'

It is during this year that I first find mention of his own health. For over thirty-two years he had withstood the hardships of campaigns, the endless round of work with its attendant anxieties, and the effects of the climate in all parts of the Punjab, and never in all that time had he been once incapacitated by any serious illness. But the strain began to tell now. He complains in his letters of a feeling of being overdone. 'The work here,' he writes, 'is never ending, and yet I must say, in the main, it is interesting, and one feels the happier for having it to do. If one could only do the week's work in the week I should be quite happy, but somehow that never comes about.'

'I fancy,' he writes in another letter, 'that I may have a foolhardy confidence in Nature righting herself with me. We have made matters out so long together, and she has come round so often, that I expect her to continue to do so.' Still the letters lack none of their cheeriness of tone, and he only says of this sense of overstrain :— 'According to my own sensations it is worry that brings it on, and worry means things going wrong, sins of omission and commission coming on one in a heap in official work. Perhaps my work is rather more multiplied,

and requires more talent to dispose of, than was contemplated for the noddle aforesaid.'

All his letters during the two years he was alone in India contain references to his children, and in their progress and education he shows the liveliest interest. His great wish was that their education should be of a good practical character, calculated to fit them for being useful men and women in the world, and thus he impresses upon them the necessity of learning modern languages, especially French and German, for he writes, 'these are not the times to be brassbound by old rules and fancies in such matters, and with regard to boys especially.' He was content, as he expressed it, 'to live on Brazil nuts and coffee grouts' for the sake of his children, and he strained every nerve to provide his boys with such chances of amusements and recreations as would tend to make them grow up like men. Thus he advocated their being taught to ride, and in this he confesses that he retains 'one old prejudice' about boys learning to be good horsemen. 'Cricket, too,' he continues, 'is a good game, and the best for after life of any I know. I don't mean to set it above work, but am content to see it studied along with work.'

The close of the year 1873 was marked by the installation of the young Rajah Sham Sing of Chumba. The ceremony of installation was performed by Reynell Taylor on the beautiful Choughan of Chumba, a level plain of green sward some 600 yards in length by 150 in breadth, with the town above it on one side and the high banks and dashing blue waters of the Ravee on the other. Many hundreds attended, and Taylor, who was surrounded by a large circle of English officers, after causing the Government

Order, sanctioning the succession, to be read out, bound the *Sirpeck* ornament on the young Rajah's forehead and conducted him to the throne. The ceremony closed with a speech by Reynell Taylor, delivered in Hindostanee, but I regret to say that I have been unable to discover any report of this.

The time was now approaching when Taylor's life was to be brightened by the presence of his wife. It had been arranged that Mrs. Taylor and his eldest daughter, Florence, should join him at Umritsur in the spring of 1874. For two years he had been separated from his family, and this happy reunion was looked forward to with the keenest sense of enjoyment. His letters at this time are full of pleasurable anticipations, and he describes the preparations he is making in house and garden, the invitations he has already received to stay at various places, the delights of Dalhousie during the hot weather, and the hundred and one thoughts which occupy the little leisure he has. What a happy picture, what a happy ending to all the years of toil! In three years more his working days in India would be brought to a close, and he would have reached the age at which a man's period of usefulness is deemed by rule to cease. Meanwhile the roughnesses of the Indian life would be toned down, and the home would be the brighter by that touch of refinement which women alone can give. But it was ruled otherwise. Mental anticipation of pleasure, 'castle-building' as we call it, is a common pastime, but how often is the cup dashed from our lips at the moment when we think we have it firmly in our grasp!

The long-looked-for day arrived at last, and just before Easter Taylor welcomed his wife and daughter at Umritsur.

For a few short weeks the house was lit by the presence of a fresh young life, and then the hopes which the father and mother had built up were dashed to the ground.

> There is no greater woe
> Than to remember days of happiness
> Amid affliction.

In the month of May a friend [1] staying with the Taylors on his way to Dalhousie found Flory, as she was always called, ill with fever, and persuaded the parents to let her go to the hills with him. The doctors had thought lightly of her ailment, and the idea of sending her to the cooler air of the hills had not been hitherto entertained. However, they agreed to let her go, and the change proved for two or three days so beneficial that it was hoped she would soon regain her strength. This feeling, however, shortly gave place to alarm when the fever returned and was pronounced to be typhoid. The parents were quickly summoned; the mother arrived, and the father followed without delay. 'Never can those first few moments after his entering the room in which his poor stricken child lay be forgotten by those who witnessed the scene. The wandering brain instantly, but only for a brief moment, recognised the well-loved voice as it spoke a cheery greeting, and arms and hands were raised to meet the father's fond embrace. Then again fell the cloud of dim unconsciousness, and Reynell Taylor, crushing down the bitter anguish of his heart, and thinking that, perhaps, the sound of the old familiar Devonshire talk might rekindle the light of reason, said, "Why, Floray, you'm blawed out to say a bet;" but, alas! there was no response.'

[1] Colonel A. H. Bamfield, then Deputy Inspector of Police in the Punjab.

From thenceforward until the day of her death her parents and two kind friends[1] nursed her with loving care. On June 14 there was one more flash of consciousness, and the arms entwined themselves about the father's neck —an act of love, a moment of recognition, and Flory was gone.

> Most blest are they who earliest free
> Descend to death's eternal sleep.

And how did Reynell Taylor bear up against this terrible affliction? With the constancy of Job: 'The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

'I have often wondered,' he wrote to Lady Willoughby shortly after her death, 'how my head was carried, as the Scotch say, when I was induced to ask you to take her; but now, I trust, the explanation has come, and it is a happy thing to me, as it contains the brightest hope that dear Flory was marked by Mercy for early acceptance and removal to the better country; and if so, we may send away the weepers and be content to have had the loan of her for a time. . . . With all the sorrow and pain, I do truly rejoice that we had the blessing, and I fully believe, if our faith fail not, she will be ours again by-and-by.'

Flory's death tinged Reynell Taylor's whole after life. 'He had always been devoted to her,' writes one of her sisters, 'and I think she was the one of all his children who at that time knew and appreciated him most. I know that before she went to India she used often to talk to us about him, and always with such pride and affection.'

[1] Colonel and Mrs. Bamfield, in whose house Flory died, and who were indefatigable in doing all they could to the last.

A week after the death of his daughter Taylor moved with his wife to his own house at Dalhousie, but the memory of his lost child drew him day by day to the place where she had died, though always at such an hour as would ensure his being alone and undisturbed. His visits to the cemetery were frequent, and he bestowed much loving care in making 'Flory's corner' bright. A white marble cross, with a spray of flowers trailing over it, executed from Reynell Taylor's own design, marks the spot where Flory lies, and around her resting-place the hill scenery of Dalhousie shimmers in the sun.

To those who have experienced—and who has not?—the anguish of a bitter sorrow, work next to prayer will have appeared as a sure refuge in the hour of trouble. 'Of all consolations,' writes a modern French author, 'work is the most fortifying and the most healthy, because it solaces a man, not by bringing him ease but by requiring effort.' It seems as though the writer struck the mark. Prayer comforts, work surely consoles. Neglect not the first duty of man, but then, and not till then, turn again to the plough. The hill may be steep, and the furrows run roughly and unevenly, but the work will fortify, while the prayer will most assuredly

Sing God's comfort through *your* soul.

So Reynell Taylor turned again to his work, and his life flowed on in the old groove. In three years more there would be an end to it, and he would then be able to retire and set up a home in England. Meanwhile there was plenty to engage his attention, and such spare moments as he had he devoted to the Umritsur Mission. Through

all these years he had continued his subscription of 100 rupees a month to the Derajat Mission, but this heavy call upon his purse did not prevent him extending his liberality to the Mission of Umritsur. His friends often remonstrated with him for giving away so much, but his reply was always the same :—'I don't believe my family will ever be in straits for anything I give away.'

His liberality was, however, not confined to works of charity, and I have heard his hospitality spoken of in many places as having been of the most generous kind. His house was open to all, and what he had was at the disposal alike of friends and acquaintances.

A remarkable instance of this occurred during the Prince of Wales's visit to India in 1875–6. As soon as Taylor knew that he was to entertain the Prince at Umritsur, his high sense of loyalty made him desirous of doing so in a fitting manner. At very considerable expense, he refurnished a part of his house and replenished his stables. Tents in great numbers were pitched in the garden and in an adjoining field, and all these he furnished comfortably in anticipation of the expected visit, which was to extend to two days. The Prince arrived, and was received by Reynell Taylor, but through unavoidable circumstances his visit was curtailed to a few hours, and all Taylor's preparations were consequently thrown away.

'It is almost needless to tell you,' writes a friend, 'that Taylor would not apply for any compensation. He bore the entire outlay himself, though I know it was very considerable. He was wrong; but yet one can quite understand how repugnant to such a mind as his would be the idea of taking money from the Government wherewith to entertain

even a Royal guest. Seeing that the Government of India had set apart a sum of money for the express purpose of defraying the large outlay necessarily attendant on the Prince's visit, we again and again urged Taylor to send in his claim, though without avail. If he had been a rich man it would not have mattered, but being the very opposite, his delicacy made him act unjustly towards himself and his family. Such, however, was his nature—he was truly one of Nature's noblemen.'

Of Taylor's life in India I have little left to tell, and the remainder of his Commissionership of Umritsur passed uneventfully by.

The last occasion on which he appeared at any public ceremony was on January 1, 1877, when, in a durbar of unusual splendour and magnificence, her Majesty the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India.

A few weeks later he prepared to leave the country to which he had devoted the thirty-seven best years of his life. As the time for his departure drew on, a number of his friends determined to mark the high sense they had of his services and character by giving a farewell banquet in his honour. The banquet was held at Lahore on March 7, and Mr. Boulnois, Judge of the Chief Court, occupied the chair. Numbers of Reynell Taylor's friends attended, 'some of whom,' says the 'Civil and Military Gazette,' 'had come from distant parts of the Punjab, Shalpur and even Bunnoo sending their representatives. From Kangra the Assistant Commissioner Mahomed Hayat Khan, C.S.I., and from Jullundur the Commissioner, attended, and from Umritsur, of course, many came.'

In proposing Reynell Taylor's health, the chairman

dwelt at considerable length on their guest's distinguished career, referring to his unbroken record of brilliant services and the many stirring incidents with which his name had been connected. In concluding his speech he read a letter from Sir Henry Daly, Resident at Indore, regretting his inability to be present to sympathise in the testimony to the 'Bayard of the Punjab.' Reynell Taylor's reply was distinguished by his usual modesty; he said that his services had been of no great importance to the State, and that he was not worthy of the distinction which had been conferred upon him by the promoters of the entertainment. He looked back with pleasure to his intercourse with native gentlemen, for some of whom he had the deepest regard, and one of whom, Nawab Gholam Hussan Khan, he had learnt to trust as readily as any of his own relations. For such men who stood by us when we needed help, who made no sort of stipulation when danger was to the front, but joined us again and again in our time of need, he could not express too warm a regard. He considered that the maintenance of friendly relations with the native gentry depended upon the simple exercise of consideration and tact, combined with Christian taste and feeling, and he had always experienced that while on the one hand natives are very careful of not hurting our feelings, they never resented outspokenness on our part even in regard to religious matters. He spoke with affection of the Mooltani Pathans, with whom he had often served shoulder to shoulder, and confessed his liking for the Sikhs. He thought that consideration for native servants was especially incumbent upon all Englishmen in India. After referring to many of his former companions

and contemporaries and also to the leaders under whom he had served, he mentioned Lord Lawrence and Sir Robert Montgomery as Lieutenant-Governors, as well as 'dear Sir Donald,' with whom his personal relations had been always most affectionate, even when an official matter regarding his agency for the Puttiala State gave rise to a difference of opinion from which he had himself keenly suffered. He then noticed the extraordinary difficulty of frontier expeditions, the distressing way in which disciplined troops had to be frittered away in the occupation of numerous petty positions, the difficulty of dealing with swarms of hillmen, and the amount of detailed arrangements required. As regards our position in India, he said he was persuaded that a majority of the people had no objection to our rule, but there would always be the turbulent minority with whom firmness was necessary, and therefore we should always be strong enough to hold the country by ourselves, though the help of auxiliaries should not be undervalued, for they had often rendered us most effectual and devoted service. He concluded his speech by expressing the satisfaction it had been to him to join in doing honour, just before his departure, to our beloved Queen, by taking part in the proceedings for proclaiming her Empress of India, adding that the thought of her beneficent reign, and the purity of her Court, had throughout his service constituted a large share of his personal happiness.[1]

I could not close the story of Reynell Taylor's life in India more fittingly than by quoting the following official recognition of his services:—

[1] From the abridged report in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, March 1877.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE HONOURABLE THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR, PUNJAB, IN THE HOME DEPARTMENT, DATED MARCH 27, 1877.

Resolution.

The Honourable the Lieutenant-Governor would desire, before the departure of Major-General [1] Reynell Taylor, C.B., C.S.I., from the Punjab, to express, on the part of the Government under which this distinguished officer has been so long employed, his high sense of the value of his services, which have extended over the whole period since annexation, and which are associated with some of the most striking events in the history of the British occupation of the province.

General Taylor entered the service in 1840, and joined in the Gwalior campaign of 1843. In 1845 he was present at the battle of Moodkee, in which he was severely wounded, and after the campaign was appointed Assistant to the Resident at Lahore and was stationed at Peshawur, from which place he took a Sikh Brigade to Bunnoo through the Kohat pass to join Lieutenant Edwardes, and for some months of 1848 held the newly reduced Bunnoo Valley with a Sikh force of 5,000 men. During September and October of that year General Taylor was present with the Army before Mooltan. The following month, the Bunnoo force having mutinied and marched to Jhelum, he again went across the Indus, capturing the fort of Lukkee and checking the progress of Sirdar Mahomed Azim Khan, son of the Ameer of Cabul, and, on the advance of General Gilbert to Peshawur, occupied Kohat with irregular troops.

On the annexation of the Punjab General Taylor was appointed a Deputy Commissioner on the Trans-Indus frontier, and has ever since, with the exception of ten months, when he officiated as

[1] Reynell Taylor retired from active employment as Major-General, but he became Lieutenant-General on October 1, 1877, and General, December 15, 1880.

Commandant of the Guide Corps, been in civil employ under the Punjab Government.

But this employment has not prevented General Taylor performing frequent, and always distinguished, service in the field, both as a military and a political officer. When Commissioner of the Derajat he was in political charge, with the force under Sir Neville Chamberlain, which successfully undertook the expedition against the Muhsood Wazirs, and as Commissioner of Peshawur he was in political charge during the Umbeylah campaign, and was present at the destruction of Mulkah by the Guide Corps.

Subsequently General Taylor was Commissioner of the Umballa Division and Agent of the Lieutenant-Governor for the Cis-Sutlej States, and since 1870 has held the office of Commissioner of the Umritsur Division.

The Lieutenant-Governor believes that there is no officer in the Punjab Commission, which has included many honoured and distinguished names, whose services have been more eminent than those of Major-General Taylor. His acquaintance with frontier and Afghan politics is very intimate, and his influence with the chiefs and people has always been great and has always been exercised for good.

The Government which General Taylor has served so long and so faithfully, his brother-officers of the Punjab Commission, and the people of the province, whose best interests he has always had at heart, join in regret at his departure and in esteem for a character in which there is nothing which is not worthy of honour.

The Lieutenant-Governor trusts that General Taylor may have before him many years of usefulness, and that his sound judgment and unsurpassed knowledge of border politics may still be found of service to the State.

Thus was Taylor's active career brought to a close, and on April 3, 1877, he left India never to return.

CHAPTER XIII.

CLOSING YEARS—REST.

1877–1886.

TO few people are the remarks of the biographer of Lord Lawrence, when speaking of the close of an Indian administrator's life, more entirely applicable than to Reynell Taylor. 'On returning to England,' says Mr. Bosworth Smith in referring to Robert Mertins Bird, 'after thirty-three years' service, amidst the warm appreciation of all who knew what he had done, and how he had done it, he lived quite unnoticed, and passed to his grave without a single mark of distinction.

'Such is the lot—the lot borne uncomplainingly and even gratefully—of many of our best Indian administrators. One here, and one there, rise to fame and honour, but the rest live a life of unceasing toil, wield a power which within its sphere is such as few European sovereigns wield, and, with an absolute devotion to the good of their subjects, such as few European sovereigns show. They have to be separated from their children during the most impressible period of their life, and the wife is often obliged to prefer the claims of the children to those of her husband. India can thus be no longer, in any true sense of the word, a home to them, and when at length they return to England, they do

so too often broken in health, find themselves unnoticed and unknown, strangers even to their own children, and settle down from a position of semi-regal influence into, say, a semi-detached villa, visited by few save some half-dozen old civilians like themselves, who have borne with them the burden and heat of the Indian sun, and now drop in from time to time to talk over old days and interests which are all in all to them, but of which the outside world knows nothing at all. Verily they have their reward, but it is a reward such as few outsiders can understand or appreciate.'[1]

It would be idle to attempt to add more to words so able and so true; they seem to portray the last years of Reynell Taylor's life in a few strokes of the pen.

On reaching England, which he did on May 15, having been detained at Malta by the illness of his son Morris, then quartered there with the 101st Regiment, Taylor lost no time in joining his children, and soon after went with his whole family to Devonshire.[2]

'I never really knew my father,' writes his eldest surviving daughter, 'till I was sixteen, when he and my mother returned finally from India in 1877. We all went to Teignmouth till the spring of the following year, when we moved to Newton Abbot, where we have been ever since.

'My father was devoted to the country all round Newton, and used to enjoy nothing more than walking about the lanes near Ogwell and Denbury. He used to tell us the great desire of his life had always been to end his days

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vi. 95.

[2] From Malta Mrs. Taylor, in company with her youngest son, Henry (born at Dalhousie, June 1, 1875), had preceded her husband to England, and on May 30 her last child, Antoinette, was born at Torcross.

living near his old home. Soon after we went to Newton he was made a magistrate, and he attended the bench regularly twice a week. Once a week, too, he attended the Board of Guardians, for he took great interest in the Union, and particularly noticed the children. I think one day was very like another: in the morning he generally wrote a great deal, and in the afternoons took a long walk. He very often went up to Haccombe to see his old nurse, who was living with the Carews as housekeeper. In autumn he used to enjoy going out for a day's shooting, but he did not often go away from home. I think he often stayed at home when he might have gone away, to avoid spending anything on himself.

'My father was most particular about Sunday. He used always to go to the old parish church in the morning and to East Ogwell in the afternoon. His idea was that nothing secular should be done on Sunday, and even made a rule of never reading any fiction on that day. I do not mean to say he ever told us we were to do the same, as he never laid down any rules for us, but only told us his own views. His religion was built on the very simplest lines; he used to say that the object to struggle for was to be entirely as little children in the matter. I never knew anyone live up to his own standard of right so consistently, but to us he was always affectionate and lenient.

'He never spoke to us of himself in any way, and we really do not know the incidents of his life well.'

Here, again, is another picture to which I find it difficult to add, for 'men can be estimated by those who knew them not, only as they are represented by those who knew them.'

'The house my father took at Newton,' writes another of his daughters, 'was a regular villa, such as you always see in the neighbourhood of towns. It was called Lorne House when we took it, but we all objected so to the name that my father selected three other names, and as it was my birthday I was allowed to choose. I chose Malston, the name of a property once belonging to the Reynells, and he quite approved, though he said it was almost a pity to waste the name on a villa residence. I think he never looked upon Malston as anything but a resting-place for the time. The old keeper at Haccombe was a great friend of his, having known him as a boy; and he often used to take books up to his old nurse, Mary Bollen, who had been sixty-nine years in the family, and then he used to sit and read to her.

'He was a good deal with us, and he took the greatest interest in the younger children's games, encouraging them to play properly and often joining in the game himself. He was very proud of my brothers' cricket, and took the greatest delight in seeing them play. Games, he always said, encouraged a manly, sturdy spirit. It was a favourite expression of his that we should all have a "manly" spirit about things, and nothing he disliked more than bickerings and anything small about our feelings being hurt by an imaginary slight, though there was no one more careful of other people's feelings than he was.

'He was rather absent sometimes, and did not always join in the general conversation, but he was often much amused, and any little episode for "chaff" he never forgot. Although he was often very quiet, he had a very keen sense of the ridiculous, and if anything amused him he

used to laugh in the most uncontrollable way. When he read "Pickwick" to us, I remember, he laughed so much that he could not go on, and we had to look over his shoulder to find out the joke.

'He was delighted at being made a member of Teignbridge; he said it had been his castle in the air as a boy. He was very fond of going there, and used to attend the Thursday matches regularly. On these occasions Uncle Fitz generally went with him, and on the ladies' days he used to stay on through the dancing with us. He was always distressed if he thought people were not enjoying themselves, and he often used to come up to us and ask whether we could not find some one to dance with those he had noticed "sitting out." I think everyone felt the wonderful courtesy of his manner; at the time of his death so many comparative strangers wrote to us telling of some kind action or word he had said to them.

'He could not bear to hear us say anything against anyone, and we used to laugh at him and say that when he called a man "a good honest fellow" it was tantamount to hearing him abused, as he always said that when he could think of nothing else in a person's favour.'

Such, then, is the picture of Reynell Taylor's life during his last few years—a quiet life enough when contrasted with the battles, the marches, and the days of toil in the hot Indian sun. Mornings spent in reading and in writing, chiefly papers on the Afghan question; afternoons devoted to rambles in the old haunts about the old home; now and then a village cricket-match, or a visit to the Teignbridge ground to watch others play in company with 'Fitz,' the

brother whose birthday he had never allowed to slip by without a notice through all the years of his Indian life. 'On Sundays,' writes this brother, 'he almost always went to Wolborough Church in the morning, where he usually read the lessons, and walked on here (East Ogwell) to luncheon and my afternoon service, at which, latterly, he used to read the lessons for me. I think he missed doing this on very few Sundays during the last years of his life, and you may imagine how I missed him when he was gone.

'He was always doing kind actions, and did, I believe, many more than were known to others, for he was one of those men who acted completely on the precept not to let his left hand know what his right hand did, and thus he was liberal sometimes beyond his limited means.'

But Reynell Taylor had not come to the winter of his life yet. His life was waning, but it was the waning of life's summer; as when Nature throws off the joyousness and brightness of the long sunny days, and, after flashing out in brilliant tints, assumes a sombre garb.

> The day becomes more solemn and serene
> When noon is past—there is a harmony
> In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
> Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
> As if it could not be, as if it had not been.

But as in autumn the days at times are brilliant and the sun streams ever and anon over the land, so Reynell Taylor found himself once again in the full glare of the sunlight, and on July 5, 1879, he received an honour which, 'dashed and flecked with sorrow though it was, can hardly have been of less value in his eyes than the highest official recognition of his services.'[1]

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence.*

On that day Westminster Abbey was crowded with 'a vast throng of Indian heroes and statesmen,' assembled there to do honour to a man who had been as a king among them.

From out that throng Reynell Taylor was chosen for a solemn duty; and as the body of John Lawrence was borne to its last resting-place, Reynell Taylor walked in front of the coffin carrying the coronet 'which had been so well won and worn by his friend and chief.'

I have nothing left to tell.

When the news of Reynell Taylor's death was known many notices of his life appeared in the public press. In writing to 'The Times' Sir Robert Montgomery said of him: 'His modesty was such that even his more intimate friends could never get him to narrate particulars of the more stirring episodes of his life, though they were well known to many natives in the Bunnoo district, and he was renowned as a splendid swordsman. He was of a chivalrous and unassuming disposition. He has always been spoken of as a pure-minded, honourable man, and a gallant soldier, a sincere Christian, kind-hearted almost to a fault, and brave as a lion. He was beloved by all who came in contact with him, natives as well as Europeans. A comrade of Herbert Edwardes and of Nicholson, a follower of Sir Henry Lawrence, and at the same time a type of the best qualities possessed by each of those distinguished men, General Taylor's example will live long after him. There never was a case of distress known to him that his purse did not open to relieve it, and often the widow and fatherless children found shelter in his house.'

There is little need to quote other public references to

his life, but I cannot refrain from giving one among many private letters, written to his relations at the time of his death, and to myself since I began this volume.

'I don't think,' writes Sir Dighton Probyn, 'I was ever more shocked than when, on Tuesday morning, I read in the newspaper I bought at Newton of poor dear Reynell's death. I had a vague idea that he was living in the West of England, and had been wondering on my journey down whether I should see him anywhere.

'My first impulse was to stop and endeavour to hear some particulars about the death of a man whom for the last five-and-thirty years I have always looked upon and spoken of as one of the grandest characters India had ever produced—more than that, that the world had ever produced, we may in all honesty say.

'Poor dear Reynell! where was his equal in honesty, generosity, bravery, or in any good and Christian qualities for a man? If mortal could be blameless, surely Reynell Taylor was such. I don't suppose an evil thought ever crossed his mind; and I can assure you it has often been a pleasure and a pride to me, when in quiet moments thinking over old days and old friends, I felt that I might look upon dear Reynell as one of the latter.'[1]

But of the end.

On Thursday, February 25, 1886, he attended a political dinner and meeting at the Market House in Newton on the occasion of presenting a piece of plate to the unsuccessful Conservative candidate for the Mid-division of Devon.

[1] In referring to this letter Sir Dighton Probyn writes to me on February 1, 1888:—'The character of the man is in no way exaggerated, neither are my feelings about him.'

The night was bitterly cold, with a keen wind, and it seems probable that, on coming out of the meeting, he caught a chill. On the following day he was about as usual, but in the evening remarked to his wife that he wished she would go to a meeting at the School of Art instead of him. However, he did not complain of feeling seriously unwell, and having dined with his children and read prayers he went to bed. An hour later he awoke shivering, and before morning dawned those about him were already becoming anxious. The doctor in attendance took an unfavourable view of his condition from the first, and though throughout Saturday he was himself from time to time, he grew worse as the day wore on. On Sunday he no longer knew those gathered round his bed. He never spoke again. There was no fearless meeting with the King of Terrors, no conscious waiting for the dread summons; quietly he had lived amongst men; strong in the faith he had fought out the battles of the world; with the gentleness of a woman and the simplicity of a child he had walked along the narrow way, and as a child falls asleep at even so Reynell Taylor passed peacefully into the world where there is no more pain.

My story is ended.

In the north-east corner of East Ogwell Churchyard a small white marble cross marks the place where Reynell Taylor lies buried. Here they laid him on March 5, and from far and near friends and relations came to pay a last tribute of respect to his memory. The weather was wild, cold and stormy, the ground was snow-covered, and snow fell fast throughout the service. In the church they sung his favourite hymns: 'For ever with the Lord, Amen; so

let it be,' and 'Now the labourer's task is o'er, now the battle day is past;' and at the grave, whither his widow and nine children followed him, the service closed with the singing of the 'Nunc dimittis':—

'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'

In Wolborough Church a brass tablet bears the following inscription:—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF
REYNELL GEORGE TAYLOR,
GENERAL, BENGAL ARMY, C.B., C.S.I.,
A DEVOUT AND DISTINGUISHED MAN,
WHO ENTERED INTO HIS REST SUNDAY FEBRUARY 28, 1886.
'A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.'
This Tablet is placed here by Parishioners and Friends.

The above is a tribute of love from those among whom Reynell Taylor spent his closing years; it remains for me to notice the way in which his friends in the wider world endeavoured to perpetuate the simple grandeur of his life and example.

Shortly after his death an effort was made to raise a sum of money sufficient to found a suitable and lasting memorial in his honour. The appeal, however, did not meet with the success anticipated, and the object in view had consequently to be abandoned. The fund which had been collected, chiefly, I believe, through the instrumentality of Colonel Bamfield, was in the end devoted to the erection of two handsome memorial brasses. One of these now stands in Lahore Cathedral, and the other, on the wall of the south, or Reynell, transept of East Ogwell Church, opposite the place where Reynell Taylor used to sit Sunday

after Sunday. They are identical in character, and the inscription, written by General Maclagan, runs as follows:—

IN MEMORY OF

GENERAL REYNELL GEORGE TAYLOR, C.B., C.S.I.

BORN AT BRIGHTON, JANUARY 25, 1822:
DIED AT NEWTON ABBOT, SOUTH DEVON, FEBRUARY 28, 1886.

A CAVALRY OFFICER OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

EARLY TRIED IN WAR IN THE GWALIOR CAMPAIGN, 1843
AND ON THE SUTLEJ, 1845, HE WAS CHOSEN, IN 1846, FOR CIVIL DUTY
IN THE PUNJAB AS ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS
TO THE RESIDENT AT LAHORE.
THE WISDOM, COURAGE, AND FIRMNESS
WITH WHICH, WHILE STILL A YOUNG LIEUTENANT
AND ALONE, HE CONTROLLED A FRONTIER DISTRICT
DURING THE RISING OF THE
SIKH ARMY IN 1848, MARKED HIS WHOLE AFTER SERVICE
ON THE SAME FRONTIER, WHEN THE PUNJAB
HAD BECOME A BRITISH PROVINCE.
IN DAILY LIFE, CALM IN SPIRIT, GENTLE IN SPEECH, LOVING PEACE.
IN THE FIELD, AGAINST DISTURBERS OF THE BORDER,
FIRM OF PURPOSE, SELF-RELIANT, FEARLESS.
HIS STRENGTH WAS QUIETNESS AND CONFIDENCE IN
PEACE AND WAR ALIKE.
EVER EARNEST IN SEEKING THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE OF INDIA,
HE LONGED FOR THEIR ACCEPTANCE OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH
AND, HIMSELF, FURNISHED MEANS TO SET ON FOOT
A MISSION TO THE PEOPLE OF THE FRONTIER
TRIBES WHOM HE HAD RULED AND LOVED.
INDIAN PEOPLE OF ALL DEGREES, AMONG WHOM HE LIVED,
AS WELL AS HIS OWN COUNTRYMEN, HONOURED
HIS CHRISTIAN ZEAL AND DEVOTION NO LESS THAN HIS MANLY
AND UPRIGHT LIFE. AFTER SERVING
AS COMMISSIONER SUCCESSIVELY OF THE DERAJAT,
PESHAWAR, AMBALA, AND AMRITSAR DIVISIONS, HE RETIRED, IN 1877;
AND AT HOME, AS IN INDIA, WAS
ACTIVE IN USEFUL DUTIES AND GOOD WORKS.
HE DIED, AS HE HAD LIVED, LEANING ON CHRIST.

'THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE' (ISAIAH XXVI. 3)

This Memorial is erected by his Friends and Comrades.

APPENDIX.

REYNELL TAYLOR'S writings, referred to on page 264, are as follows :—

1. 'Derah Ishmael Khan.' Published in 1852, and addressed to his successor in the district, Major J. Nicholson. (See pages 135 *et seq.*)

2. A paper upon the Native Army, entitled : 'Memorandum on His Excellency Sir William Mansfield's Proposition for Remodelling Military Cantonments.' 'As this paper,' writes Reynell Taylor, 'was printed by authority three times, without any suggestion of mine, I hope it is not conceited to suppose that it contains views that are looked upon as common sense.' The paper was published first at Umballa in 1867.

3. Reply to a letter of the Secretary to Government, Punjab, asking his opinion upon the question, 'Whether the Ameer of Afghanistan would willingly consent to the appointment of European British officers as Residents at Herat or Candahar.' Published 1875.

Taylor gave it as his opinion 'that we should not be able to obtain the willing consent of the Ameer and his counsellors to the appointment of British Residents in the country,' and he foreshadowed, in a remarkable manner, what would be the probable result of such a course. 'I am quite clear,' he says, 'that it would be a deeply unwise act to force the matter ; and further, as the necessity, if it occurred, of revenging injury done to our representatives would be a grievous misfortune to us, I am strongly of opinion that it is most expedient to avoid putting our officers in

positions which might endanger such a result. I need not say how unfortunate the scandal would be to us, if we had to go to war with our reputed allies to punish them for dealing treacherously with the officers whom we had put forward to assist in what was supposed to be our common interests.' Eight years previous to this (1867) Taylor had written a memorandum for Sir John Lawrence upon the Afghan character. He admired the fine qualities of the race, but he had the poorest opinion of their political morality. I am not aware that this last was published.

4. 'Memorandum on a Paper by Sir Henry Rawlinson on Central Asian Progress of Russia.' A pamphlet published at Calcutta in 1875, though dated Umballa, November, 1868.

Taylor's opinion was, that subsidise and drill the Afghans how you may, they would prove no opposition to the onward wave of Russian aggression when once Russia had made her arrangements and had resolved to advance on Cabul. The distance is nothing to Russia if the road be her own, 'which she certainly will make it.' She can afford to go on quietly making her preparations, having all the time the advantage of 'being up in the attics, and descending to her work, while we are downstairs and out in the street, and must ascend narrow and difficult flights of steps, with no good landing-places, in order to get even up to the first floor.'

He gave the Afghans credit for wishing to keep out the Russians, and would like to see Russia and ourselves enter into 'a purely Asiatic treaty,' by which a good belt of independent country might be preserved between us.

He thought that, when Russia did push forward, she would soon wear out her welcome, and find the large mountain clans, occupying important passes, the same thorn in her side that we had; and that though he believed Russia could establish herself in Afghanistan and hold it for a time, her position 'would be subject to the same great difficulties and weakness that others have felt, and that she would be as liable as any other nation to be thrown on her haunches by serious revolt.'

Russia might be forced to advance into Afghanistan, when she would immediately become mistress of the Koorrum and Khost

Valleys, and be in uncomfortable proximity to our outposts. He points to Persia as being a possible move on our side, and he deprecates our stopping at the foot of the mountains to meet the Russians, even though 'a forward movement involved more extended operations when the actual strain should come.'

His feeling about the occupation of Koorrum, coupled with the establishment of a British envoy and contingent at Cabul, was that in the event of any strain we should be involved in active interference in the military position above the passes. The continued occupation of the stage beyond the passes, in order to fight the Russians when they did come, he did not believe feasible for us, though he allowed that it would be 'the true policy of any nation playing its own game with its own nine-pins.' A fine, preponderantly European, force above the passes, if it could be kept up to its full strength without weakening our garrisons in India, was undoubtedly the best course; but we must needs, in prudence, shape our garment to suit the especial breadth and quality of our material. 'My inclination,' he concludes, 'in making arrangements with the Afghan chiefs would be to let them know distinctly that we have no intention of advancing beyond our own border. Of course, if we found it convenient, we could do so eventually; but I would guard against any possibility of the Afghans having it in their power to say that we had proved a broken reed to them when their difficulties came to the worst point, and that thus the help they had counted on had failed them.'

5. 'Memorandum on a Proposition to Arm the Troops of a Native State with Breech-loaders, and to Brigade them with British Troops.' Published in 1876. Taylor was averse to this proposition. He considered that the armies of native states were a possible source of weakness, though he fully allowed that they might prove useful to us on occasions in the future as they had in the past. He contended that it was best to leave them to themselves, and to avoid giving them the idea that they were in any way necessary to us.

6. 'Notes on the Afghan Question.' Published 1878.

Taylor was of opinion that, from our previous friendly relations

with the Ameer, we had a right to remonstrate against the prominent reception of the Russian mission, and to back that remonstrance by action. He thought war was scarcely avoidable unless our ultimatum was of a conciliatory character ; but he doubted its being expedient, and deeply regretted our having to take up arms. If the Ameer's mind could be set at rest on the two points—the independence of Afghanistan, and freedom from the enforced presence of British representatives in his country, he would be as unanxious to admit Russian influence as he had been to accept even a semblance of British tutelage.

He thought we had ourselves driven the Ameer into the arms of Russia by pressing the demand for the admission of our officers as political residents.

He knew Shere Ali's character too well to believe that he would accept any ultimatum, and he again urges our 'shunting him into a siding' and coming to an agreement with Russia instead of engaging in 'an expensive and profitless war.'

He did not think that our prestige would suffer by not fighting, but, on the contrary, that our prestige for prudence and circumspection would be damaged by our doing so.

He agreed with those writers who deprecated war with the Afghans, because he failed to see that the provocation we had received was of a character to work up a feeling of vengeance. He also maintained his former opinion, that our present frontier was the best for us, because it furnishes in itself remarkable facilities for defence. He fully maintained that we had a right of remonstrance about the Russian mission, unless it was shown that after the Peshawur conference we had broken off our previous connection.

He agreed with those who thought that if we did not occupy Afghanistan, 'materially or politically,' Russia would do so, and he was fully aware how inconvenient to us a predominant Russian influence at Cabul would prove. This dilemma could only be cleared by securing the immunity of Afghanistan from foreign occupation, and arranging on our side an efficient influence in her counsels. If Russia and Afghanistan combine against us, then

one of two courses is open—either to occupy Afghanistan or to content ourselves with the frontier that has fallen to us. 'Of these two plans,' he writes, 'I distinctly give my opinion, as I did ten years ago, in the face of all difficulties and drawbacks, in favour of the latter course.' He did not hold with any middle course, viz. the rectification of the frontier and the occupation of positions within the hills, but advocated 'a good tooth-breaking fortress' at Peshawur, or between Peshawur and Jumrood, for the Khyber; the occupation of the natural position at Thull for the Koorrum Valley, and a like protection for the Goomul Pass. As to the Bolan, which he considered as undoubtedly the route for the invasion of India by a large army, Quettah is so placed as to command its northern entrance. The pamphlet closes with a description of the many advantages of our present frontier.

In a postscript, dated December 4, 1878, Taylor concludes :— 'As far as my judgment goes, the quiet game of guarding our own frontier, and doing what we could with Afghanistan from that base, without going to war with its ruler, would have been the best for us to play; still, I must allow that the apparently inimical and dangerous action and language of the Turkestan authorities form a strong justification of the conviction which appears to have been adopted by our own Government, to the effect that either we must make an equally strong counter-move, or suffer ourselves tamely to be supplanted in that influence in the affairs of Afghanistan which we had enjoyed for years, and which had been fully and unreservedly accorded to us by Russia herself.'

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